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CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOLUME VII.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.
VIRGIL.

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K. J. M. P.

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SECOND EDITION.

WITH THE ARTICLES CLASSED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER UNDER THEIR SEPARATE HEADS.

VOLUME VII.

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PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, *PATERNOSTER-ROW.*

1815.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. DLXXXVIII. *The Christian Almanack for one hundred and seven years to come; being a prophetical poem upon the fall of Antichrist, and the commencement of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ: with pertinent observations, both theological and chronological. Vehajah Jehovah lemelech gnal col haaretz, Zach.* xiv. 9. *Kai ezesan, kai ebasileusan meta tou Christou ta chilia ete. Rev.* xx. 4. *Written in the year of the Beast's reign* 1228, *and in the year of our Lord's Nativity*, 1703. *Norwich: Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Norwich*, 1703, *4to. pp.* 16.

WHETHER the author was related to the learned Lilly, wonder-searching Wing, renowned Partridge, or any other abstruse almanack-maker, in the homely phrase of Anthony Wood, "I cannot tell." Undoubtedly he displayed early germs of genius, and by his wise parents was apprenticed at the old original shop of Sternhold and Hopkins, where he soon learnt that "been and sin, pence and rents, elect and protect," by a certain twang upon the loose strings of Apollo's lyre, emitted a tonical hum: with this stock in trade he commenced manufacturer

of couplets, not of "the deeds of the dead;" but rich with things to be seen "by children yet unborn." Like a modern satirist, his rhimes served for a peg to hang his notes on; and such notes, how invaluable to the seer-like collector of prophecies that seem to have foretold something of the present eventful period!

The work commences with "the Proem," in seven stanzas; then follows "The Christian Almanack," &c.

"1. The pope's a beast, for he did waste
God's vineyard, fair and green:
By pushing men, that would not sin,
As is by records seen.

2. This beast arose, as I suppose,
Four hundred seventy;
To which add five, but did not thrive,
Till Boniface did cry."

Perhaps, gentle reader, you will conceive these two stanzas sufficient specimen, and that the other forty (of which the poem consists) may be omitted. Perhaps you would wish to be informed, the Boniface alluded to, was "the third pope of that name, who obtained of Phocas the wicked Emperor, for him and his successors after him, that the See of of Rome, above all other churches, should have the pre-eminence; and that the Bishop of Rome should be the universal head of all churches." Perhaps the following selection from other notes will raise a smile at the arithmetical deductions, and may complete the surfeit: "Supposing Antichrist's or the Pope's dominion began An. Ch. 475, his time being

1260 years, must expire in the year of our Lord 1735, thirty-two years hence. The 1260 days or years are represented two ways. Revel. xi. 2, 3. First by forty-two months, then by 1260 days; now allowing thirty days for each month, it appears the numbers are the same; for forty-two multiplied by thirty makes 1260.—It appears by Dan. xii. 11, 12, that there is an addition made to the 1260 days or years of the beast's reigning. First, here is an addition of thirty days, which makes the number 1290 days in the 11th verse; then in the 12th verse there are forty-five more added, which together make seventy-five, and this added to 1260 make the number 1335, at the end of which is blessedness in the first resurrection, the resurrection of the saints; for then Daniel shall stand in his lot (in the new Jerusalem-state, or thousand year's reign) as verse the thirteenth. Now, according to this computation, this glorious kingdom of our Lord Jesus, or blessed Millenium, cannot begin till after the year of our Lord 1810. For, if you add seventy-five to 1735 (the expiration of Antichrist's reign) it makes 1810. The kingdom of our Lord Jesus being very glorious, it must have an honourable preparation, which in all likelihood will take up these seventy-five years, for the pouring out of the vials of God's wrath upon Babylon: and though Antichrist shall be yet in being, he can't be said to reign, during those seventy-five years, but will continue like an out-dated tyrant and usurper, not yet executed; but under dreadful plagues, increasing more and more upon him, till his final destruction. It is very reasonable to think that the pope shall have a lingring death, because he

has been a great malefactor, which yet will be but a short time compared with the time of his reigning. But I conceive there will be no persecution of the saints after 1735. And I am in hopes that some of the intervenient time will be spent in unbuttoning the witnesses' sackcloth garments, that they may then fall off at once. Then the beast will loose his kingly power, and the kings in general that had given their kingdoms to him will fight against him; and though it shall be a day of great temptation to the inhabitants of the earth, (such as never was before) yet the Philadelphian church shall be delivered from it.' Rev. iii. 10, 11, 12. I also judge that Daniel's 2300 days, or years (after which the sanctuary, or worship of God shall be cleansed from all humane pollutions) have their exit or end at 1810, 'tis thought they began with the first of Cyrus."

Perhaps it may be necessary to remind the reader, that this work was published above a century ago, and ends,

"If any ask, who did this task?
Say it was done by one,
Who wishes well to Israel,
And kingdom of the Stone.

Calculated for the meridian of Sion, and chiefly for that latitude, where the pole of truth is elevated three degrees above the bestian horizon; but may indifferently serve for any part of the holy land. Finis.

ADAM FLEMYNGE."

J. H.

ART. DLXXXIX. *The Judgment of Whole Kingdoms and Nations, concerning the Rights, Powers, and Prerogative of Kings, and the Rights, Priviledges, and Properties of the People: shewing the nature of Government in general, both from God and man.*

(Here follows a long, tedious recital of the principal heads.)

Recommended as proper to be kept in all families, that their children may know the birthright, liberty, and property, belonging to an Englishman. Written by a true lover of the Queen and Country, who wrote in the year 1690, *against absolute passive obedience, and in vindication of the Revolution, in a Challenge to Sir R. L'Estrange, Dr. Sherlock, and eleven other Divines; to which no Answer ever was made; who now challenges Dr. Hicks, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Milbourne, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Lesley, Mr. Collier, and the great Champion, Dr. Sacheverell, to answer this book.' London: Printed for, and sold by T. Harrison, at the West corner of the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill,* 1710. *Price* 6*d.* 8*vo. pp.* 72, *exclusive of Table of Contents.*

MUCH fruitless pains have been taken, at different periods, to find out who was the author of this bold publication. To answer the purposes of the day, it was republished in 1771 at the expense of one of the *Wilkes and Liberty* Societies, by Williams, in Fleet-street, as the *tenth edition*, with the name of *Lord Somers* as the author in the title; but the style is very different from that of every political tract,

known to have been written by this celebrated nobleman; a harshness of invective, and coarseness of language quite beneath his cast of character being conspicuous in various parts of the book, as well as in the title.

In the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LIII. p. 941, a writer, under the signature of "Castorius," attributes it to *Charles Povey*, a whig pamphleteer, of a singular turn of mind; yet he admits that there is not in the title-page the distinguishing mark (a sort of crest) that all his other publications have. In the Life of Daniel De Foe, written by George Chalmers, Esq. it is mentioned as one of the supposed productions of that well known author, but, a comparison with his avowed writings will not, I think, tend to confirm this conjecture. A circumstance, merely accidental, induces me to believe that the discovery of the real author, which has eluded the researches of the curious during nearly a century, has, at length, fallen to the lot of a humble individual, who now submits to better judges than himself, the grounds upon which he forms his opinion. It happens, that I have, in my possession, the identical copy of this tract that formerly belonged to that "eccentric bibliopolist," John Dunton, whose autograph appears on the guard leaf, and, in the title, between the words "written by," and "a true lover," &c. a crotchet (v) is inserted, and (ranging with the printed line,) in the margin, with another crotchet preceding them, the letters "J. D." are added, evidently written by the same hand, and with the same pen and ink as the name on the guard leaf. Another circumstance, which, if it does not strengthen my

opinion, certainly does not weaken it, is that, affixed to this pamphlet, there was, when I purchased it from off the counter of a vender of old books and furniture, another, bearing the following title:

ART. DXC. *The Impeachment, or Great Britain's Charge against the present M——y, Sir Roger Bold, the L—— C——ly, and Dr. S——ll. With the names of those credible persons, that are able to prove (before Her Majesty, or either of her two Houses of Parliament) the whole Impeachment, consisting of sixty articles. Dedicated to the most illustrious and ever victorious Prince John Duke of Marlborough. By the unknown author of Neck or Nothing, who being buried alive (i. e. forced to abscond) for daring to call a Spade a Spade, does here appear (as a Ghost) to do justice to himself and witnesses.*

"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"
ADDISON'S CATO.

London: Printed for T. Warner, near Ludgate, 1714. *Small 4to. pp.* 42.

THIS pamphlet was avowedly written by JOHN DUNTON, as appears by all the latter part of it, and at the conclusion, his name is subscribed in print. I believe, whoever will take the trouble of attentively perusing a few pages of each of these publications will soon be convinced that the similarity of the turn of thought, as well as of the mode of expression, affords a strong presumption at least, that

they are productions of the same author. After coming into my hands, as before mentioned, they were thrown aside anongst a parcel of old books and papers, and no particular attention was paid to them until after the person I bought them of was deceased, and nobody left that could give any information how he came by these pamphlets.

ARCANUS.

ART. DXCI. LIBRO DEL CONSULADO*.

Collection of the maritime usages of Barcelona, hitherto commonly called The Book of the Consulate, newly translated into Castilian, with the Limoisin text restored to its original integrity and purity; and illustrated with various appendices, glossaries, and observations historical. By Don Antonio de Capmany and de Monpalau, permanent Secretary of the Royal Academy of History. Published by the appointment and at the expence of the Royal Council and Consulate of Commerce of the same City, under the Direction of the General and Supreme Council of Commerce of the Realm. Madrid: printed by Don Antonio de Sancha, 1791. *2 vols. 4to. pp.* 368 *and* 226.

THE above is the translation of the title page of a work handsomely printed at Madrid, in the year 1791. The first volume contains a preliminary discourse by the Editor; a table of the chapters, numbered as in the former Spanish editions, but arranged under titles, into which the work is now for the first time divided; the Consulate itself in the old Limoi-

* Consulado. Tribunal in negociatorum causis jus dicens. Dict. of the Royal Acad. of Spain.

sin or Catalonian and modern Castilian, in corresponding columns, arranged under separate heads; a Castilian glossary of the naval and mercantile words used in the translation; a vocabulary of the more difficult Catalonian words; and some examples of the errors of two former Castilian translations.

The second Volume, which is an Appendix to the first, contains a Castilian version of the supposed Rhodian laws from the text published by Leunclavius in his Jus Græco-Romanum; a Collection of ancient laws and ordinances of Spain relating to naval commerce, and the conduct of Merchants and Mariners; and a catalogue of authors of different nations, who have written on mercantile jurisprudence and maritime legislation.

The Book of the Consulate of the Sea is considered to be the most ancient, and certainly was the most generally received, body of written customs relating to the maritime commerce of modern Europe, now extant. The earliest printed copies commonly known are in the Italian language, and the Collection itself has sometimes been supposed to be an Italian work, and been attributed to the Pisans. The present Editor, in a very learned preface, vindicates the claim of his own country to the honour of its compilation.

Cleirac in his preface to the Us et coutumes de la mer, Rouen, 1571, page 2, says, that Queen Eleanor first drew up the Roole d' Oleron in that Island on her return from a Crusade, at a time when the customs of the Eastern Sea, inserted in the Book

of the Consulate, were in vogue and credit through all the east.

Grotius de Jure B. et P. Book iii. C. v. Sect. 5, Note 6, says, there is published in Italian a book called the Consulate of the sea, in which are found the Ordinances on this subject (the text relates to assistance given by neutrals to enemies) made by the Greek Emperors, the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of France, Spain, Syria, Cyprus, Majorca, and Minorca, and the Republics of Venice and Genoa. Emerigon in the preface to his Traité des Assurances, p. 6, cites Grotius as saying that the Consulate itself is a Collection of Ordinances of these Emperors, Kings, &c. and adds that he is followed in this respect by Marquardus, Chap. v. Sect. 39. Emerigon also adds on the authority of Targa, Chap. xcvi. Page 395, that this collection was composed by the order of the ancient Kings of Arragon, and became the rule, to which almost all the Christian nations addicted to maritime commerce, voluntarily submitted: and then states it to have been adopted at Rome in 1075, at Acre in 1111, at Majorca in 1112, at Piza in 1118, at Marseilles in 1162, at Almeira in 1174, at Genoa in 1186, at Rhodes in 1190, in the Morea in 1200, at Venice in 1215, in Germany in 1224, at Messina in 1225, at Paris in 1250, at Constantinople in 1262, &c. Emerigon appears to have taken these dates from the catalogue, that is found in the several former editions.

The present Editor has pointed out several errors and anachronisms in the catalogue, but supposes it to have been founded on tradition, and to evince at

least the antiquity and general adoption of the code. Indeed most of the older foreign jurists mention both its antiquity and its prevalence. The Editor has rejected this catalogue, but his observations upon it are selected from his preface, and subjoined to a translation of it.

Rome. The year of the incarnation of Christ 1075 on the Calends of March, allowed at Rome in St. John the Lateran, and an oath taken by the Romans to observe them for ever.

Obser. If the collection had been of Italian origin, it would have been found either in the Latin or ancient Tuscan language.

Acre. 1111.* On the Calends of September, allowed at Acre, on the way to Jerusalem, by King Lewis and the Count of Thoulouse, and they swore to observe them for ever.

Obser. Lewis the Seventh of France did not go to Palestine until the year 1147.

Majorca. 1112.† Allowed at Majorca by the Pisans, and they swore to observe them for ever.

Obser. The Pisans did not land in this island till 1115.

Pisa. 1118. Allowed at Pisa, in St. Peter of the Sea, under the government of Ambrosio Migliari, and he swore, &c.

Marseilles. 1162, August. Allowed at Marseilles in the hospital, under the government of Gaufre Antoix, and he swore, &c.

* 1111. So in the Amsterdam edition of 1723. The Editor quotes the date as 1102.

† So in the Amsterdam edition. The Editor quotes this date also as 1102.

ALMERIA. 1174. Allowed at Almeria by the Count of Barcelona, and by the Genoese, and he swore, &c.

Obser. This Prince, Ramon Berenguer the Fourth, died in 1162, and his Almerian expedition took place in 1147.

GENOA. 1186. Allowed at Genoa, under the government of Pinel Miglers, Pier Ambrosi, Giou, Donato, Gulielmo di Caimosino, Baldoni, and Pier d'Arenes, who swore at the head of the Mole to observe them for ever.

BRUNDUSIUM. 1187. On the Calends of February, allowed at Brundusium, by King William, and they swore, &c.

RHODES. 1190. Allowed at Rhodes by the Galeta, and they swore, &c.

MOREA. 1200. Allowed by the Prince of the Morea, and they swore, &c.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 1215. Allowed by the Commune of the Republic of Venice, at Constantinople, in the church of St. Sophia, by King John, immediately after the expulsion of the Greeks, and he swore, &c.

Obser. No King of this name is met with in this year. From 1228 to 1237, John of Brena, who had been King of Jerusalem, governed in the character of Regent of the Empire, during the minority of Baldwin the Second.

FLANDERS. 1224. Allowed in Flanders* by the Count, and he swore, &c.

MESSINA. 1225. Allowed at Messina in the church

* Alamania in the Italian.

of S. Maria Nouva, in the presence of the Bishop of Catania, by Frederick, Emperor of Germany,* and he swore, &c.

PARIS. 1250. Allowed by John of Belmont upon the conscience of the King of France, who at that time was unwell, in the presence of the Knights of the† of the Templars, of the Hospitallers, and of the Admiral of the Levant, to observe them for ever.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 1260. Allowed at Constantinople in St. Angelo by the Emperor Paleologus, and he swore, &c.

SYRIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE. 1270. Allowed in Syria by Frederick, King of Cyprus, and at Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine, and they swore, &c.

Obser. There was no Frederick, king in this year, nor in this island: Michael Paleologus and not Constantine, filled the imperial throne at this time.

MAJORCA. 1270. Allowed by King James of Arragon in Majorca, and he swore to cause them to be obserwed, &c.

Obser. This King was not at Majorca after the year 1229.

It seems probable that Grotius may have been misled by this catalogue, to speak of the code as containing the Ordinances of Emperors, &c. But, as is observed by the present Editor, the code itself (exclusive of the first forty-four chapters) bears no

* Alamania in the Italian.

† Ost in the Italian, Buste in the Castilian of 1539, Leget in the German.

mark of royal or legislative authority; and on the contrary appears by several passages to be a compilation by private persons, merchants, and mariners. Thus the forty-fourth or fourty-fifth chapter, which is properly an introduction to the collection of customs, begins thus. "These are the good rules and the good customs concerning maritime affairs, which the experienced men who navigated the world, began to give to our forefathers." In another chapter we have this expression, "For this reason, the good men who formed these statutes and customs, saw and knew." In other parts the compilation is spoken of as "the written customs of the sea." In other parts these expressions occur: "Our forefathers who first sailed about the world:" "our predecessors," "our ancient predecessors," "the good men of former times," "said and declared," "found it right to correct, amend, or explain," "consulted together how to remove the doubts."

The Editor states the first forty-two chapters which relate to the establishment and authority of consuls to be the ordinances confirmed by Don Pedro the Third to the city of Valencia, after the establishment of a consulate there in 1283: these, he says, were adopted at Majorca for the government of the new consulate established there by Don Pedro the Fourth of Arragon, in 1343, and a copy of them transmitted to Barcelona, at the erection of a similar judicature there by the same King in 1347. This copy he professes to have seen and examined; and very naturally concludes that these chapters found their way from thence into the Barcelona edition of 1502, from which the subsequent editions and trans-

lations have been derived. Of these forty-two chapters, the first seven are omitted in the present edition, as being merely local, and relating to the appointment of consuls at Valencia. The Ordinances of Don Pedro the Third, are evidently posterior to some collection of written customs; for the consuls are directed to give their judgments according to the written customs of the sea. The forty-third chapter is also rejected as being an Ordinance of James the First of Arragon, relative to the oath to be taken by advocates, and unconnected with this compilation; and the forty-fourth as relating only to a particular measure of the quintal in the importation of spices, &c. from Alexandria. At the close of the preliminary discourse, the Editor gives a very particular account of an old printed copy of this code, in the Catalonian dialect, which had been at that instant communicated to him, in which these constitutions of Don Pedro of Arragon are not found. This copy, he says, is without date, or printer's name, but from the type, paper, and other internal evidence, he supposes it to have been printed about the year 1480, and consequently to be the earliest printed copy. It is remarkable that the Editor, who appears to be a person of much learning, makes no mention of the Amalphitan Table of Sea-laws, which has been supposed to be prior in date to the present, and to have been in fact its parent; but I am not aware that any copy of this is extant, or that any writer professes to have read or even seen it. This Amalphitan Table is supposed to have been compiled about the close of the 11th century. The present code or at least its name must be of a

subsequent date, as the first establishment of a commercial tribunal of this name was by Roger the first of Sicily, at Messina, in 1128. It may be proper to observe that most of the continental nations have a tribunal of commerce, whose judges are called consuls, established in most of their principal trading towns.

The Editor's opinion is, that the code in its present form is not older than the thirteenth century, and that it was drawn up at Barcelona in the reign of James the First of Arragon; and among other reasons for his opinion, he takes notice of its being in the common language of the country (en romance), which at that time began to be used in written compositions; of the mention of paper, which was not in use before the thirteenth century; and of millareses, a coin of Monpelier, which was under the sovereignty of this James. Some authors have ascribed it to the time of St. Lewis, which nearly corresponds with this date.

The Catalonian or Limoisin dialect must have been intelligible in many places, as it was derived from Limoges, and was the common language of the inhabitants not only of Catalonia but also of Valentia, Majorca, Minorca, Ivica, Sardinia, Guienne, Provence, and all Francia Gotica *; and bears a great resemblance to the old French of other provinces. This compilation is very verbose in its language, and abounds with repetitions, and has much more of the Spanish than French air.

* Gaspar Escolano lib. i. de la Historia de Valencia, cap. 14, quoted in the Preface to the Amsterdam edition of the Consulate.

The first printed edition, generally known, was published at Barcelona, in the Catalonian dialect, in 1502. There have been two Castilian versions before the present, one by Francisco Diaz Roman in 1539, and the other by Don Cayetano Palleja in 1732. There is also extant a French translation by F. Maysoni in 1576, and a Dutch version by Abraham Westerween, which does not seem to have been known to the Spanish Editor. An English translation of the 273d and 287th chapters, which are on the subject of hostile capture, was published in 1800, by Dr. Robinson, to whom the public is indebted for Reports of the Proceedings in the Court of Admiralty. It is to be regretted that Emerigon, who was every way qualified for the task, did not fulfil his intention of publishing a new French translation with notes.

I subjoin a list of such printed editions as I have any where found mentioned.

Catalonian, supposed about 1480, no date, place, or printer's name, known.

Catalonian—1502, at Barcelona.

Castilian *—1539, at Valencia, by Francisco Diaz Roman.

Italian—1544, at Venice, by N. Pedrozano.

Italian—1576†, ibid. by Gabriel Zeberti.

French—1576, at Marseilles by Giraud, translated by F. Maysoni.

Italian—1579, at Venice.

* There is a copy of this edition in the library of the Inner Temple.

† Query 1567. Schomberg on the Maritime Laws of Rhodes, p. 86, note.

Catalonian—1592, at Barcelona.

Italian—1599, at Venice.

French—1635, at Aix by Stephen David. Maysoni's translation.

Italian—1696, in the Discursus legales de Commercio of Casa-regis.

Italian and Dutch—1723, at Amsterdam, by S. Schouten. Westerween's translation.

Castilian—1732, at Barcelona, translated by Don Cayetano de Palleja.

Castilian—1791, the present edition.

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ART. DXCII. *Das Gelehrte England oder Lexicon der Jeztlebenden Schriftsteller in Gros Britannien, Irland und Nord-Amerika nebst Einem Verzeichnis Ihrer Schriften. Vom Jahr 1770 bis* 1790, *Von Jeremias David Reuss, Ordentlichen Professor der Philosophie und Unter-Bibliothekar Bey der Universitäts-Bibliothek zu Göttingen. Berlin und Stettin Bey Fried. Nicolai,* 1791.

Alphabetical Register of all the authors actually living in Great Britain, Ireland, and in the United Provinces of North-America, with a Catalogue of their publications. By Jerem. Dav. Reuss, Professor of Philosophy, and Under Librarian of the Public Library of the University of Gottingen. Berlin and Stetin, printed for Frederic Nicolai, 1791. 8vo. *pp.* 495, *besides a German and English Preface.*

THIS is a singular instance of German industry, it being a better catalogue of English authors, then living, than any hitherto published in this country, and on a plan which deserves to be continued. It has undoubtedly many inaccuracies, but not more than are inseparable from such an attempt.

The English Preface is by George Forster, a friend of the Compiler, and merits insertion here.

"*To the English Reader.*

"Whenever a new publication is offered to the public, the author should have it in his power to point out the use and necessity of increasing, by his performance, that immense literary store, which, however it may forward the professedly learned in their researches, seems likely enough to puzzle the student, who treads the mazes of science without a clew to conduct him. Indeed since the revival of letters in Europe, and the invention of the art of printing, the number of printed books has increased in such a rapid proportion, as to baffle the efforts of the most assiduous collectors and bibliographers, who have attempted either to accumulate general libraries, or to compile, what may be termed an history of universal literature. It is a well-known fact, amongst the lovers of bibliographical knowledge, that many an eminent literator, after having spent his life in the tedious occupation of collecting the titles of books, has left his successors in that branch of science to lament the unfinished state of his labours. And when it is considered that the annual harvest of new publications, in Germany

alone, upon an average amounts to near three thousand works, we shall not surely over-rate the literary produce of all Europe, by fixing it at ten thousand volumes in the course of every year. Agreeably to this computation, a single century bids fair to be productive of a million of books, and Leibnitz seems not to have conjectured amiss, when he facetiously maintained the increase of literature to be such, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. It was undoubtedly from the same comprehensive view of this great object, that one of the first philosophic characters in England, the present illustrious President of the Royal Society, has been heard to urge the necessity of rejecting henceforward the idea of *general* collections of books in the Capital, and recommending in its place, as the proper object of private collectors, to confine their libraries to one *individual* branch of human knowledge, by which means a great number of particular collections, each complete in its kind, would quickly be brought forward, and the purposes of instruction be more easily attained, than whilst the rage of indiscriminate collection subsisted, and the number of competitors for the same book precluded the possibility of completion.

"The same difficulty which attends the methodical arrangement and complete enumeration of all books now extant in print, will likewise apply to that part of literature, by which we are taught to consider the authors themselves exerting their talents, under various points of view, either as they happened to be cotemporaries, or, according to

the different ages and countries in which they flourished, or, with a view to the distinct branches of knowledge, which they cultivated, and the proportion in which they contributed to the common stock of improvement. To the works, which have appeared upon this subject, inconsiderable as their numbers, and defective as their contents may have been, we are indebted for some general ideas concerning the comparative quantity of literary exertion, which different nations have shown within certain periods of time, the sciences which they have cultivated in preference to others, and the differences and singularities of national taste.

"Germany has hitherto been most successful in the laborious endeavours to illustrate the history of its own literati. The indefatigable application of Hamberger, and of his successor Meusel, has furnished a catalogue of the authors now living in that country, in which their names and works are collected with surprising accuracy. Their example has encouraged a number of assiduous bibliographers to illustrate the literary history of their several provinces. In other countries this useful and necessary branch of compilation has been too much neglected. *La France Litteraire*, that meagre and defective performance, has not been continued since the year 1784. The list of Spanish authors during the reign of Carlos III. by *Juan Semperey Guarinos*, only extends to writers of some eminence, whilst Italy and all the Northern countries have not so much as attempted any thing of the kind.

"Ayscough's Index to the Seventy Volumes of the Monthly Review, though a work of great merit,

was not however calculated to supply this deficiency with regard to English literature, as its plan excluded all the books which had not been reviewed in those volumes. As to "The Catalogue of Five hundred celebrated Authors of Great Britain, now living," [London, 1788, 8vo.] it does not require great penetration to observe that those names only have been selected from the bulk of English writers, on whom the anonymous critic has thought proper to pass either censure, or commendation. When these circumstances are impartially weighed, the propriety of the present publication may, perhaps, be the more easily admitted. Indeed the prevailing taste for English books in Germany, seemed more particularly to demand an enumeration, which has not hitherto been attempted in England.

"The author has confined himself entirely to the most recent literary productions of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States of America. A period of twenty years, from 1770 to 1790, seemed to him the most adequate to the term of modern literature. He has subjoined to the names of the living authors the titles of their works, together with their prices, always taking care to notice the German translation, where it was known to exist. Translations into other languages, as well as biographical notes concerning the authors themselves, would have swelled what was intended for a compendious Essay, to the extent of several volumes. For the same reason, though the names of authors deceased within these last twenty years have been inserted, yet it has not been thought proper to recount their

publications. In this part of his performance, however, the author has met with the greatest difficulty, and thinks it very probable, from the imperfection of the intelligence which he has been able to procure, that he may have placed several persons among the living, who have already paid the debt of nature. English books, written by foreigners, will naturally find a place in the literary catalogues of those nations, to whom they respectively belong, and are of course omitted here; but anonymous works have generally been referred to their proper authors, and inserted in the present collection with an asterisk (*) prefixed to them.

"In an undertaking of this arduous nature, it is next to impossible to avoid mistakes and omissions. These can only be corrected or supplied by the candid communications of the reader, and will be received with grateful acknowledgment by the author, who takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to several friends, from whom he has experienced the most valuable assistance. The author's situation having furnished him with all the printed subsidies relative to his undertaking, it will, perhaps, apologize for the seeming presumption of a foreigner in venturing to furnish his own countrymen with a list of British authors.

"But the writer of this preface fears to have trespassed upon the indulgence of his readers; having lost the habit of writing in a language, which was once familiar to him, he is aware that the eagerness to obey the summons of a friend, may prove a very unsatisfactory excuse for thus attempting to give the

public some account of the motives and the plan of the present publication.

Mayence, Sept. 15, 1791. } "GEORGE FORSTER."

ART. DXCIII. *Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta. A Catalogue of Books, (&c. &c.) collected for the most part in Germany and the Netherlands; methodically digested, with a view to render it useful to students, collectors, and librarians; to which is added an Index of Authors, Interpreters and Editors, &c. By Samuel Paterson.* 1786. 8vo. *pp.* 470, *and upwards.*

"*Preface.*

"The arrangement of libraries is of no small importance to literature; more especially in an age when there are far more literary inquiry, just criticism, and general reading, than were ever known in this country.

"Strange, that the great æra of dissipation, should be the greatest of good letters!

"This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.*

"A library undigested is a chaos; of little more use to the owner, or to the public, than so many divided parts of instruments: for books, in each class or science, may be considered as component parts of the same instrument: and to put them together properly, is very essential to the observer, and to the student.

* Shakspeare.

"I have laboured many years in this track, with very little benefit to myself, beyond the satisfaction arising from the consideration of its utility, (myself having been always of the least consequence to myself;) but if the diligent student has been served, and the curious inquirer gratified, the labourer is amply rewarded.

"The expediency and necessity of classing voluminous collections and public libraries, is self-evident; as it is the only mean of pointing out the progress of science and knowledge of every kind, from the origin of printing; to which happy invention we owe the revival and diffusion of letters, to the present time, and of noting the desiderata in each: for to know what is wanting, and may be done, it is highly necessary to be acquainted with what has already been done.

"By such information, those who gather after others' harvests, may be led into the rich fields of Boaz, where the weightiest gleanings are to be found: such as compose through idleness, or boast, inadvertently, known facts for novelties; or designedly utter old for new opinions and discoveries, may find that all they have to say, has been better said already; and thereby spare themselves much pains, and their readers much trouble: while such as fabricate for bread, contenting themselves with pillaging some two or three known authors, and it may be the very worst they could have chose, may learn, at least, the names of better tools, of which too many of our modern book-makers appear to be entirely ignorant.

"To render the present catalogue more useful to

students, collectors, and librarians, is subjoined an index of authors, interpreters and editors; which, though pretty accurate, is not altogether free from mistakes.

"Its general use is too obvious to be insisted upon; but in no one respect more so, than in the discrimination of persons of the same name; from the neglect of which many errors in biography have been committed: and to the philosophical reader, considered as a register of minds, will be full as acceptable as an alphabet of arms.

London, April 3, 1786. "S. P."

The Editor of the CENSURA has brought forward this Preface to notice, because it appears to him both curious and just, and to bear a strong relation to the arguments, on which the claims of his own work are built.

ART. DXCIV. *Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Mansfield from Andrew Stuart, Esq. London: Printed in the month of January, 1773, 4to.*

HOWEVER extraordinary it may appear to those who are aware of the active part I for many years took in a late long-contested cause before the House of Lords, I have to lament that I never but once saw, and never had an opportunity of reading, the very able and interesting Letters, of which I am now about to give some account, till Sunday the

31st of May, 1807, though I had often made fruitless attempts to obtain them. It seems they were never published,* though every body has heard of them. The copy I use was bought from Sir John Sebright's Duplicates,† but not sent down to me, till the date I have mentioned. I feel the most poignant regret at not having seen them at an earlier period, when they would have been of important use to me. They shew, alas! that there is indeed *nothing new under the sun;* and that at all times the same passions and prejudices will resort to similar means, to bring about the decrees, on which their hearts are set.

My head and my heart are so full of this topic, and the various facts and remarks which, to me, peculiarly situated as I have been, connect themselves with it, that, in the multiplicity which overwhelms me, I know not where to begin, nor which to select. It would occupy at least a bulky volume to detail all the interesting and important matter, which this subject suggests to me, affecting both the laws of inheritance, and, what is not less dear to a man of honour, the rights of reputation.‡

My readers scarcely need be told that these Letters were an attack upon Lord Mansfield for his con-

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson, II. 88.

† Sold at Leigh and Sotheby's in April 1807.

‡ "Good name in man or woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed." OTHELLO.

duct in the Douglas cause. ANDREW STUART, the Author, who was of the family of Castlemilk, in Scotland, died in Lower Grosvenor Street, May 18, 1801, being then M. P. for Weymouth, which he represented from 1790; as he had the County of Lanark in 1774, and 1780. In 1798 he published *The Genealogical History of the Stewarts; with a Supplement*, 1799, the principal object of which was to ascertain what branch of that family was now the chief heir male. He had been one of the guardians of the late Duke of Hamilton; and in the execution of that trust, during the Duke's minority, it fell to his lot to take the most active part in disputing the filiation or descent of Mr. Douglas, who claimed the large estates of the Duke of Douglas, * who died, in 1761, as son of the Duke's sister, Lady Jane, by Sir John Stewart.

This cause having been determined in favour of the Duke of Hamilton, in the courts of Scotland, came by appeal to the House of Lords, and was there finally determined, 1769, in favour of Mr. Douglas, who by that decree was confirmed in possession of the Douglas property, and in 1790 was made a peer of Great Britain, by the title of *Baron Douglas*.

* Archibald third Marquis of Douglas, born 1694, succeeded his father James, second Marquis, 1700, who succeeded his grandfather, William, first Marquis, in 1660. This Archibald, third Marquis, was created Duke of Douglas, April 18, 1703, when he was only nine years old. At his death, 1761, his next heir male was the Duke of Hamilton, whose ancestor was younger son of the first Marquis, and was created Earl of Selkirk, 1646, and Duke of Hamilton, 1661. Lady Jane Douglas married, in 1746, Sir John Stewart of Grantully in Scotland, Bart. and died Aug. 1753. Sir John Stewart died June 1764.

Violent animosities, and great differences of opinion are well known to have existed on this dispute. It engaged in an uncommon degree the curiosity and interest of the whole empire, and the memory and agitation of it has scarcely yet subsided. The largeness of the property, the rank of the parties, the very name of the great house of DOUGLAS, and the most extraordinary circumstances attending the story of Mr. Douglas's birth, all tended to excite the most eager notice, and inflamed judgments. Engaged as I myself have been, at the distance of twenty years, in a cause, which, from the length of time it continued, and the numerous cruel circumstances attending the opposition to it, called forth an attention, if fainter, yet in some degree similar, I had a peculiar opportunity of observing how deeply the impression of it had been engraven on the public mind.

Let me not therefore be accused of reviving heats, which have long since subsided, or repeating stories which have been buried in a just oblivion, if I exert my humble endeavours that some of the very striking features of this case should be distinctly preserved. They have not died: they cannot die, as long as *Andrew Stuart's Letters* remain; though those Letters have been hitherto less circulated, and are less known, than they deserved: nay, they ought not to die. I have no wish to hurt the feelings of Lord Douglas, or his friends, but private feelings must give way to public benefit. There is a paramount duty, which he, who has an opportunity of executing it, ought not to neglect. Indeed it is no more than Lord Douglas has always been taught to expect:

and no one, that I have heard, ever called in question the right of Mr. Stuart to investigate the conduct of Lord Mansfield in this affair, while living; or opposed the justice of his assertion, when he said, "*the extreme celebrity of this cause, and its still more celebrated issue, will, notwithstanding the weakness of my pen, be sure to engage the attention of the world, after both of us are laid in our graves.*" Or when he added, "*You ought to have foreseen, that the judgment you gave, would be rejudged, even in this world, by the great tribunal of the public.*"

Farbe it from me to have entertained any prejudices against Lord Mansfield, or to rejoice at thus recording a stigma on his character. I remember the faint relics of his gentle and insinuating eloquence. I remember him, when

> ——————"his 'way of life'
> Was 'fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;"

when I looked upon his age with veneration, as one who had been "beloved by every Muse." * But I did not then know, that he had done that, which might have justified him in going on with the quotation from Shakspeare,

> "————that which should accompany old age;
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have: but in their stead
> Curses not loud, but deep; mouth-honour, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not." †

* I remembered that Pope had said

> "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost."

† Othello.

In truth I was strangely blinded by the splendour, rather than the soundness of his character. And this was too much confirmed by the contrast with his successor; who, though he probably possessed infinitely more integrity of heart, and more depth as well as acuteness of legal knowledge, yet uneducated, uncouth, passionate, pedantic, and full of scraps of trite Latin, almost as inapplicable and ridiculous as those of a quack doctor on a mountebank stage, disguised by a disgusting manner the sterling ore of his matter. He too is gone, and we have seen a successor in natural talents, acquirements, and disposition, very different from either; though too like the first on one point, on which, perhaps, I may have sufficient cause for addressing him in terms at least as pointed as those which Andrew Stuart used towards Lord Mansfield. I choose, however, to proceed more gradually and cautiously.

Let Mr. Stuart explain in his own words, the motives for his Letters; and in these motives let my readers find my reasons for reviving them; and not in the slightest malice to the memory of Lord Mansfield.

Extract from Stuart's first Letter.

"The peculiarity of my situation in this affair, which in future letters will be more fully explained; the nature and fate of the contest, in which I have been engaged; and the hardships and injuries sustained by myself, and the other guardians of the Duke of Hamilton, have been such as to render an address of this nature unavoidable. Some men of contracted views, or timid dispositions may, perhaps,

object to the propriety of this measure; they will tell your Lordship that it is contrary to public utility to doubt of the wisdom and integrity of your decisions; the false complaisance of some may go even so far as to maintain, that it is better many individuals should suffer injustice, than that the veneration attached to your Lordship's situation and office should in any degree be diminished by too nice an examination of your conduct. I shall not attempt any answer to that part of mankind, with whom such language is the result of servile or flattering dispositions; but if there are any who, in sincerity of heart, and from public considerations, are disposed to adopt the above principle, they deserve an answer; and to them I beg leave to submit a few considerations.

"While a cause is in dependence, I admit that all publications, and all the little arts of popularity tending to raise the prejudices or to inflame the passions, are highly improper, and ought not to be permitted. Bnt after the decision of a cause, the freedom of inquiry into the conduct and opinions of the judges is one of the noblest and best securities that human invention can contrive for the faithful administration of justice. It is for this very purpose that it has been established in this country, that judges shall give their opinions and decisions publickly. An admirable institution, which does honour to Britain, and gives it the superiority in this respect over most of the other countries in Europe.

"Laws may recommend and enforce the due administration of justice; but these laws are of little avail, when compared with the superior efficacy of

the restraint which arises from the judgment of the public, exercised upon the conduct and opinions of the judges. It would be extremely fatal to the liberties of this nation, and to that inestimable blessing, the faithful distribution of justice, if this restraint upon judges were removed, or improperly checked. The public has a right, and ought to be satisfied, with regard to the conduct, ability, and integrity of their judges. It is from these sources alone, that genuine respect and authority can be derived; and an endeavour to make these the appendages of office, independent of the personal character and conduct, is an attempt, which, in this free and enlightened country, most probably never will succeed.

"This freedom of inquiry is not only essential to the interests of the community, but every judge conscious of intending and acting honourably, ought to promote and rejoice in the exercise of it. It is a poor spirit, indeed, that can rest satisfied with authority and external regard derived from office alone. The judge who is possessed of proper elevation of mind, will, both for his own sake and that of his country, rejoice that his fellow-citizens have an opportunity of satisfying themselves with regard to his conduct, and of distinguishing judges who deserve well of the public from those who are unworthy. He will adopt the sentiment of the old Roman, who, conscious of no thoughts or actions unfit for public view, expressed a wish for windows in his breast, that all mankind might see what was passing there."*

* Letter I. p. 31, 32, 33.

Having made these preliminary observations I will endeavour to give a short statement of the Douglas cause, and of the conduct which Mr. Stuart charges Lord Mansfield with having pursued in its determination, accompanied with such remarks as I have room for, and perhaps illustrated or contrasted by what has since occurred in subsequent cases. This may afford the opportunity of eliciting from the collison of an extraordinary contest some important rules of evidence; or at least of discussing the due application of them.

Lady Jane Douglas in her 49th year, (1746) married Sir John Stewart. She was then presumptive heir to the great estates of her brother, the Duke, and it was highly desirable both for herself and her husband, that she should produce a son. They lived at this time abroad; and accordingly having come, in July 1748, from Rheims to Paris, she actually, in the course of that month, by their joint testimony, as well as that of their confidante Mrs. Hewit, was brought to bed not merely of a son, but of male twins, in her 51st year! All Scotland heard this wonderful story with suspicion; and when in the fulness of time the benefits of this unusual birth were to be reaped by a succession to the property of the Duke of Douglas, the guardians of the young Duke of Hamilton, who was next in the remainder, could not suffer quiet possession to be taken by this fortunate heir without a proper scrutiny into the proofs of so singular and suspected a fact. If true, it was necessarily supposed that the parties interested would be prepared with ample and decisive testimony of it;

inasmuch as it was an event of such a nature as, if investigated in due time, was capable of decisive proof; and there was every motive for collecting the evidence while it was easy to be had, because it was known to them from the first that suspicions, which would materially affect the future inheritance, had made a wide and deep impression.

Processes were accordingly commenced; and proofs, being called for, were produced. But these proofs, instead of being satisfactory, appeared to the friends of the Duke of Hamilton so lamentably suspicious and deficient, as to strike them with a conviction that the whole story of this extraordinary birth was false. Lady Jane was dead; but Sir John Stewart brought forward letters, purporting to be those of the accoucheur, who attended his wife. As these discovered many grounds of doubt and inquiry, and no collateral evidence from impartial witnesses was exhibited either of this man's having been employed on such an occasion, or even of his existence, the opponents of Mr. Douglas resolved to sift the story to the bottom on the very spot where it was related to have occurred. This disagreeable and anxious task fell to the lot of Andrew Stuart himself, who went to Paris on the affair in 1762. The only clues he had were the names of *Pierre La Marr*, the accoucheur, and *Madame Le Brun*, at whose house the delivery was said to have taken place.

Some months were spent in fruitless search after these people; while the agents of Mr. Douglas were at work upon the same scent. At length a *Pierre Menager*, surgeon, was found, who in his *final* evi-

dence deposed, that he knew a *Louis Pierre Delamarre*, who died in 1753, an accoucheur, who had spoken to him of having delivered some foreign lady of twins about the time, but did not know in what house, though he *at this last examination* deposed to his knowledge of a connection between *De La Marre*, and a *Madame Le Brun*, and her daughter.

As no other evidence could be produced of the existence of *Madame Le Brun** than that of Mesnager, and as this man's evidence was well known to the Duke of Hamilton's agents to have been contradictory, and little worthy of credit, they rationally considered that this proof was very insufficient to establish the truth of Mr. Douglas's birth. Sir John Stewart might have directed his son's lawyers to testimonies regarding Pierre De La Marre's attendance; the existence of Madame Le Brun, and the house where she resided, if these facts had really occurred, which would leave the matter beyond the possibility of cavil.

Thus far therefore every sober investigator must have withheld his belief. But this is far from being all: not only are these proofs *in favour* of the birth weak; but the proofs *against* it are strong. That this Pierre De La Marre was *not* the person who delivered Lady Jane, is proved by other parts of Mr. Douglas's own evidence. For Sir John Stewart himself had deposed, that *Pier La Marr* who was the

* Mr. Stuart says that Mesnager in his first conferences with *him*, had positively said, he had no knowledge of any *Madame* Le Brun in connection with De La Marre; and that the delivery he had heard of, had happened *seventeen or eighteen years before* 1762.

man-midwife on this occasion, was one, with whom he had become acquainted in 1721 at Liege, and who had then been surgeon to a Walloon regiment; that in 1748, he was in Sir John's apprehension towards sixty, of a thin make and dark complexion, but not so tall as himself; that Sir John did not know any person he was acquainted with at Paris, but imagines he was well known at Liege,* whence he supposes him to have come, when he accidentally met him in the former city. When this witness was asked, what were the last accounts he had of Pier La Marr; or if he knew or suspected, where he was? He replied that "he thinks, though he is not positive, that the last account he had was by a letter from himself at Naples, delivered by Mons. Du Bois to the witness, then in London, in 1751 or 1752; nor does he know, or suspect where he now is; only he thinks it probable he may be at Liege, where he first saw him." In conformity with this, in the Letters, originally produced as those of *La Marr*, the accoucheur, the writer states that since Sir John Stewart's departure from Paris in 1749, he had made the tour of *Italy*, and a stay of ten months at NAPLES. Now what is the decisive and unimpeached evidence regarding the *Louis* Pier *De* La Marre of *Mesnager?* Why, that he was a native of Montreuil in France, born 1711; therefore only ten years old in 1721, when Sir John Stewart contracted an intimate acquaintance at *Liege* with Pier *La* Marr the accoucheur; that he came to Paris in 1730; was

* Sir John had said, that he met La Mar on an *accidental* visit to Paris, and that renewing his acquaintance, he took the opportunity to desire him during his stay to attend Lady Jane.

afterwards apprenticed to James Duguenel, barber; whence in 1734 he became apprentice to John Mengon surgeon at Paris; from which time his constant residence was at Paris till his death in 1753; had some practice as a surgeon among the lower classes, but was never an accoucheur by profession. He was only 37 years old, when Sir John Stewart describes the man he employed to be nearly 60, and Mengon, his master, deposed "*That though he saw, and knew the Sieur De La Marre till his death, and that he related to him enough of his affairs, he never heard him say that he had delivered any woman of distinction, nor even that he had made any delivery.*" If these statements be accurate, it is an utter impossibility that Sir John Stewart's Pier La Marr, and Mesnager's Louis Pierre De La Marre can be identified: or that Mesnager's acquaintance could have been the person who delivered Lady Jane; for, though the letters produced as those of Pier La Marr, were afterwards admitted to have been fabricated by Sir John Stewart himself, yet this fabrication must be taken as a conviction either that a person answering to the description in those letters was the real accoucheur, or that none existed; because no man whose object was to forge proofs in favour of a cause, would forge them, either while real proofs were to be had; or inconsistent with those proofs, in case they could be found, upon points, with which it was impossible for him to be unacquainted. The accoucheur must then have been Sir John Stewart's Pier La Marr, or nobody,—and if Sir John Stewart's, it could not have been Mesnager's friend—whence it follows that Mesnager's testimony, on which Lord

Mansfield laid the principal stress, is totally inapplicable.

But in addition to this, which appears to me a complete overturn of the case, the following among other strong proofs were urged, against the birth. Lady Jane came from Rheims to Paris, (as was admitted) July 4, 1748, and remained there till the end of that month. It is acknowledged, that she and her husband on their first arrival lodged at the Hotel de Chalons, kept by Mr. Godefroi, where it is confessed they staid some days. Now, on the part of Mr. Douglas it is asserted, that Lady Jane left Mr. Godefroi's house two or three days before the 10th of July; that she went to the house of Madame Le Brun, Fauxbourg St. Germaine; and there on July 10, was delivered of male twins, whence in nine or ten days more she removed to Michelle's in another quarter of the town. *In strong contradiction to this*, it was maintained by the evidence of Godefroi, and his wife, as well as by the contents of Godefroi's books, that not only on the 10th of July, but several days afterwards did Lady Jane reside at his house, not only without a delivery, but without any appearance of a recent or approaching delivery. And further, Michelle and his wife, to whose house Lady Jane came, (from Madame Le Brun's, as is pretended, in nine or ten days after this birth) never heard or saw any thing of this Pier La Mar, or Madame Le Brun. Now if Lady Jane was at Godefroi's several days after the 10th, it being admitted she arrived at Michelle's before the 20th, it would require a most pliant belief to be satisfied of the possibility of her being delivered of twins in her 51st

year at Madame Le Brun's in the interval, more especially as she exhibited no appearance, nor was accompanied by any rumour of what had happened—and what is stronger, when the affair not only required *no* concealment, but would have been one of the highest joy and triumph!!! About this very time the children of Mignon and Sanry were kidnapped by a foreign gentleman and lady, and circumstances very strongly applied this theft to Sir John and Lady Jane.

Besides these counter-proofs, the Hamilton partizans considered the admitted forgery of letters by Sir John Stewart, under the pretended signature of La Marr, (which has been hitherto mentioned as an excuse urged by the Douglases for the variation of their contents with Mesnager's De La Marre) to taint any little strength, which the rest of the proofs on that side might otherwise have claimed. And on this they relied, from what they conceived to be an admitted rule of evidence.

Such, if I have collected them rightly from Mr. Stuart's Letters, are the principal features of the case, in the determination of which he has so severely arraigned Lord Mansfield's conduct. I am fearful that both from want of space, and want of ability, I may not do that justice to the force of his arguments, which they appear to me to deserve.

Mr. Stuart accuses this great judge not only of a gross departure from impartiality, but of abandoning a colour of consistency with himself, even in this very cause alone; besides a gross deviation from the

rules he laid down in another famous dispute, which occurred not long afterwards.

In Letter I. p. 5, he says "In the times of Lord Hardwicke, and of other eminent judges, whose names deserve ever to be respected in Britain, it was not a difficult matter for men of knowledge and experience to foretel what decision would be given on particular cases; because they knew that these judges, revering the laws of their country, endeavoured to make jurisprudence a science founded on solid and fixed principles: they studied uniformity in their decisions, preferring it to the vain admiration, attending the appearances of superior genius, or the applause of individuals who might profit by the deviation from established principles. Of late years the case has been much otherways: the best and ablest men, I am assured, can scarcely ever foretel upon what grounds any important cause will be taken up, and decided by your Lordship; and from what has fallen under my own observation in some remarkable instances, I cannot refuse my assent to this prevailing opinion."

Again, he says, at p. 27. "If you can be gratified by a compliment, strictly confined to your abilities, you are entitled to the satisfaction of knowing how generally it is allowed that no judge ever understood half so well as your Lordship, the science of what may be called *the management of causes.* It is a praise, which that perfect model of a judge, the great and good Lord Hardwicke, would have disdained. Ever attentive to the interests of justice and truth, and ignorant of parties in questions of civil right, he made it his study not only to search

to the bottom, and satisfy his own mind on which side the truth lay; but in delivering his sentiments to state in all their extent, and with all the force that was due to them, the facts and arguments of both parties.

"This rule he more particularly observed in a certain Great Assembly where causes receive their final decision. Judges, in the situation, which he then enjoyed, or in that which now falls to your Lordship's share, always have been, and probably ever will be allowed, to have in that assembly great weight in forming the decisions relative to property, or private rights; it therefore appeared to him the more indispensibly his duty to avoid any thing that could mislead others. The ingenuity and address permitted to counsel in selecting the facts and arguments of one side, and even the arts of eloquence, appeared to him improper and misplaced, if not contemptible, when employed by a judge, whose business it was to resume the arguments on both sides, and dispassionately to inform the noble Lords of the genuine state of facts without colouring, partiality, or vain display of superior talents.

"It is an event deeply to be regretted, that this great judge lived not to the period of the Douglas cause; his mind was formed to embrace the whole extent of matter in that cause, and to perceive the tendency of all the various branches of evidence. These he would have stated to the House with perspicuity and candour; and an opinion given by him would have afforded satisfaction to the public in general, even to the parties themselves, sensible as they must have been, that nothing had escaped his

observation, that nothing was exaggerated or extenuated, and that, in a judicial capacity, he was neither liable to be misled, nor capable of misleading others."

No one will deny that the line of conduct here attributed to Lord Hardwicke is what a judge ought to pursue. It will therefore be a simple test, by which to try the behaviour of Lord Mansfield in the present cause. If that behaviour be accurately stated by Mr. S. (and this I presume cannot be doubted) we have then obtained a guide to enable us easily to decide this point, even without his powerful arguments, and illustrations.

And here I will close for the present, leaving an opportunity for these statements to sink into the minds of my readers free from the aggravation of my remarks.

June 6, 1807.

ART. DXCV. *The Case of Archibald Douglas, Esq. and his Guardians, Appellants against His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Douglas Hamilton, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and others, Respondents. To be heard at the Bar of the House of Lords on Monday the 16th of January*, 1769.

" ——— Cineres atque ossa peremptæ
Insequitur; causas tanti sciat illa furoris."

4to. pp. 232.

A FRIEND having communicated to me a copy of Mr. Douglas's Case, as delivered to the House of

Lords, I think it a duty to give it due consideration, before I proceed in my remarks on Mr. Stuart's Letters. But having only received this copy on the 11th day of the present month, and finding it impossible to peruse properly its multifarious matter in sufficient time to give the result in the present Number, I am induced to transcribe, as a curiosity, its complicated contents.

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N. B. The next chapter is by mistake the seventh instead of the sixth, and so on.

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——7. Of the death of Lady Jane Douglas, Sir John Stewart, and Mrs. Hewit."

Such are the voluminous materials of one side only of this case. It appears by this case that the accusations were mutual, and that in that respect they resemble too much the principal employment of the present speakers on both sides in the House of Commons! On which side the accusations were most founded, the progress of this inquiry will endeavour to determine.

July 13, 1807.

Since the above was written, I have waited some time for a sight of the printed Case on the part of the Duke of Hamilton, before I proceeded to continue the review of this subject; but as I have not obtained it,* I shall now proceed without it.

All the attention which I can give to the circumstantial and tedious *Case of Mr. Douglas* only confirms still more deeply the conviction I expressed on the first perusal of *Stuart's Letters*. I had not a particle of doubt *then;* if I had, it would *now* have vanished. A recurrence to the arguments of Mr. Stuart, and a reconsideration of them, after all that has been ingeniously laboured on the other side, (for very ingenious Mr. Douglas's Case certainly is) induces me to pronounce them unanswerable. If they struck

* I have since the former edition of this work obtained two thick 4to. volumes, viz.

1. Memorial for George James Duke of Hamilton, &c. with sequel and appendix. Printed 24 Jan. 1767.

2. Pursuers proof in the conjoined processes.—George James Duke of Hamilton, against the person pretending to be Archibald Stewart, alias Douglas. Printed in obedience to two interlocutors of the Lords of Sessions, of date Dec. 19, 1765, and Feb. 3, 1766, pp. 1116, besides index.

me as able and perspicuous at first, they appear to me still more so, after escaping from the labyrinth of the other side.

Nor are they to be considered as merely applicable to a particular case. They contain an able elucidation of some of the general principles of evidence, drawn both from powerful reasoning, and a deep insight into the human character. Whoever peruses these Letters may learn some practical wisdom; and be consoled by finding that there are rules of proof, arising from the accumulated experience of acute minds, which not the ablest and most plausible judge can depart from, undetected, and with impunity.

I do not believe that there will be found a lawyer hardy enough to impugn Mr. Stuart's exposition of such parts of the laws of evidence, as he has had occasion to recur to. And as little do I believe, that any one will venture to reconcile the conduct of Lord Mansfield in this case to those laws, if his arguments were such as Mr. Stuart states them to have been; which statement as I am not aware that either Lord Mansfield or his friends ever publicly denied, I must presume to be true.

I do not blame the advocates who drew up Mr. Douglas's case. It was their business to make the best of their client's cause,—with this exception, that they ought not to have fallen into the scheme of their employer's agents to sacrifice the character of Mr. Stuart for it; more especially, as it seems, as if in private most of them were convinced of his uprightness.

But in my mind their very mode of treating and

labouring the case proves their consciousness of its weakness. Else why be dwelling on ten thousand minute and trifling points, and be endeavouring to puzzle and fritter away the attention, when the whole turned on two or three leading hinges? It is the mark of little minds to be hanging upon the scent, and unravelling little intricacies, instead of striking at the main clue, of which all the minor windings must necessarily follow the course.

The truly infamous attempt to create prejudices, and destroy the fair operation of evidence by base insinuations and cruel invectives against the character and conduct of Mr. Stuart, who was the principal conductor of the Duke of Hamilton's interest, appears to me in itself to furnish insuperable presumptions against his opponents. We have, alas! had subsequent glaring proof, that this is the trick of perfidious, false, and revengeful, hired opponents, to those who have been seeking their just rights of inheritance! And, what is still more melancholy, that the trick has been again successful! Were it not that the same depravity of heart too often suggests the same expedients, I should almost suppose that the line of conduct in the last case was borrowed from the former!*

Mr. Stuart is accused not merely of uncandid conduct, but of leading witnesses, and of instituting a French process, called the Tournelle, for the purpose

* It is but too apparent that some of the persons who took an active part in the case alluded to, had been poaching very industriously in Mr. Douglas's case, from a strange coincidence of a variety of singular expressions, which at the time I much wondered at, but now trace to their source.

of manufacturing evidence. The injustice of these accusations will be proved, before I close, by the testimony of men, whose situation in life and opportunity of judging put their assertions beyond suspicion. Yet, painful as is the remark, there can be but little doubt that the decision turned upon the prejudices created in this way.

I really feel a deep depression, while I record my loss of confidence in the power of law, and the skill of sound sense, to seat justice triumphant over sophistry, false eloquence, caprice, or prejudice: "*My ideas of justice,*" says Wedderburn, "*are a little perplexed by the decision, and I consider it as a striking example that no cause is certain or desperate.*"*

The whole of Mr. Douglas's long case contains an invective of the most virulent nature from beginning to end against Andrew Stuart. Superficial judges are thus induced to take for granted that the question depends on the proof offered by him, and, therefore, on the rectitude or dishonesty of his conduct. They are thus drawn away from the main point, on which the decision ought really to rest, and with which Mr. Stuart, even if his conduct had been improper, has nothing to do.

This is the testimony and conduct of Sir John Stewart himself, coupled with the evidence produced by Mr. Douglas's agents regarding Delamarre, the pretended accoucheur! If this be coolly and impartially examined, separated from all those clouds of comparatively irrelevant circumstances, in which it has been artfully involved, I confess myself inca-

* Letter to A. Stuart, May 22, 1769.

pable of anticipating a difference of opinion, among sound and honest minds.

We know that this cause unfortunately engaged the passions of large parties, not only in Scotland, but in England. We know that it was many years in litigation, during which all those misrepresentations, which folly, malice, artifice, and interest, are so apt to generate, had an opportunity of swelling to an alarming height. We know that from the very nature of the supreme court by which it was finally decided, these evils must necessarily have their operation even in that sacred quarter.

It does really seem to me that there is no other possible mode of accounting, at this distance of time, for the following series of insuperable difficulties having been got over. 1. The omitting to obtain a proper certificate from the accoucheur; or if lost, the omitting to procure another. 2. The admitted fabrication by Sir John Stewart of pretended letters from the accoucheur. 3. The inference that, if a real accoucheur existed, Sir John Stewart could not in this fabrication have ascribed to him striking and material circumstances which did not belong to him, such as his tour to Italy and his sojourning at Naples, unless he had an interest in concealing him from examination. 4. The inference, that Sir John Stewart could not in his deposition ascribe to him, a wrong commencement of their acquaintance, which differed not only in place, but twenty-seven years in point of time from the true; an equally erroneous age; an erroneous place of residence; and an erroneous employment, such as being surgeon to a Walloon regiment; unless for the same purpose.

Now if Sir John Stewart's account of the accoucheur was true, it is *utterly impossible* to identify him with the accoucheur, set up by Menager: if it was not true, then every tittle of evidence given by Sir John Stewart, must be completely set aside. We must then resort to Menager's evidence standing by itself: but Menager's evidence, uncombined with Sir John's, even if it be true, is strangely incomplete. Either way therefore the difficulty is insurmountable. There is either a gross deficiency, if taken separate; or if combined, the wonderful coincidence, of which Lord Mansfield endeavoured to enforce the belief, turns out to be a striking discrepancy!

Were we to stop our remarks here, and to refrain from making any further observations on Sir John Stewart's conduct, I think we have stated objections, on which Mr. Douglas's opponents might reasonably have thought themselves safe. But a few more obvious queries will materially tend to increase our doubts, if they want increase. If Lady Jane was really brought to bed in the house of Madame Le Brun at Paris, by an accoucheur of the name of Le Marr, how came Sir John Stewart not to assist in the inquiries for these people? How came he not to recollect (even if we can suppose him to have lost the letters) some of the circumstances, which in a correspondence of years must have come out to afford him a clue for tracing out Le Marr? Did he never write answers to Le Marr?. Was there no trace of him to be found at those places, to which the letters were sent? Could he not have gone to Paris himself,* and pointed out the house of Ma-

* Mr. Douglas's lawyers seem to have felt the pinch of this; and

dame Le Brun? Could he not have conversed with Godefroi and Michel, and brought some decisive circumstances to their memory? Could he recollect no one person, except his own household, Frenchman, or Scotchman, who could give something more than loose hear-say evidence of this extraordinary birth, which would naturally have been a subject of gossip among all his acquaintance, and of triumph and boast with himself?

These are difficulties which occur in the latter stage of the business, when the cause was under absolute litigation, and proofs were called for, and searched after with the *utmost* diligence by Mr. Douglas's agents. But it may further be asked, why from the very hour of the birth, if birth there was, Sir John did not furnish himself with powerful and undeniable certificates, which were then within his reach, at little expense or trouble? The very nature of this extraordinary delivery, his wife's age, the inheritance which was at issue, and a foreign country, were all imperious reasons against this omission! But, had he then omitted it, how can we account for his not doing it, as soon as he had learned that suspicions of the birth were actually entertained in Scotland? This happened very early, and before he returned from the Continent.

In lieu of all this Mr. Douglas's advocates urge

endeavour to account for it, by accusing Andrew Stewart of attempting to frighten Sir John Stewart from coming to Paris, by the Tournelle process; but, even if a man conscious of innocence could be so frightened, why did not Sir John go to Paris before this Tournelle process was begun, or thought of: and which, in the same breath, these accusers charge Mr. S. with carrying on *secretly*?

that it is not so much their business to prove that the birth was true, as it is that of their opponents to prove that it is false, by proving Mr. Douglas, by positive evidence the son of somebody else. They insist on demanding of the Duke of Hamilton a proof of the negative. And they intermingle with it unceasing invectives against Mr. Stuart for a zeal directed by rancour, for activity in opposition to his conviction, for suppressions by which he has misled his deluded principal, and for statements contrary to his better knowledge, upon the chance that they might not be detected. And all this turns out to be built upon occasional arguments, which, as they contend (but cannot always be admitted) were pushed too far; and upon what Mr. Stuart states to have been (and what in the very nature of things probably were) the variations between the first colloquial statements of witnesses, and their final depositions in courts.

But, as I have said before, not one of these objections and accusations has the smallest concern with the main points on which this cause must hinge. It betrays therefore a feeling of despair on the part of Mr. Douglas's advocates thus to attempt to mislead the mind from the real difficulties. By these means, "*the controversy*," says Stuart, "*seemed not to be one cause, but a vast collection of different causes. Those parts of it which were obvious to common sense, and which required no labour of thought to be comprehended, were lost and obscured in the multitude of others which demanded a more minute and accurate discussion; and the Peers, actuated by their usual integrity, but forgetting that the dispute turned*

merely on a question of fact, of which they were no less able judges than the most profound lawyer, *were apt to consider the matter as on the same footing with the subtle questions of jurisprudence, where they justly have a great deference for those who are engaged by their profession to attain a more particular acquaintance with that science.*"——"Your Lordship's distinguished sagacity," continues he, "led you to perceive this disposition of mind in your audience, you took advantage of it, and availed yourself of the authority attending your station; you mustered up all that eloquence which you so readily command on every subject where you take an interest; and by wandering in that immense forest of facts and circumstances, you were able to draw off the attention of the judges from those luminous points of view, which, if considered singly, would have sufficed alone to determine that memorable cause."

I have observed, that there seems no occasion to travel further for ground, on which to decide this case. A birth stated to have happened not twenty years before under very suspicious circumstances, and supported by very weak, or very discredited and inconsistent proof, does not appear satisfactory to an impartial mind. But to confirm the doubt, strong circumstantial evidence of the negative was established. It is admitted that about that time (within three months of it, as Mr Douglas's party admit; exactly at the time as his opponents contend) the children of Mignon and Sanry were carried away. And many witnesses deposed to a variety of circumstances inconsistent with Lady Jane's delivery. An endea-

vour was made to discredit these witnesses, as influenced by Mr. Stuart. On this Mr. S. observes, "History and experience have shewn, that it is very possible for impostures to succeed, by reason of the extreme difficulty, with which the opposite party has to encounter, on whom the burden of proving the negative proposition lies; but no instance can be shewn of any satisfactory or successful proof brought of the *falsehood* of a *true birth*."—"In an affair which depends on the direct testimony of two or three witnesses, it may indeed happen, that the truth of a fact may be disguised or suppressed by their false testimony; but he, who grounds his cause upon a circumstantial proof, consisting of various branches, and comprehending a variety of separate and independent proofs, established by circumstances and by witnesses unconnected with each other, must be very confident indeed of the truth and justice of that cause. Witnesses may be corrupted, but circumstances cannot; nor are they so pliant as the memories or dispositions of men. From these considerations, a proof by circumstances, so incapable of being perverted, and so liable to detection if false, has ever been allowed to be not only the most free from suspicion, but the best suited for affording to the mind of man the surest indications of the truth; indications far more convincing and satisfactory, than can arise from the positive testimony of a few witnesses liable to error or seduction."

I love eloquence and admire a brilliant mind; but when I see the rights of inheritance, and the laws of evidence at its mercy, I shrink with horror to reflect, how little secure all that is most dear to us

is from the caprice of human passions! Lord Mansfield put forth his meteor lights; and the inconsiderate public were led away by its coruscations!*

'Having myself been placed in a situation similar to that of Mr. Stuart, and having been the victim of the machinations of hired agents, who thought they could best earn the wages and the patronage to which they looked, by the enormity of their falsehoods and cruelties, and whose rancour rose in proportion to their perfidy, I cannot hesitate to transcribe at length the most decisive authorities in Mr. Stuart's favour; for my statements and arguments, may, from what I have now suggested, be deemed liable to partiality. And there are those who, in the excess of their candour towards the attackers, cannot easily believe that he, who has been outrageously attacked, is en-

* Mr. Harris, in a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, dated March 7, 1769, says: "Great encomiums are given to Lord Chancellor, and Lord Mansfield, for their eloquent and decisive speeches in the Douglas cause, which carried the judgment in Douglas's favour without a division. Five Lords protested against this judgment, the Duke of Bedford, Earls of Sandwich, Bristol, and Dunmore, and Lord Milton." See *Woolll's Life of Dr. Warton*, 350.

In Elphinstone's *Forty Years Correspondence between Geniusses of both Sexes*, Vol. II. p. 589, is the following passage: "My English Grammar; &c. Mr. Drummond haz coppies at Eddinburrough; hware, I suppoze, yoo wil also find Mr. *Stuart's* Letters. Width these Mr. Cadel declines connexion; nay, absolutely refuses to be an instrument ov their cerculation: but my sister hoo iz now here (Kenzington) and joins my spouz and self in regards, says yoo hav onely to hint yoor wish in *New-Street*, shood yoo not have dhat extraordinary work at *Eddinburrough*. Ellegance ov style must be allowed it; nor can its wrong address be denied. Lord *Mansfield* iz attacked insted of Lord *Camden*: hwich latter grait man's decisive speech in the *Dugglas*-cauze iz very happily extant in the *Scots Maggazene* ov 1769; az I can vouch, hoo herd it (and herd it with admiration!) pronounced!"

tirely free from blame. They will not lightly admit, dear candid creatures! that corrupt motives can influence the bosom of the sportsman. They forget that malice is a strong stimulant; and revenge of all passions the most energetic and vehement! For they, gentle judges, can imagine no impulse but the love of truth, however mistaken; and the hatred of falsehood, however wrongly suspected! I feel therefore a mixture of glory and indignation in recording the opinion of these great men, who had the best opportunity of judging, with regard to an ill-fated, most able and virtuous man, thus diabolically traduced, for purposes the most infamous!

LETTERS

From the Hon. Charles Yorke to Andrew Stuart, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, Sunday, March 26, 1769. Highgate.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, a friend from your country called on me, and said much of the disturbances at Edinburgh, and the insults to the President. After the example set in this part of the country, to resist the authority of Parliament, I do not wonder at the efforts to weaken the dignity of an inferior judicature, though within its limits, and for the ordinary course of justice, supreme. Let me beg of you one thing as a friend; not to be too anxious, nor feel too much, because things impertinent or injurious are said of yourself. Can any man exert his talents and industry in public or private business without staking his good name upon it? Or at least exposing himself to the jealousy of contending parties, and even to their malice

and detraction? In these consequences do you experience more than the common lot? And why should you hope to be exempt from it?

"No impartial man can read over the *papers* in the cause, with all the *private letters* and *memoranda* exhibited, and not stand convinced of the purity of your intentions, and the integrity and honour of your conduct. You could not have given evidence consistently with the rules of the law of Scotland, by which the execution of the commission was regulated. If you could, some circumstances which appear to me of little weight, would have been explained.

"The council of Scotland for all parties, and the judges, who differed on the merits from one another, *all* concurred in doing justice to your character, and declaring that you had acted uprightly, as well as ably. This I am free to say every where, and say to you in this letter, merely because I think it; and because the sincere opinion of a friend, declared on such occasions so trying and important, is the genuine consolation of an honest mind.

"For myself I need not say that I would not have urged some things at the bar of the House of Lords, as I did, if I had not felt the weight of them.—In such causes, an advocate is unworthy of his profession, who does not plead with the veracity of a witness and a judge.*

I am, Dear Sir, with great regard,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. YORKE."

* These are sentiments worthy this great and good man; who was

From Mr. Solicitor General Dunning.

Lincoln's Inn, 27 May, 1769.

"———— I cannot write to you without expressing my hopes, that you have, ere now, taught yourself to disregard the many injurious misrepresentations of your conduct in the Douglas cause, which I am sorry to learn are still circulated with some industry. It is not to be doubted, but that all imputations which are not founded in truth will be forgot, as soon as the animosity which gave birth to them has subsided. In the mean while, though the best consolation is the consciousness of not having deserved them, it may perhaps be matter of some consolation to you, that those, who have had the most occasion to examine them, think of them as you would wish;—perhaps too, some of them may be referable to the want of a sufficient explanation at the bar of particular passages, which have been made the ground of censure; and if so, it is more peculiarly a debt of justice to you from the counsel in the cause, thinking of it as I do, to declare, that after the fullest investigation which in that character it was my duty to make into every part of the cause, it appeared to me to have been conducted on your part, in a manner not only altogether irreproachable, but distinguished throughout by a degree of

not only an honour to his family, but to his country; and whose morbid sensibility sacrificed him a victim to his high sense of honour in the following year. No one rose at the bar for many succeeding years *aut similis aut secundus*.

candour and delicacy, of which I have met with few examples.

I am, with real esteem and regard,

Your very humble servant,

J. DUNNING."

From Mr. Wedderburn.

"MY DEAR STUART, Broomhall, 22 May, 1769.

"I have read over here the news-paper account of Lord Chancellor's speech in the Douglas cause, which, in my opinion, he has more reason to be offended with than you have; it is the publication of one, who had only capacity enough to retain those parts of the speech, which, I am persuaded, the Chancellor would wish to be least remembered. Nothing ever was worse founded than any aspersions upon your conduct in that cause, which, in its whole progress, was carried on, not only with the strictest probity on your part, but with a candour and delicacy that very few men would have thought themselves bound to observe. I have more than once thought, in the course of the inquiry, that you acted with too nice a sense of honour, in a contention with people who made no scruple to take every advantage, though I respected the principle upon which it proceeded. It was impossible you could escape abuse (let your conduct be ever so correct) at a time, when, for much less interests, all characters are daily traduced, and personal invective is become a standing mode of argument.—I am sorry, upon their own account, that it should be adopted by those, who having felt what calumny is, should be

cautious how they give a sanction to it. Upon your account, I feel very little anxiety, because, besides the testimony of your own mind, you have the satisfaction to know, that all those, who have been eye-witnesses of your conduct, not only justify it, but applaud it; that of the many judicious people who have studied the cause, very few indeed join in the reflections upon you; and that even your adversaries do your conduct that justice in private, which in public they have sacrificed to the interest of their cause. They have succeeded, and the decision must compel our submission; but assent can only flow from conviction; and the opinion I had entertained of the cause is not altered by any reasoning I have heard upon it.—My ideas of justice are a little perplexed by the decision, and I consider it as a striking example, that no cause is certain or desperate. You will probably be gone from London before I return to it; and I could not help writing to you, as I shall not have an opportunity for some time of meeting you.

Adieu, my dear Stuart, and believe me ever,

Your's most sincerely,

AL. WEDDERBURN."*

From Sir Adam Fergusson.

"SIR,

"I cannot express the indignation I have felt at the attempts which have been made, especially since the appeal was entered in the House of Lords, to

* I cannot say this authority is of as much weight as the others. The character of Lord Rosslyn was not much calculated to procure confidence in his opinions. *Editor.*

throw out aspersions on your conduct in the management of the Douglas cause. If these attempts had proceeded alone from your adversaries, or from the mere vulgar, I should have disregarded them, and thought them unworthy of notice; because in the one I should have considered them as arts made use of to support their cause; in the other, as owing to want of proper information. But when I have seen them supported by those whose situation naturally gives weight to their assertions, how void soever they may be of any foundation in evidence, or even destitute of common candour, I look upon them in a very different light. It is for this reason, Sir, that I consider it as a testimony I owe to truth, to declare, that having had the fullest opportunity of considering every particular relative to the conduct of that cause, I have not only the most thorough conviction of the uprightness and integrity of your proceeding in every part of it, but think the whole has been conducted, not only with remarkable ability, but with a degree of candour, moderation, and temper, of which I know very few men who are capable. This is a piece of justice which I have not the smallest doubt will, sooner or later, be done you by the world. In the mean time, if a declaration of my sentiments can be of the least use to you, I choose to express them in this manner; and am, with the most real esteem, founded on those very qualities which have been so unjustifiably traduced,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

AD. FERGUSSON.

St. James's Place, March 11, 1769.

I have now probably said enough on this subject. I will, however, neither bind myself to drop it here, nor to pursue it further.

The purport of the Speech of the Right Honourable Lord Mansfield in the celebrated Douglas Cause.

"I must own that this cause before us is the greatest and most important that occurs to me: it is no less than an attack upon the virtue and honour of a lady of the first quality, in order to dispossess a young gentleman of an eminent fortune, reduce him to beggary, strip him of his birthright, declare him an alien and a foundling. I have slept and waked upon the subject, considered it on my pillow, to the losing of my natural rest, and with all the judgment I was capable, have considered the various articles that make up this long and voluminous cause, upon which I am now to give my opinion before your Lordships.

"I apprehend that in the matter before us, three things are to be considered. The situation of Lady Jane before her delivery, at her delivery, and after it was over: to all which the Chancellor has spoken with great propriety. It is proved, beyond a possibility of doubt, that she became pregnant in Oct. 1747, at the age of forty-nine years, a thing far from being uncommon, as is attested by physicians of the first rank, and confirmed by daily experience: and that in the month of July she was delivered of twins, one of whom died, the other is

still alive; he has been presented to the world by Sir John Stewart and Lady Jane Douglas, as their son; nor can he be wrested from the hands of his parents, unless some other had in their lifetime claimed him as their child in a legal and justifiable way.

"This action, my Lords, did not lie against the appellant as an impostor; for an impostor, in the sense of the law, is a person who wilfully and knowingly pretends to be a different one from what he really is, in order to defraud another, and to impose under a fictitious name upon the public. If any be an impostor, it must have been Lady Jane, whom they ought to have prosecuted in her lifetime, and not at the distance of nine years after her death: the method of discovering an impostor, is to bring his accomplice to the court before which the impostor was arraigned; and if after a fair trial the accused person be found guilty, let him take the consequences thereof: but this the respondents have neglected: the appellant has been for five years, four months, and twelve days, the acknowledged son of Lady Jane Douglas; and for thirteen years and two months the son of Sir John Stewart, before any attempt was made to rob him of his parents, his birthright, and his all.

"As the Lord Chancellor has anticipated much of what I intended to speak upon this subject, so I shall only touch at the situation and character of the deceased, whom I remember in the year 1750 to have been in the most deplorable circumstances. She came to me (I being then Solicitor-General) in a very destitute condition, and yet her modesty

would not suffer her to complain. The noble-woman was every way visible, even under all the pressure of want and poverty. Her visage and appearance were more powerful advocates than her voice; and yet I was afraid to offer her relief, for fear of being constructed to proffer her an indignity. In this manner she came twice to my house, before I knew her real necessities; to relieve which was my aim. I spoke to Mr. Pelham in her favour; told him of her situation with regard to her brother the Duke of Douglas, and of her present straits and difficulties. Mr. Pelham, without delay, laid the matter before the King: the Duke of Newcastle then being at Hanover, was wrote to; he seconded the solicitation of his brother. His Majesty immediately granted her 300l. per annum out of his privy purse; and Mr. Pelham was so generous as to order 150l. of the money to be instantly paid. I can assure your Lordships, that I never did trouble his Majesty for any other. Lady Jane Douglas was the first and last who ever had a pension by my means. At that time I looked upon her to be a lady of the strictest honour and integrity, and to have the deepest sense of the grandeur of the family from whence she was sprung; a family conspicuously great in Scotland for a thousand years past; a family whose numerous branches have spread over Europe; they have frequently intermarried with the blood royal; and she herself was descended from Hen. VII. I took care that his late Majesty should be more acquainted with her family and name, to the intent that, though she was married to Col. Stewart, a dissipated and licentious man;

and who had been in the rebellion in 1715, yet he would pass it over, as she was of a race who had always been eminently loyal, her brother having charged as a volunteer at the head of the country in the year 1715, when his cousin, the Earl of Forfar, died like a hero in defence of the government; and that his Grace had in 1745 treated the rebels and their leader with contempt and ridicule; and indeed his Majesty, from his wonted magnanimity, spoke nothing of her husband, but treated her with all the respect due to a noblewoman of the first rank and quality; one who carried all the appearance of a person habituated to devotion, and for a number of years trained up in the school of adversity and disappointment.

"Is it possible, my Lords, to imagine that a woman of such a family, of such high honour, and who had a real sense of her own dignity, could be so base as to impose false children upon the world? Would she have owned them on every occasion? Was ever mother more affected for the death of a child, than she was for the death of Sholto, the younger of her sons? 'Will you (said she) indulge me to speak of my son?' and cried out, with vehemency, 'O Sholto! Sholto! my son Sholto!' And after speaking of his death, she said, 'She thanked God that her son Archy was alive. What (said she) would the enemies of me and my children say, if they saw me lying in the dust of death upon account of the death of my son Sholto? Would they have any stronger proof of their being my children than my dying for them?' She still insisted that the shock which she received by the death of Sholto,

and other griefs she had met with, were so severe upon her, that she was perfectly persuaded she would never recover, but considered herself as a dying woman, and one who was soon to appear in the presence of Almighty God, and to whom she must answer. She declared that the children Archie and Sholto were born of her body, and that there was one blessing of which her enemies could not deprive her, which was her innocency, and that she could pray to Almighty God for the life of her other son; that she was not afraid for him, for that Almighty God would take care of him! And what is remarkable, the witness, Mary Macrabie, observed, that the grief for the loss of the child grew upon her. Would she, my Lords, have blessed her surviving child on her death bed? Would she have died with a lie in her mouth, and perjury in her right hand? Charity, that thinketh no evil, will not suffer me for a moment to harbour an opinion so cruel and preposterous: No—can we suppose that two people, who had not wherewith to support themselves, would be solicitous and shew all the tenderness of parents towards the children of creatures who, forgetting the first principles of instinct and humanity, had sold their children to people, whom they did not so much as know by their names. The act of Joseph's brethren in selling him is represented as wicked and unnatural; but, indeed, the crime of Madam Mignon, and of Madam Sanry, is still more black and atrocious! To carry this a little further, suppose Lady Jane Douglas had acted this out of a principle of revenge toward the family of Hamilton, yet Sir John Stewart had

no occasion to do so, much less continue the vindictive farce after her death, especially when married to another spouse. And here we may see Sir John as much a parent to the appellant as Lady Jane; he was every way fond of him; it is in evidence; I know it to be true: my sister and I have been frequently at Mr. Murray's with them, and were always delighted with the care we observed. No mortal harboured any thoughts of their being false children at that time, I mean in 1750 and 1751. Every person looked upon them as the children of Lady Jane Douglas, and of Colonel Stewart. The Countess of Eglington, Lord Lindores, and many others have, upon oath, declared the same thing.

"No sooner does the Colonel hear of the aspersions raised at Douglas castle, and of Archibald Stuart's swearing that Count Douglas, a French nobleman, had informed the Duke of Douglas that they had been bought out of an hospital, than he returned an answer to Mr. Loch, who gave the intelligence in a letter to Mrs. Hewitt, and wrote him in all the terms of a man of spirit, cordially interested in the welfare and happiness of his son; but he and Lady Jane begged the favour of Chevalier Douglas, a French gentleman and officer, then at London, to acquaint his cousin, the Count, with what was said of him. This the Chevalier undertook, and fulfilled with the fidelity of a man of honour; and the Count, in consequence of the application, wrote a letter not only to Lady Jane, but to her brother the Duke, in all the language of politeness and humanity, disowning what was said of him. But, my Lords, the Duke of Douglas himself was fully

satisfied of the appellant's being the real son of his sister Lady Jane; for on beginning to be known after his marriage, and to relish the pleasures of social life, he became very inquisitive 'about the size, shape, and complexion of the appellant, and if he appeared to be a smart boy.' He employed Sir William Douglas, and others, in whom he could confide, to inquire of Mrs Hewitt, Lady Jones's companion, and of Euphemia Caw, and Isabel Walker, the two maid servants, who had lived with them, when abroad, and observed their conduct in the most unguarded moments, concerning the birth of the children: he even searched into the characters of these; and it appears from the depositions of clergymen and gentlemen of the first rank in that country, that they were women worthy to be believed. He even went in person to visit Mrs. Hewitt, conversed with her in presence of his gentleman, Mr. Greenshils, concerning his sister's delivery; and the accounts given by these, like the radii of a circle, all pointing toward one and the same centre, confirming the reality of Lady Jane being the mother of the young gentleman, he was satisfied, acknowledged him for his nephew, and left him his heir.

"If the Duke of Douglas, after so serious an inquiry, was convinced, why should not we? It is true his Grace has sometimes expressed himself warmly against the surname of Hamilton, even in Lady Jane's lifetime, but never so warmly as to prefer a suppositious child to the Duke of that name; for he only declares, 'that if he thought the children were Lady Jane's, he would never settle his estate on the family of Hamilton;' nor did he, till after detecting

the frauds and conspiracies that had been so long and so industriously carried on against his sister and himself, make any alteration in his first settlement.

"After the Duke's death, the appellant was served heir to his uncle, according to the form prescribed by the law of Scotland, upon an uncontroverted evidence of his being the son of Lady Jane Douglas, takes possession of the estate, and is virtually acknowledged heir by the Earl of Selkirk, and by the Duke of Hamilton's guardians themselves; for these enter actions before the court of session, declaring their right to certain parts of the estates, upon some ancient claims which the judges there declared to be groundless; but in the whole action there was not the least intimation that Mr. Douglas was not the son of Lady Jane.

"It is needless to trouble your Lordships with the conduct of the respondent's guardians at Paris, and elsewhere, upon the continent. Nothing has been discovered that could throw the least blemish upon the honour of Lady Jane Douglas, or Colonel Stewart; they have, indeed, proved their stay there, and his imprisonment here; but both these circumstances carry a further confirmation that the appellant is their son; for in every letter that passed between them the children are named with a tenderness scarce to be believed; whereas, had they been counterfeits, as pretended, they would have been apt to upbraid one another for an act so manifestly tending to involve them in their sufferings.

"Suppose, my Lords, that Mignon, the glass manufacturer's wife, the pretended mother of Mr.

Douglas, had deposed the same things in Lady Jane's presence, as she has so long after her death ?. From her evidence, it appears that she had never seen Lady Jane; by her words, both in private and public, she seems to deserve no manner of credit: the oath of Mr. Murray, a principal witness, has destroyed every thing she has asserted. The same might be said of Sanry, the rope-dancer's spouse, whose child's rupture we were earnestly desired to keep in view, to prove him to have been the identical Sholto, the younger of the twins; and now evidence is offered that the child Sholto had no rupture, but was as sound as any within these walls. Your Lordships have been told, and I believe with great truth, that a gentleman, shocked at the assertion, had wrote to the council, that the influence arising from so false a suggestion might be prevented. I always rejoice to hear truth, which is the ornament of criticism; and the polished gem that decorates a bar.

"The scrutiny in France, followed by an action in Scotland, produced two things never intended by them; it brought forth a striking acknowledgment of the appellant by his father John Stewart, as is manifest from the bond of provision, read at your Lordship's bar; Sir John openly acknowledged him, before the Court of Session, in the midst of a crowded multitude, and when labouring under a load of anguish and pain; nay, when by himself, he solemnly declared before God, in the presence of a justice of the peace, and two clergymen, that the young gentleman was his son. It likewise established the character of Lady Jane; for on examining the proof,

obtained through the vigilance of the Duchess of Douglas, Lady Jane's reputation is unsullied and great: all who had the honour of being known to her declared that her behaviour attracted universal esteem, and Madam Marie Sophi Gillissen, a maiden lady, with whom she lodged several months, deposes that 'Lady Jane was very amiable, and gentle as an angel.' It is further proved that the elder child, the appellant, was the exact picture of his father; and the child Sholto, as like Lady Jane, as ever child was like a mother.

"I have always considered likeness as an argument of a child's being the son of a parent, and the rather, as the distinction between individuals in the human species, is more discernible than in other animals; a man may survey ten thousand people before he sees two faces perfectly alike; and in an army of an hundred thousand men, every one may be known from another. If there should be a likeness of features, there may be a dissonancy of voice, a difference in the gesture, the smile, and various other things; whereas a family likeness runs generally through all these, for in every thing there is a resemblance, as of features, size, attitude, and action; and here it is a question whether the appellant most resembled his father, Sir John, or the younger Sholto resembled his mother, Lady Jane? Many witnesses have sworn to Mr. Douglas being of the same form and make of body as his father; he has been known to be the son of Col. Stewart, by persons who had never seen him before; and is so like his elder brother, the present Sir John Stewart,

that, except by their age, it would be hard to distinguish the one from the other.

"If Sir John Stewart, the most artless of mankind, was actor in the enlevement of Mignon's and Sanry's children, he did in a few days what the acutest genius could not accomplish for years. He found two children; the one the finished model of himself; and the other, the exact picture, in miniature, of Lady Jane. It seems nature had implanted in the children what is not in the parents; for it appears in proof, that in size, complexion, stature, attitude, colour of the hair and eyes, nay, and in every other thing, Mignon and his wife, Sanry and his spouse, were toto cœlo, different from, and unlike to Sir John Stewart and Lady Jane Douglas. Among eleven black rabbits there will scarce be found one to produce a white one.

"The respondent's cause has been well supported by the ingenuity of its managers, and great stress had been laid upon the not finding out the house where Madam Le Brun lived, and where the delivery was effected; but this is no way striking, if we consider that houses are frequently pulled down to make way for streets, and houses are built upon the ground where streets ran before: of this there are daily examples in this metropolis. However, we need enter into no arguments of this kind, as there is a positive evidence before us; nor is it possible to credit the witnesses, some of them of a sacred character, when they speak of Lady Jane's virtues, provided we can believe her to have been a woman of such abandoned principles, as to make a mock of religion, a jest of

the testament, a scoff at the most solemn oaths, and rush with a lie in her mouth, and perjury in her right hand, into the presence of the Judge of all, who at once sees the whole heart of man, and from whose all discerning eye no secrecy can screen; before whom neither craft nor artifice can avail, nor yet the ingenuity and wit of lawyers can lessen or extenuate. On all which accounts, I am for finding the appellant to be the son of Lady Jane Douglas."

"*The Lords Protest on the Douglas Cause. Die Lunæ, 26th February, 1769.*

"DISSENTIENTE

"Because upon the whole of the evidence it appeared to us that the appellant has not proved himself to be the son of Lady Jane Douglas, and, consequently, not entitled to the character of Heir of Tailzie and provision to Archibald Duke of Douglas.

"Because we are of opinion that it is proved that the appellant is not the son of Lady Jane Douglas."

BEAUFORD. BRADFORD. CAMDEN. SANDWICH.

DUNMORE. MILTON.

Letter from Lady Jane Douglas to the Honourable Henry Pelham.

"If I meant to importune you, I should ill deserve the generous compassion which I was informed some months ago you expressed upon being acquainted with my distress. I take this as the least troublesome way of thanking you, and desiring you to lay my application before the King, in such a light as

your own humanity will suggest. I cannot tell my story without seeming to complain of one, of whom I never will complain. I am persuaded my brother wishes me well; but, from a mistaken resentment, upon a creditor of mine demanding from him a trifling sum, he has stopt the annuity which he had always paid me. My father having left me, his younger child, in a manner, unprovided for, till the Duke of Douglas is set right, which I am confident he will be, I am destitute. Presumptive heiress of a great estate and family, with two children, I want bread. Your own nobleness of mind will make you feel how much it costs me to beg, though from the King. My birth, and the attachment of my family, I flatter myself, his Majesty is not unacquainted with; should he think me an object of his royal bounty, my heart won't suffer me to set any bounds to my gratitude; and give me leave to say, my spirit won't suffer me to be burthensome to his Majesty longer than my cruel necessity compels me.

"I little thought of ever being reduced to petition in this way; your goodness will, therefore, excuse me, if I have mistaken the manner, or said any thing improper. Though personally unknown to you, I rely upon your intercession; the consciousness of your own mind, in having done so good and charitable a deed, will be a better return than the perpetual thanks of, SIR,

Your most obliged,
most faithful, and
most obedient Servant,
JANE DOUGLAS STEWART."

St. James's Place, May 16, 1750.

The Speeches and Judgment of the Rt. Hon. the Lords of Council and Session in Scotland, upon the important Cause, his Grace George-James Duke of Hamilton and others, Pursuers; against Archibald Douglas, Esq. Defender. Accurately taken down and published by William Anderson, Writer in Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Printed by Balfour, Auld, and Smellie, for J. Balfour, Edinburgh; T. Beckett and P. A. De Hondt, London. 1768. 8vo. pp. 620.

The Lord President, [Robert Dundas] spoke first, in the following manner.

"My Lords,

"In delivering my opinion on this great and important cause, it was my resolution to have spoken last, and not until I had heard the opinions severally given by your Lordships. This was my resolution so long as we sat fourteen in number, and so long as there was a certainty, that the question could not fall to be determined by my casting vote. But, as we now sit fifteen in number, and that there is a possibility that my casting vote may be called for, I judge it my duty to speak first, to state my opinion and the grounds of it, not doubting but that, if it is erroneous, some of your Lordships who are to speak after me will correct me.

"And, in giving this my opinion, I shall state only such arguments as move me, and scarcely at all touch those which tend to support a contrary opinion; at least, until I first hear what opinions are formed by your Lordships; for to these at present I am an entire stranger.

"If I shall omit any thing, I shall hope for your Lordships' indulgence to have leave to add it in the way of reply.'

"I agree then with the principle laid down in the defender's memorial, p. 88, 'That the acknowledgment of parents is not of itself *probatio probata*; but that a proof of such acknowledgment, or even of habit and repute, is good presumptive evidence, and sufficient for a jury to serve.' This principle is true; and it is also true, that a jury might have served, nay, ought to serve, upon such evidence. But then it is equally true, that when such service is brought before this court by reduction, the verdict becomes no more than a legal presumption, and may be reargued by a contrary proof. The question of fact remains to be reviewed by your Lordships, as in place of a grand jury, and to be tried by the rules of evidence.

"Evidence is either direct, or moral, or circumstantiate.

"The first leaves no room for doubt in the breast of the judge or jury. It is sometimes compared to mathematical demonstration.—Such evidence is not in this cause. The second equally compels the mind, from conviction to assent; but it depends on a chain of circumstances laid together, and always introduces proofs on both sides. In such cases the judge must weigh every circumstance in the scale of justice, and give his opinion where he thinks the evidence preponderates.

"It is not fair to say, that a possibility of being deceived ought to destroy a conclusion drawn from circumstantiate evidence: from the frailty of human

nature, perhaps a possibility of deception attends every kind of evidence. In matters of the highest moment, even in religion, we must be satisfied with moral evidence, and are bound to form our opinions upon it. In direct evidence, two witnesses may swear falsely; *alibi* may be proved. Circumstantiate or moral evidence is often stronger because it hangs on many dependent circumstances, which mutually aid and support each other. Instances of this occur every day.

"As to the application of certain general maxims quoted both by pursuer and defender, concerning the *onus probandi*, I do not agree with either party. There is, in this cause, a single fact to be determined, is the defender the son of Lady Jane Douglas? This fact does not now rest on the simple acknowledgment of parents, or on habit and repute;—would to God it had; but the acknowledgment of the surviving parent is qualified by time, place, the presence of other people at the birth, and many other circumstances.

"The pursuer offers circumstantiate evidence to disprove this fact; the defender has brought evidence to support it. The proof lies before your Lordships: It then remains for me, as for others, to weigh this evidence; and, with my hand upon my heart, and as I shall answer to the Supreme Judge of the world, to say whether I can or cannot assent to the following propositions, viz.

"That upon the 10th day of July 1748, Lady Jane Douglas, in the house of Madame le Brune at Paris, was delivered of this defender, and of another son now dead, by the assistance of Pier la Marr, a

man-midwife: that Sir John Stewart became acquainted with this La Marr, in the year 1721, at Leige; was introduced to him by Colonel Fountaine; met him accidentally at Paris in the year 1748, where La Marr had come *sur une affaire épineuse*; thought he would get him cheaper than any other; therefore employed him to deliver Lady Jane: that La Marr at first declined to tell Sir John Stewart where he lodged; but afterwards gave him his address (as corrected by Sir John, in his deposition August 9, 1763): that La Marr actually delivered Lady Jane: that the persons present at the delivery were Madame le Brune, her daughter, La Marr, Mrs. Hewit, and Sir John: that the youngest child of whom Lady Jane was delivered was sent to be nursed at a village near Paris under La Marr's care: that La Marr corresponded with Sir John and Lady Jane concerning this child: that the letters of La Marr, produced by Sir John, are part of that correspondence: and, in fine, that the facts contained in Sir John Stewart's declaration, as to these things, are true, under the correction already mentioned as to La Marr's address; for, it must be observed, that to his dying hour, Sir John Stewart never made any other correction of his declaration whatsoever.

"In examining the evidence of any averment, built upon one's own proper fact and deed, the simplicity of the story told deserves attention; for truth is simple, and has no need of disguise. A story, to gain credit, ought to be, first, probable; secondly, attended with no inconsistencies; thirdly, without covering or concealment; fourthly, there ought to be no attempt, by false or indirect means, to sup-

port it; fifthly, it ought to be uniformly told, and maintained, not by the words only, but by the actions of those concerned. When these concur, the story deserves great regard, and there are strong presumptions for the truth of it. But, when these are reversed, when a story told is improbable, inconsistent, full of mystery, supported by false means, not uniformly told nor uniformly maintained; these are legal presumptions against the truth of it, and destroy, at least weaken, the *præsumptio hominis* which should support it. In such a case, the attention will be roused to weigh the evidence of the story in the nicest balance, and not to trust to general averments, or general presumptions, for the truth of it.

" In applying these maxims to the cause before me, I cannot hesitate to refuse my assent to the truth of the proposition already mentioned; and am sorry to say, that I think the reasons of reduction are well supported. And as many of my objections to the truth of that proposition arise from the general complexion of the cause, and the *res gestæ*, which cannot lye, I shall begin with them: For, as to the parole-evidence, where each party charges perjury against the witnesses of the other, when I come to that, I shall not insist for full credit to all the witnesses upon either side.

" I observe, therefore, in the first place, that the defender's story is improbable.

" That a Lady of Lady Jane's age, so near to the period of her delivery, and in her first child, should leave Aix-la Chapelle, travel to Leige, thence to Sedan, from thence to Rheims, and from Rheims

to Paris, without absolute necessity, is to me extremely improbable: that, in this journey, she should linger eight days at Sedan, and near four weeks at Rheims, when her resolution was to go on to Paris, and her delivery fast approaching, is still more so; and that she should drop her maids at Rheims, at the time when she stood most in need of them, and when they could have been carried to Paris at the expence of a few livres, is not to be believed.

It is to me equally improbable, that Lady Jane should have concealed her being with child so carefully, as it is said she did. Was not her being with child the accomplishment and crown of all her wishes, the very end and motive which had led her to give her hand to Colonel Stewart? Why then conceal it. She had wrote to the Duke of Douglas in April 1748, acquainting him of her marriage, and of the happy consequences which might be expected from it. After this, why conceal her situation from any body? And, yet, among all her correspondence, she does not acquaint one of them that she was with child, even when she is going to Paris in order to be delivered.

Although she had dropt her maids at Rheims, yet, at Paris, she hires no servants, nor any attendants whatever. Though carried thither in order to have the best assistance which France could afford, she is put into the hands of an old surgeon to a Walloon regiment, or, as the defender himself allows, into the hands of a person of no character. When she arrives at Paris, she stays four days in Godefroy's; during that time, she takes no advice as to her situation, not even from Madam Godefroy;

leaves Godefroy's, and goes to a lodging, which, after the most painful search, cannot now be found, unless, as the defender asserts, we should believe it to be the house of a *garde malade*. From this she goes to another house, hired by Sir John Stewart; there one child appears in a very singular manner; the other is sent away with Monsieur le Marre; and though a child weak and sickly, and Lady Jane a lady remarkable for maternal affection, is not once seen by her for sixteen months, that is, not till November 1749.

At this period, Lady Jane, Sir John, and Mrs. Hewit return to Paris, in order to bring home this second child: they leave their carriage and driver without the town, and go off in a hackney coach to an unknown house. They send for La Marr, in order to get the child; La Marr makes his appearance; they set out to bring the child; Lady Jane, taken all with a headach, is carried into another unknown house, where she remains with Mrs. Hewit; mean time, Sir John goes and brings the child, and then they all set out in their return to Rheims.

As the defender's story is, in these respects, improbable; so also, I observe, secondly, that, in other respects, it is inconsistent.

It is said, that Lady Jane intended to have been delivered at Rheims, but left it, as no proper assistance for her delivery was to be got there. This information Mrs. Hewit swears she received from Madam Andrieux, who had got her death by being unskilfully delivered. But, in this fact, Mrs. Hewit is contradicted by the son, Mr. Andrieux;

and that Sir John and Lady Jane had no such intention, appears clearly from Mr. Hepburn's evidence, who depones, in a very pointed and precise manner, that, at Leige, Sir John told him he was to carry Lady Jane to Paris, in order to be delivered there. If then their destination was for Paris, was it not inconsistent, in the highest degree, to stay eight days at Sedan, and near four weeks at Rheims, that is, from the fifth of June to the second of July; especially after, as they say, they were informed, that no proper assistance could be had at Rheims, and that they were reduced to their last guinea?

" Mrs. Hewit says, that this information concerning the want of proper assistance at Rheims, she received from Madam Andrieux. But, what says Lady Jane in the account of this matter given by her to the late Countess of Stair, as deponed to by her daughter, the Honourable Mrs. Primrose, a witness above all exception, and who depones with the greatest air of candour? ' The morning after I came to Rheims, says she, a lady of that place desired to see me. I sent answer, that I was fatigued with my journey, was still in bed, and could see nobody.' The lady sent word, that it was a matter of consequence she had to tell me. Upon this she was admited, she begged pardon for intruding, said it was a matter of conscience. She had heard I had come there with an intention of lying in; but she was bound to tell me that there was no person in that city capable of doing the office of a midwife. I said, that I had sent away my coach, and that my finances were too low to proceed further. But the

lady's arguments were so pathetic, that she persuaded me to take a post-chaise, in which Mrs. Hewit and I went to Paris.

"And, upon Lady Stair's observing, that Paris never was without British people of credit, who ought to have been at her labour, considering her age, and the enemies she had with her brother; and that her labour should have been in a royal manner, alluding probably to the story of the Empress Constantia (words so sensible, and so much in character of Lady Stair, that I think I could almost swear to their identity,) Lady Jane answered, 'that, says she, was not in my power, as I was not half an hour, or an hour and a half in Paris, before I was delivered.'

"As to leaving the maids at Rheims, Mrs. Hewit says, they were left for want of money, and that Sir John and Lady Jane had only one guinea when they arrived at Paris: that they endeavoured to persuade their banker to advance a little money on the credit of Lady Jane's pension; but in vain. So they wrote to Monsieur Andrieux for a supply; and this supply arrived on the very day of Lady Jane's delivery. And in this Sir John Stewart agrees with her. But this fact turns now out clearly to be false. For the money sent by Monsieur Andrieux was not received by Sir John till the 26th of July. And this being the case, I would gladly know, how they satisfied former scores at Godefroy's, Le Brun's, &c.

"Mrs. Hewit says, that she could not keep Lady Jane in bed after the ninth day; she had wrote so to the maids at the time: surely she could not then be mistaken. But, after Sir John Stewart's exami-

nation, she seems to have been startled; and therefore writes a letter to the Reverend Mr. Harper, dated January 11, 1763, (but which she did not deliver till the 15th of March thereafter), wherein she tells him, 'that she was in a mistake in declaring that it was the tenth day after Lady Jane was delivered; that they left the house of Madame Le Brune; for it was the sixth day.' It would appear to me, that Mr. Harper had some suspicions as to Mrs. Hewit's intention in writing him this letter, by his accuracy in marking on the back the precise day upon which he received it.

"The accounts given of the nurses are also full of inconsistencies; but I shall not enter upon them.

"I proceed to observe, in the third place, that in this whole affair, Lady Jane Douglas and Sir John Stewart affected mystery throughout. Their very marriage is concealed from many of their countrymen, whom they had occasion to see; and even, when the time of Lady Jane's delivery is at hand, when Sir John and she are setting out from Rheims to Paris for that purpose; when they are procuring recommendations from Monsieur Maillefer, a man of character, the Syndic at Rheims, to Monsieur Godefroy, who was to receive them at Paris; yet even, from this Monsieur Maillefer do they carefully conceal that Lady Jane was with child, or that she was going to Paris in order to be delivered. This appears from the letter of recommendation wrote by Monsieur Maillefer to Monsieur Godefroy, and is confirmed by Monsieur Maillefer himself. He is not permitted to see Lady Jane; to him she is said to be indisposed, while at the very

time she receives visits from an Abbé Hibert, and is daily walking about in his company. Nay, the letter of recommendation from Monsieur Maillefer to Monsieur Godefroy proves more. It proves, that they used false pretences for their journey to Paris: "Comme il aura quelques emplettes a faire a Paris, je lui ai dit qu'il pouvait s'addresser a vous, comme etant fort connoisseur, et que vous ne souffrirez pas qu'on le trompat." A strange way this of recommending a lady just going to be delivered.

"During their stay at Paris, they not only conceal their being there from their countrymen; they even conceal it from Chevalier Johnston, their correspondent, their friend, and cousin to Mrs. Hewit. Did even Sir John Stewart, in any other place, on any other occasion, or at any other period of his life, neglect or forsake the company of his countrymen? Was he not in use to herd with them, especially with such of them as were at this time to be met with at Paris? Was there no Scots coffee-house in Paris? Did Sir John never go there? Why, or for what reason did he not? How is this conduct to be accounted for? But above all, when Sir John and Lady Jane were about to quit Paris, leaving a weak and sickly infant behind them, to be nursed at a village only three leagues distant from it, could any thing be more natural, than to have recommended this child to the care of Mr. Johnston, and to have entreated him to visit it as often as convenient? Yet, no such thing is done; not even, when after their return to Rheims, they acquaint Mr. Johnston of Lady Jane's delivery.

"Another strange concealment, while at Paris,

was, dating their letters as from Rheims, which were truly wrote from Paris: that this was done deliberately, and with design to mislead, appears from the after correspondence with Mr. Haldane and Lady Mary Hamilton; a correspondence evidently tending to induce a belief, that Lady Jane and Sir John had gone no further than Rheims, and that Lady Jane had been delivered at that place; for, in the whole of that correspondence, there is not any mention made of Paris.

"It is also strange, that notwithstanding the many dark and mysterious circumstances attending the accounts given of Lady Jane's delivery; notwithstanding that Sir John and Lady Jane knew well that these accounts and these circumstances were suspected; yet still, at no after period, did they ever give such a detail of particulars as could give satisfaction upon this great point, or, in the event of their death, could avail their children; but chose to rest the proof of their legitimacy upon general presumptions, and that the *onus probandi* of the contrary lay upon their adversaries. But this I will rather carry forward to my next observation, viz.

"To the falsehoods by which the defender's cause has been supported, and by which the objections against it have been attempted to be obviated.

"And, first, the cause of Lady Jane Douglas and Sir John Stewart, their coming to Rheims, is not well supported: but, as I am not now talking of the proof, except in so far as it arises from real evidence, which cannot be contradicted, I observe,

"Secondly, that the leaving the maids at Rheims, when they could have been carried on to Paris at the

expense of twelve or fourteen shillings, is a striking circumstance which remains to be obviated; the want of money, therefore, has been assigned as the cause of this. Lady Jane and Sir John are said to have been reduced to their last guinea, and when their banker at Paris would not advance, they applied to Monsieur Andrieux. In this particular Sir John and Mrs. Hewit's memories are so distinct, that they remember the very critical day when Monsieur Andrieux's money arrived, viz. the day of Lady Jane's delivery; and so Mrs. Hewit wrote to the maids at the time: yet this we have already seen is altogether false. But the falsehood was absolutely necessary; for, at the time when this fact was averred, no mention had been made in this process of Godefroy or his house. It was believed, that Sir John and Lady Jane had, before the delivery, resided only in one house. By Mrs. Hewit's evidence, they went directly to La Brune's; yet this house behoved to be cleared off before leaving it: other expences also about the time of delivery fell to be incurred; and, for paying these, money was requisite: and it was requisite also, that this money should arrive in time for that purpose.

"And, as it is false that they received the money sent by Monsieur Andrieux sooner than the 26th, so it is equally false that they were in want of money when they arrived at Rheims; for it is in evidence, that they carried with them from Aix-la-Chapelle, a letter of credit upon Paris for near 2000 livres, which they actually received upon the sixth of July, four days before Lady Jane's delivery; and this letter of credit was so conceived as that they could have drawn the money at Rheims, if necessary.

"Thirdly, as it was given out, that they came to Paris on purpose to procure Lady Jane better assistance in her delivery, it was incumbent on Sir John to give some account what assistance they did actually procure, and who was the midwife who delivered Lady Jane.

"And here it is to be observed, that Sir John was always distinct and pointed as to his description of La Marr; first, in his note to Mrs. Napier, and next in his judicial declaration. In his note given to Mrs. Napier, as early as the year 1756, he stiles La Marr a Walloon, and says, that for several years he had been surgeon to a regiment: he likewise mentions the name of Colonel Fontaine, oculist to the invalides at Paris, and tells Mrs. Napier, that Fontaine was the person who introduced him to La Marr. These things he confirms in his judicial declaration, with the addition of sundry other particulars; and these things he never amended, nor, to his dying hour, ever retracted or contradicted.

"And how was Sir John's declaration taken? In the most solemn and deliberate manner. It took up three days; Sir John had full time given to recollect every particular of the story; he was allowed to correct, to retract, and to explain, upon an after day, what he had declared upon the day preceding; and in one word, was treated with the greatest candour. He was indeed somewhat deaf; but, to obviate any inconvenience which might thence arise, the questions asked were given to him in writing, one by one, and he was allowed time maturely to consider them, before he gave his answers.

"With respect to his account of La Marr, as

given in this declaration, he never pretended to amend or contradict it, except as to his address, which in his after oath he swears La Marr gave him; although in his declaration he had said the contrary. The reasons of this correction are too obvious; and yet, after all the deliberation and solemnity with which this declaration was taken, after all the opportunities given to Sir John to retract, explain, amend, and correct it; after he had done so in one or two articles; yet, after all this, the defender, who says he is the son of this Sir John Stewart, and values himself upon his acknowledgment, is pleased to maintain, that his father's declaration, in many points, is false and untrue, and that no regard ought to be paid to it.

"Fourthly, the forged letters, said to have been written by La Marr to Sir John Stewart, mentioned in Sir John's declaration, at once shew the falshood of that declaration, and the shameful and illegal attempts made to support the defender's story, and to obviate objections against it. The forgery of these letters was committed early, and at a time when the Delamarre, whom the defender now says was the true accoucheur, was alive, and that fair and genuine letters to prove that fact could have been procured from him. The last of these four letters mentioned in Sir John's declaration, as written to him by La Marr, appears to have been brought to Sir John in Lady Jane's presence, and to have been read and explained by her to Mrs. Glass, &c.

"But upon these letters, perhaps, I may touch again, when I come to consider the evidence adduced by the defender.

"Fifthly, it was necessary for Sir John and Lady Jane to obviate the many strong and striking objections to their conduct after the birth. Nothing could have been easier than to have done this, had their story been true. Truth is simple, and generally carries conviction along with it. At any rate, it is uniform; but the story told by Sir John Stewart was not so; and therefore labours under suspicion: and this leads me to observe,

"In the fourth place, that the story told by Sir John Stewart of the defender's birth was by no means uniformly told, nor uniformly maintained. In the course of Providence, a false tale is often detected by the tellers.

"As to Lady Jane's account of this event, we have none given by her, further than what passed in her conversation with Lady Stair, a conversation which, we have already observed, turns out to be false in every particular. But, with respect to Sir John, we have his declaration and his oath; and as to these, they are, in some particulars, contradicted by Sir John himself, and in others are given up by the defender as untrue.

"By Sir John's oath and declaration, Lady Jane's delivery is said to have happened in the house of Madame le Brune; but, in the note give by him to Mrs. Napier, it is said to have happened in the house of Madam Michell. Strange! that, in the year 1756, there should have been so great a failure in Sir John's memory. Indeed, Sir John's behaviour, when he gave this note to Mrs. Napier, is very remarkable, and deserves attention: for, when pressed by Mrs. Napier to tell her in what house

the children were born, and who were present and assistant on that occasion? Sir John answers, that so many years had passed, and so many misfortunes had happened to him, some of which he enumerated, that he could not be so distinct in names as he could wish: that, for different reasons, Lady Jane had been obliged to change houses about the time of her lying in; one house was full of bugs; another house was smokey; so that he could not say what precise house the children were born in; but he would consider of it at home, and make a note of these circumstances. And when still pressed by Mrs. Napier to make a memorandum of such things as he was sure of, he accordingly gives her a memorandum; and *inter alia*, sets down Madam Michelle's house as the place of delivery. This seems to me to be the *origo mali*; and here I begin to see the finger of Providence pointing to the discovery of the imposture. It is not sufficient to alledge here forgetfulness or mistake; it was too early to mistake in the 1756. It is true, that, in an after-conversation with Mrs. Napier, Sir John mentions Le Brune's as the house where Lady Jane was delivered. But as it is not clear that this second conversation happened, until he knew that inquiry had been made at Madam Michelle's, and that his former story was disproved, I can pay no regard to it. It is also very material to observe, that the scroll of the letter from Mrs. Hewit to the Duke of Douglas, so accidentally found, mentions Madam Michelle's house as the place of delivery. Strange! that both Sir John and she should fall into the same mistake.

"But, how is it possible to account for the con-

duct of Lady Jane and Sir John Stewart, after they knew that the legitimacy of their children was suspected? Easy would it have been at that time to have put the matter beyond all question. A letter by post would have done it. If that was not sufficient, a more formal inquiry might have been made; yet, in place of this, a few declarations only are got from Aix-la-Chapelle, and these merely relating to Lady Jane's pregnancy. No application is made for any proof from Paris, the principal scene of action, and which at once could have put the matter out of all doubt. Indeed, they afterwards saw the propriety, or rather the necessity, of clearing up this affair, and gave different reasons to justify their strange conduct with regard to it; but, in vain; none of them are satisfactory. At one time, Lady Jane doubts how far the making such an enquiry would be consistent with her honour. At another time, she laments the want of money to carry it on. To Mrs. Menzies she boasts, that she had evidence of the birth in her pocket. And, at a late period of her life, in a conversation with Mrs. Greig, she shelters herself under a legal presumption; and tells Mrs. Greig, that if any body called her children's legitimacy in question, they behoved to prove the contrary. Mrs. Hewit, indeed, talks more boldly upon this subject: Walter Colvill, soon after the birth, had informed her of the suspicions concerning it; but she seems to despise these suspicions; and roundly tells him, that the birth was too well proved to admit of any doubt.

"All these circumstances of improbability, inconsistency, concealment, falsehood, and vacillancy, are extremely striking; and although I do not argue

upon them as conclusive; yet surely they are more than sufficient to awaken the attention, to lead us to examine things with accuracy and precision; to demand proof, and not to rest upon general presumptions.

"And this leads me to consider what proof has been brought by the defender in support of his averment.

"The first material fact, upon the part of the defender, is to prove the existence of the accoucheur, Pier La Marr; for, if there was no La Marr, it is impossible to believe one iota of the whole story.

"The history of La Marr, as told by Sir John Stewart, and never contradicted, is, that he was a Walloon, and surgeon to a Walloon regiment, remarkable for his skill in midwifery: that, in the year 1721, Sir John became acquainted with him at Leige, and was introduced to him by Colonel Fontaine: that, when Sir John was at Paris by himself, in June 1748, he accidentally met with La Marr, and they renewed their acquaintance: that La Marr was there at that time *sur une affaire épineuse*, and was to be found at the Thuillieres, or the Luxembourg, in certain particular walks which he named, and at certain times of the day: that Sir John, for the sake of cheapness, engaged La Marr to deliver Lady Jane; which he did accordingly: that the youngest child of whom Lady Jane was so delivered, was entrusted to La Marr's care for sixteen months; during which time he regularly corresponded with Sir John upon that subject: and as to the letters from La Marr to Sir John produced in process, Sir John averred, that two of them were originals, and two of them copies; in one of which letters La Marr

says, that he had been ten months in Naples after the year 1748.

"This account is altogether unsupported by any evidence; and however circumstantiate it may be as to Sir John's first acquaintance with La Marr, his knowledge of his profession, manner of renewing acquaintance, writing to him, &c. it is impossible to believe it. Failure in memory may excuse mistakes as to lesser matters, or trivial circumstances, but cannot palliate errors in capital points. Indeed, the defender himself does not believe it; he has therefore bent his whole force to prove, that not this La Marr, but another Delamarre was the accoucheur who delivered Lady Jane, although it stands proved, that this Delamarre was no Walloon, but a native of *Montreuil sur Mer*, was only ten years old in the year 1721, had never been surgeon to a Walloon regiment, had his constant residence at Paris, and was never out of it after the year 1748. Further, there is no evidence that this Delamarre was bespoke or could be bespoke as accoucheur for Lady Jane; and still less probability, that, when Lady Jane had travelled so far to procure the best assistance, Sir John would bespeak for her a low operator at the Hotel Dieu.

"Indeed, according to the defender's own account, he seems to have taken no great care of his patient; for if it was he who recommended Le Brune, and knew that Lady Jane was to remove from thence soon after her delivery to another house, it is strange, what Mrs. Hewit says, that she never saw La Marr visiting Lady Jane but once after her delivery. If it was he who provided the bad nurses, strange that he should take no further nor better care to provide

good ones. But what proves beyond contradiction, that this Delamarre was not the accoucheur, and that the story of his delivering a great foreign lady does not, and cannot apply to Lady Jane, is the time when this is said to have happened. It happened, says Menager, while Delamarre was in the Hotel Dieu. It happened, says Gilles, before the year 1748. It happened, says Cocquerell, before February 1748; for, in that month I was married. I had left the Hotel Dieu about two months before my marriage; and La Marr had left it about a year before me.

"This article of the time appears to me very material, clinches the whole, and proves, that the story told by Delamarre at the Hotel Dieu could not relate to Lady Jane Douglas.

"But how did Sir John Stewart stumble upon the name of La Marr? How came he to pitch upon this name, as the name of the accoucheur who delivered Lady Jane? Perhaps Sir John was acquainted with this Delamarre, knew him as a merry companion, and pitched upon his name to help forward his story, but gave such a false description of the other particulars concerning him, as might be sufficient to prevent discoveries, and to obviate after inquiries. For, is it possible for any mortal to believe, if this Delamarre had truly been the accoucheur who delivered Lady Jane, that Sir John Stewart would have forged the letters from him which are now produced, when, at that very time, Delamarre was alive, was residing at Paris, and, in course of post, Sir John might have had letters from him? Delamarre lived till the year 1753, and the letters produced were forged in the year 1752.

"With respect to these letters, the defender's story of this Delamarre proves their falsehood in a strong manner; and, if they are false, and false they are admitted to be, even by the defender, what becomes of the superstructure they were intended to support? They are the chief, if not the only written evidence on the part of the defender. They appear to me to have been the proofs which Lady Jane boasted to Mrs. Menzies she had in her pocket. They also seem to have been the documents which Lady Jane carried to Douglas-castle, to convince the Duke of Douglas. They were mentioned by Sir John to Mrs. Napier; they were explained by Lady Jane to her servants; they were produced to the jury; they were printed with the service; yet these are forged, and, in my opinion, forged by Sir John. Is it in nature to believe, that Sir John Stewart would have forged false letters from La Marr, if, at the expense of a postage from Paris, he could have had letters which were true?

"Before dismissing Sir John Stewart's declaration, permit me to observe the strange and unaccountable conduct of the defender with regard to it. He talks of his filiation, of the acknowledgment of his parents, of his habit and repute, &c. His father is examined, the person who best can tell the circumstances of his birth, whose inclination, whose interest, and whose duty it is to say every thing that can support it. The examination is gone about in the fairest, in the most solemn, in the most candid manner possible: but no sooner is it taken, than the defender rejects it, maintains it to be false, endeavours to have it suppressed, insists that it can be no evidence, and when your Lordship's justice had ordered

it to be considered as evidence, he appeals from that sentence to a higher court; though, for reasons best known to himself, he afterwards drops it. Did any of your lordships ever read or hear of such a conduct? I confess I never did.

"The second material fact upon the part of the defender is to prove the existence of a Madame le Brun, in whose house Lady Jane was delivered; for, if there was no Madame le Brun, it is impossible to believe one jot of the story.

"Here again the ground slips from under my feet: there is not more evidence of the existence of a Madame le Brun than there is of a Pier la Marr. No such person can be found; even no such name, I mean of Madame le Brun who kept a hotel, occurs in the capitation-rolls of any kind.

"The defender is fain to suppose, that the Madame le Brun, in whose house Lady Jane was delivered, was a *garde malade*. This however is incredible: it was never once insinuated by Sir John or Mrs. Hewit, not even in the letter wrote by Mrs. Hewit to the maids, though a circumstance remarkable, and which, in these letters, fell naturally to be mentioned.

"Sir John hints as if she had been recommended by Godefroy: this is false: the proof now points as if she had been recommended by La Marr. Had this been so, Sir John could not have forgot it: but it was not so: the *res gesta* belies it: even Menager himself never knew any lady of character carried to be delivered in such a house, one lady in a mask excepted.

"If La Marr had recommended Le Brun, how comes he not to have appeared sooner upon the

stage, and to have been better known to Lady Jane and Mrs. Hewit? Mrs. Hewit, who attended Lady Jane, swears, that previous to the delivery, she had no conversation with Lady Jane about the person who was to deliver her; nor did she ever see Pier la Marr until she saw him in Lady Jane's room at the time of her delivery; nor did she see him after, except once, when he called to inquire after Lady Jane and the defender. At what time, therefore, did he recommend Madame le Brun? The thing is incredible.

"The Le Brun living on her income in the house of Travers, *rue de la Comedie*, cannot be the person pointed at. The description does not apply, and the defender cannot be allowed to found on an allegation so vague, similar in nothing but the name, when he has brought no evidence to support it. An inlying was a circumstance too material to have escaped the observation of the people of the house; neither would it have escaped the sagacity of the defender's advisers to have made an inquiry concerning this matter when the woman was alive: but it is plain to me that the defender has catched at the similarity of the name, and by that similarity means to supply a blank in the proof, which otherways he cannot account for.

"A third material fact upon the part of the defender, is to prove the existence of Madame Michell, and that Sir John and Lady Jane lodged in her house.

"And it is true, that Sir John and Lady Jane did lodge at Madame Michell's; and though the 8th of July is marked in the *livre d' inspecteur* as the day of their entry; yet, it appears to me, that they entered upon the 18th; for Michell's people swear, that the

marking of Fluratl and his company belongs to Sir John Stewart and his company; and that they were the only British people at that time in the house.

"There are several circumstances which happened at Madame Michell's, which deserve to be mentioned.

"And first, there is no appearance of Pier la Marr at Madame Michell's. The people of that house do not seem to have known any thing about him.

"Secondly, the second child, Sholto, is never heard of at that house.

"Thirdly, the defender does not appear immediately on their going there, nor till after the *enlevement* of Mignon's child.

"Fourthly, the people in that house swear, that when the defender was brought, he was brought from St. Germain, the very place where Sir John, in his declaration, says he went to seek for a nurse to him. Indeed, as to the nurses, the accounts given are full of contradictions. I will not run through them.

"The last material fact upon the part of the defender, and which ought to have been ascertained without the least shadow of ambiguity, is the day of Lady Jane's delivery; and this day the defender positively says was the 10th day of July 1748. One thing is evident, that if Mrs. Hewit spoke true, the day of delivery behoved to be at least nine days before their coming to Madame Michell's; for so writes she to the maids, that Lady Jane could not be kept in bed after the ninth day. This indeed may bring the day of delivery to the 10th; and yet,

how to reconcile this letter to the maids with her after letter to the Reverend Mr. Harper, I know not.

" But indeed as to this point, viz. that the day of delivery was the 10th day of July 1748, we meet with insuperable difficulties.

" And, in the first place, in all the letters wrote by Sir John and Mrs. Hewit upon the 10th of July, there is no mention made of Lady Jane's delivery. The defender is aware of the force of this objection; and therefore insists, that although these letters bear date upon the 10th, yet they were actually wrote upon some day preceding. But where is the evidence of this? The letters themselves bear to be wrote upon the 10th, and must be supposed to have been so, unless the contrary is proved. But the contrary is not proved. If a latitude of this kind is to be allowed; if mere supposition is to be held sufficient to destroy evidence such as this, all possibility of detection would be at an end.

" But, secondly, there is a letter from Mrs. Hewit to the maids, bearing date the 22d of July 1748, from which it appears, that she had wrote them a former letter upon the 11th; and yet that former letter had made no mention of Lady Jane's delivery: how is this to be accounted for? Mrs. Hewit herself saw the force of this objection; and therefore endeavours to obviate it, by saying, in her letter, already mentioned, of the 22d, that her former letter, though dated upon the 11th, ought to have been dated upon the 10th; and that this mistake had happened through hurry. In the former case, the defender maintained, that, the letters dated upon

the 10th ought to be dated upon the 9th, otherways he seems to acknowledge they ought to have made mention of Lady Jane's delivery. Here again he insists, that a letter dated the 11th ought to have been dated the 10th. If so, why did not this letter make mention of Lady Jane's delivery? How are these things to be reconciled?

"In the third place, Sir John wrote to the Earl of Crawfurd upon the 10th of July; so the letter bears. In this letter also, there is no mention of Lady Jane's delivery; on the contrary, Sir John says, that the happy hour was looked for daily. How is this taken off? Sir John seems to have perceived it; and therefore, in his next letter to Lord Crawfurd, upon the 22d of July, he slily insinuates and says, that his former letter was of the 6th, not only in direct contradiction to the date of the letter itself, but also to the date of the letter to Mr. Florentin, in which it was enclosed.

"In the fourth place, Sir John, in his letter to Mrs. Hepburn of the 6th of August, mentions his having wrote her upon the 10th of July preceding; and adds, that Lady Jane had been brought to bed the evening of that day; yet Mrs. Hewit swears, and in her letter to the maids says, that Lady Jane was uneasy during the whole night preceding her delivery; that about eleven in the forenoon, she turned extremely ill; and it is acknowledged by all of them, that she was not long in labour. So that, if she was delivered at all, she must have been delivered in the forenoon.

"In the fifth place, it cannot but appear extraordinary, that although Lady Jane is said to have

been delivered upon the 10th; yet no letters were wrote notifying this event to any mortal, not even to her female friends or the maid-servants, sooner than the 22d. This appears to me extremely singular, and, I am persuaded, must do so to every person who hears me. Lady Jane appears to have married Sir John Stewart with a view to bring an heir to the great estate and noble family of Douglas. Both Sir John and she were well advanced in life, and could not be supposed capable of having many children. Lady Jane, in a foreign country, and far from her friends, was safely delivered of two boys: was it not natural then for Sir John and her to hasten to convey the news of this happy event to their friends? Is it possible to believe that Mrs. Hewit would not do it to the maid-servants? and yet, no such intimation is given. This is evident, not only because no such letters are produced, but that it appears from Lady Jane's pocket-book, that no letters were wrote betwixt the 10th and 22d.

"And thus, with respect to the day of Lady Jane's delivery, every thing is doubtful and dark; every thing is mysterious and affected. Some particulars are given up as untrue, under the softer name of mistakes; others are unnatural and unsupported.

"But one thing still remains. What says the pursuer to the day of delivery? What evidence has he brought? Or has he brought any, to shew, that the 10th day of July 1748 neither was nor could be the day of Lady Jane's delivery? Yes, the pursuer has brought evidence upon this point, and evidence which appears to me to prove, much more

clearly than could have been expected, that the whole story of Lady Jane's delivery in the house of Madame le Brun upon the 10th of July 1748 is fictitious and false; for that, at that period, Sir John, Lady Jane, and Mrs. Hewit resided in the hotel kept by Monsieur Godefroy; and that there was in that house, not only no delivery, but no appearance of any.

"I will not take up the time of the court, in recapitulating the manner in which Monsieur Godefroy's books were kept. One thing is clear, that books were kept; and though I shall not call them *per se* full evidence; yet they are strong adminicles, as being made up long ago, and without any view to support this cause. I will not enter into all the objections stated against them on the part of the defender. I think the presumptions are in favour of the books; and that I am bound to pay them great regard; especially when supported, as they are in the strongest manner, by the direct testimony of Godefroy and his wife.

"It is true, the name of the person and his company, to whom the accompt of the 4th of July belongs, was entered blank in the book, and continues so; yet is so rivetted by circumstances, as to add faith to the oaths of Godefroy and his wife, who swear that it was opened for Sir John Stewart; and the way how it came to be opened blank is accounted for from Monsieur Maillefer's letter to Godefroy, in which he recommends Sir John Stewart and his lady, but without telling his their names.

"By this accompt, begun upon the 4th of July,

the first payment made by Sir John Stewart to Monsieur Godefroy appears to have been made upon the 8th of July, a day or two after they got the money from Tassin; which, by the bye, is an additional proof of the falsehood of the story of their having first got money from Monsieur Andrieux.

"The number of persons for whom this accompt is stated tallies exactly with the number of Sir John's company; so does the article of the wine, and so does the day upon which it commences; for it is confessed on all hands, that Sir John, Lady Jane, and Mrs. Hewit entered into Godefroy's house upon the 4th of July. If then this accompt does not relate to Sir John Stewart and his company, where is the accompt which does? But Godefroy and his wife swear, that this accompt does relate to Sir John Stewart. Why, or for what reason should we not believe them? I cannot suppose them perjured. I see not the least evidence of it; on the contrary, Godefroy's swearing so candidly as he did, from memory, concerning the letter which he received from Monsieur Maillefer, in my apprehension, says much in his favour.

"As to the two enlevements, though not by themselves sufficient, yet I cannot get them out of my mind. Strange, singularly strange it is! that they should coincide so exactly with the events in question.

"As to the enlevement of Mignon's child, it is clearly proved, that such enlevement happened in July 1748; and though I do not think myself under any necessity to maintain, that the defender is that child; yet it appears to me a strong fact in the

scale of evidence, that a child should be carried off by a foreigner, under several circumstances corresponding to Sir John and his story, particularly as to the time; for, by the delay of the feast of St. Clair that year till the 22d of July, it appears to me, that the date of the enlevement of Mignon's child must either have been the 11th or the 18th of July; and the last of the two seems most probable.

"The coincidence of the other enlevement of Sanry's child is not less extraordinary. This happened in November 1749; at this time Sir John, Lady Jane, and Mrs. Hewit were again in Paris: surely, if they had no concern in either of these enlevements, never were people more unlucky. There is no evidence that an enlevement at Paris is an ordinary event, or that it happens frequently. Strange, that Sir John and his company should have been there at times so suspicious and unfortunate! Sanry's child is proved to have been carried off by foreigners: these foreigners, three in number, having no attendants, the age of the child exactly agreeing with the supposed age of Sholto. These circumstances correspond to Sir John Stewart and his company; yet it is not the *minutiæ* of the story which move me. In a circumstantiate evidence, circumstances must be laid together. A separate link in the chain may bear a challenge; and yet the whole remain firm and impregnable.

"As to the way in which this cause has been conducted by the gentlemen on both sides, I do not see any reason for blame, either upon the one side or the other; though there had been such due, yet it

would not have varied my judgment; but I see none due. And as to the cry raised against the pursuer for having varied his ground, his doing so may shew spirit, as it does, but cannot influence the determination; in a labyrinth so dark and intricate, it was no wonder that the false lights hung out on the part of the defender should often mislead him.

"The witnesses are said to be low people: they are so; but they were not of the pursuer's chusing: they were chosen by the defender's supposed parents; the pursuer was obliged to follow them: he could examine no other.

"But what could move Lady Jane to commit so great a crime as is here supposed? What could influence her to play a part so criminal, and to continue it to the last?

"That Lady Jane was anxious to have children appears from her conversation with Mr. Hepburn; and that this was her intention in marrying Sir John Stewart, appears from her letter to the Duke of Douglas. What other motive on earth could she have for marrying him? When once she had put on the mask, she was under a necessity to wear it. She had said, that the defender and Sholto were her children. Common sense, of which she had a large share, led her to behave to them as such; otherways her actions would have given the lie to her words; and it is easy to see which of them would have been best believed. The death-bed declarations in this cause do not move me: when crimes are committed, the committers rarely chuse to confess, if by concealing they can escape that infamy which otherways

would pursue them. Lady Jane could not but see that when the Rubicon was past, there was no retreating. Had she been tempted to have divulged a secret so important, the consequences would have been, infamy on her own memory, and capital punishment on her associates. That in Sir John's judicial declaration many things are false, cannot be denied. Between an oath and a declaration there is little difference; and yet Sir John, upon his death-bed, does not confess them; and though he makes a death-bed declaration, takes no notice of any of them.

"Lady Jane's pregnancy is the great argument insisted in on the part of the defender. I admit that it is a ground of doubt; but it can never outweigh my strong conviction arising from evidence so circumstantiate as that which I have already observed. One thing is strange, that Lady Jane's attendants swear to her pregnancy as so remarkable, that one would think nobody, with their eyes open, but would perceive it. Mrs. Hewit particularly mentions the size of her breasts as well as belly; yet we see even women did not perceive it until it was told them. At Rheims, Abbé Hibert speaks of a pregnancy which could not be discovered, except when Lady Jane wanted a hoop. Lieutenant M'Lean saw it not; Querengal saw it not, until he was told of it; the company in the stage-coach saw it not.

"As to the miscarriages, I like them not; they are too numerous; and, upon the whole, I am for sustaining the reasons of reduction."

ART. DXCVI. *A Sermon preached at St. Margaret's in Westminster at the Funeral of Mrs. Susanna Gray, daughter of Henry Gray, Esq. of Enfield* in Staffordshire: who on the 29th of October, 1654, began her eternal Sabbath, &c. &c. London: Printed by F. L. 1657. Sm. 4to.*

I HAVE prefixed the above title to this article for the purpose of introducing to the reader's attention a few extracts from one of the very numerous elegies that were written upon the death of Mrs. Gray, and which are subjoined to her funeral sermon. It appears to me to contain some highly poetical lines, and to be far superior to the generality of compositions of a similar nature. The elegies were all contributed by students of the the two universities, with the exception of the one in question, the author of which was Roger Wolvyche, of the Inner Temple, a relative of the deceased.

After describing his passage through the infernal regions he observes,

" From hence into the elysian fields I flye,
With unseen wonders to acquaint mine eye.
Eternal spring was here, fresh blooming youth,
Sweet flowry joy, with never dying truth,
Soft-gliding streams, which Zephyrus still fanns,
In which swam multitudes of silver swanns;
Thickets of bayes and myrtle, shady bowers,
Sweet walks enamelled with [a] thousand flowers,
Wherein the nightingales lodg'd constant guests,
Whisp'ring soft murmurs from their warbling brests.
The voice of winds was here ununderstood,
Or frosts to blast the blossom or the bud.

* Or Enville.

Rare prospects, which continually invite
The ravish'd senses to a fresh delight!
Sundry apartments variously drest,
Distinguish'd the retirements of the blest:
In some were votaries whose wing'd desires
Had been inflamed with religious fires,
And with sequestred minds, clear purg'd from vice,
Had offered up themselves pure sacrifice.
In others lovers were, those few that knew
The mysterie of love, and loving true,
Who now with chaplets crown'd and glorious names,
Burn with serene and unmolested flames.
Others there were, most worthy to be prais'd,
Who by their learned works their fame had rais'd.
Others, who by inventions ne'er before
Discover'd had enrich'd the publique store.
Last came those ancient sages, nature's priests,
Who had unravell'd her through all her mists,
And with laborious search and thoughts profound,
Had digg'd out truths long buried under ground.

Well satisfi'd with this discovery here,
I passed onwards to another sphear.
Scarce had I touch'd the confines with mine eyes,
But a strange joy within me did arise;
My thoughts grew flow'ry all, and all serene,
So quickly was I altered with the scene,
Such were my thoughts e'r I acquainted grew
With this false world, or its delusions knew.
If it be true to know our genial air,
We should observe where we best placed are,
Our spirits most airy, clear, and liveliest,
Where our affairs succeed and prosper best,

From all these observations, I should swear
I never knew it before that I came here.
So aromatique smelt the fragrant air,
And the whole place so beautiful and fair,
That all I look'd on, with admiring eyes
Before now suddenly I did despise,
So much the other were exceeded here,
As they exceeded our gross earthly sphear:
So that, as Sappho sweetly stiles the rose,
The darling flower, that cost the spring more throes
In its production, being nature's pride,
Than all the flowers of the field beside,
So charming and alluring was this place,
By heaven's peculiar influence and grace,
As if t' enrich this one and make it blest,
Nature had quite impoverished all the rest.
This beauteous place they Aphrodisia call,
Where Venus, as Queen Regent, ruleth all;
With sweetest flowers were all the wayes beset,
Which as by chance in perfect order met,
From whose coincidence there did arise,
A sweet reflection ravishing the eyes.
The flowers were set upon a carpet green,
Never in emerald was like verdure seen,
And all a-row were placed trees along,
Which with sweet blossoms and with fruits were hung,
Amidst whose shady branches one might hear
The birds of paradise sing sweet and clear:
Which the shrill echo counterfeiting well
Carries to those which at far distance dwell.
Close at the feet of these ran purling streams,
Whose murmurs lul'd the thoughts in pleasing dreams;
And on the banks were arborets and bowers
Close interwoven, and thick strew'd with flowers,

In whose cool shades the people of the clime
In various pleasures past away the time.

But stay, doe I remember all this while
Where I last felt thee, when I saw thee smile,
And yet indulge such poor despairing feares,
Or suffer these affronts done thee by teares;
These do but discompose thee in thy urn,
And thy cold ashes into embers turn.
Yet all our griefs have nothing but design,
We only our own losses weep, not thine:
'Twas not thy funeral, nor art thou deceast,
'Twas only thy canonization feast;
Thou need'st no cypress, wreathes, nor flow'ry crowns,
Got out of reach of fate, and fortune's frowns;
Triumphant lawrel better fits thy brows,
Or palms victorious, than these dismall boughs!
Sleep unmolested then, fair virgin, sleep,
Whilst angels watch over thy ashes keep;
More vigilant than the never silent guard,
That in the Capitol keep constant ward,
Or virgins that watch'd o'er the vestal fire,
Which their religion durst not see expire—
Yet as the Romans called thrice aloud,
Ere they the dead committed to their shroud;
So e'er I take my last leave of thy cell,
I'll bid thy reliques solemnly farewell.
Farewel, thou growing glory of thy name,
Farewel, young martyr, victress o'r the flame;
Farewel, fair saint, sweet innocence, good night,
My pen's unhallowed, and my fancy light."

J. H. M.

ART. DXCVII. *The Exposicion of Daniel the Prophete gathered out of Philip Melanchton, Johan Ecolampadius, Chonrade Pellicane, and oute of Johan Draconite, &c. By George Joye. A Prophecye diligently to be noted of al Emprowrs and Kinges in these laste dayes.* 1545 *in August, Geneve.*

THIS is the first edition (others by John Daye in 8vo. 1550, and by Raynalde) and is dedicated by th e pious Melanchton "unto the moste deare Prince Lorde Maurice Duke of Savone, Lantgrave of Turinge and Marchis of Misne: January 1545."

The translator, JOYE, was a Bedfordshire man, and received his education in Peterhouse, Cambridge; he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1512-13; of Master 1517, and was admitted a Fellow on the 27th of April in the same year. In 1527, being accused of heresy by the prior of Newnham, he fled to Strasburg, where he went by the name of Clark.

I have extracted as a specimen the following from the third chapter text.

"Then was Nebucadnezar angry, and in a furye com̃anded Sedrach, Mesach, Abednego, to be brought before him.

"This is the descripcion of a wyked and iniust iuge, and it conteineth the example of a tyraunt, not onely defending the ungodly worship papistry and false religion with swerde and fyer, but also with a blasphemouse mouthe preferring and extollynge his owne power aboue Goddis. Thus do all tyraunts defende ungodly worshippings and false religion against the doctrine of the lawe and gospell as wit-

nesseth 2 Psal. It is trwly a damnable synne to defende ydolatry and supersticion and synfull ceremonies, rites, traditions, &c. with torments, and to saye as here sayth the kynge, what God can delyuer you out of my handis: unto this perteyneth the example of Sennacherib, unto whom also blasphemynge, God sayd, I shall put a ring thorow thy nose. God's wille is doubteless by this example to feare tyrauntes from blasphemyes and uniust iugement. What kyng therfore so euer will not synne as did Nebucadnezar, nor perisshe with Sennacherib, let him not be mynded nor speake nor do against God nor his worde, but beleue his worde and praye the lordis prayer and gouerne as Dauid techeth him, Psal. 101, and lyue aftir ye. Psal. 33."

Bristol. J. F.

ART. DXCVIII. *The Mother's Blessing, or the godly Counsell of a Gentlewoman, not long since deceased, left behinde her for her Children. Containing many good exhortations and good admonitions profitable for all Parents to leave as a Legacie to their Children. By Mris. Dorothy Leigh. London: Printed for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Horsshooe, neare the Hospital Gate, in Smithfield.* 1638. 12mo.

I AM not aware of any particular value being attached to this book, but never having heard of any other copy, conceive my time not thrown away, in a description.

It is dedicated "to the High and Excellent Princesse, the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace, Daughter to

the High and mightie King of Great Brittaine, and Wife to the Illustrious Prince, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, D. L. wisheth all grace and prosperity here, and glory in the world to come."

Prefixed is

"*Counsell to my Children.*

"My sons,* the readers of this book,
I doe you not intreat
To bear with each misplaced word:
for why? my pain's as great
To write this little booke to you,
(the worlde may thinke indeed)
As it will be at any time
for you the same to reade.

But this I much and oft desire,
that you would do for me,
To gather honey of each flower,
as doth the lab'rous bee.
She looks not who did place the plant,
nor how the flower did grow;
Whether so stately up aloft,
or neare the ground below.

But where she finds it, there she works,
and gets the wholesome food,
And beares it home, and layes it up,
to doe her country good.
And for to serve herself at need,
when winter doth begin:
When storme and tempest is without,
then she doth find within

A sweet and pleasant wholesome food
an house to keepe her warme;

* George, John, and William Leigh.

A place where softly she may rest,
and be kept from all harme:
Except the bee that idle is,
and seekes too soone for rest,
Before she filled hath her house,
whereby her state is blest.

And then as she did rest too soone,
too soone she sorrow knowes:
When storms and tempests are without,
then she herself beshrowes;
Shee looketh out, and seeth death
ready her to devoure;
Then doth she wish that she had got
more of the wholesome floure.

For why, within, her store is spent
before the winter's past,
And she by no meanes can endure
the stormy winter's blast.
She looketh out, and seeth death,
and finds no lesse within:
Then too too late for to repent,
you see shee doth begin.

Therefore see you not idle be,
this I would have you know,
Be sure still that the ground be good,
whereon the plant doth grow:
Then gather well, and lose no time,
take heed, now you doe see,
Lest you be unprovided found,
as was the idle bee.

D. L."

Bound up with my copy of the above, but unfortunately imperfect at the beginning, is the Father's

Blessing. I do not know the author, but from the similarity of type, &c. I conclude that it forms a part of the other work. There are two or three pieces of poetry, from which I select the following.

"*David's account of Man's life, from seventie yeares to a spanne.*

"Threescore and ten the age and life of man,
In holy David's eyes seem'd but a span;
For halfe that time wee waste away in sleepe,
So only thirtie five for use we keepe,
In sorrow then, which wastes, and suckes veines drie,
We count we do not live, but rather die
In youth and age; our child-hoods both doth kisse,
Therefore no part of life, wee reckon this:
So that sleepe deducted, youth, and age, and sorrow,
Onely a span is all the life we borrow."

Bristol, 1809. J. F.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

ART. DXCIX. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THOMAS RANDOLPH was born 1605, and died 1634. His poems were first published with the following title, "Poems, with the Muses' Looking Glass, and Amyntas. By Thomas Randolph, M. A. and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Oxford, printed by L. Lichfield, Printer to the University, for Fr. Bowman,* 1638," Quarto. The Fifth Edition, Oxford, for Fr. Bowman, 1668. Duod.

* So says T. Warton; but Oldys mentions an edition in quarto, 1634, which, though he afterwards seems to doubt, yet he adds that "There seems to be one earlier than 1638, by the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton the 13th of April that year, in which he says he had seen his Masque of Comus bound up in the close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, *some good while before*. These are certainly meant for Randolph's poems, and there follows a reflection upon them, which I believe Sir Henry would not make. That Masque was acted on Michaelmas eve in 1634, and one edition was in quarto, 1637. Milton published that letter before the 8vo. edition of the Masque, printed with his Poems, 8vo. 1645, above five years after Sir Henry's death."

Oldys has recorded the following curious anecdote of him.

"When Queen Henrietta-Maria was at Cambridge, she upon some occasion pleasantly objected to Randolph, "Pauper ubique jacet," to which Randolph wittily replied,

"In thalamis, Regina, tuis hâc nocte jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset "Pauper ubique jacet."

Sir Aston Cokayne, who knew Randolph, ascribes these verses to him, and old Rodney Fane, who never read Cokayne, also ascribed them to Randolph. Yet I have heard these verses were spoken by somebody, and that he was afterwards made a Bishop."

But a very learned critic remarks that "he much doubts whether Queen Henrietta-Maria could speak Latin; though Queen Elizabeth could."

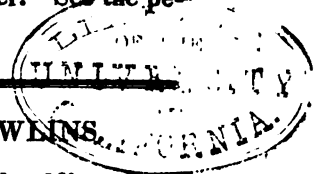
Randolph translated his Ode in defence of Jonson into Latin; and Oldys had it with William Strode's translation of Jonson's Farewell, in MS.

Art. DC. VALENTINE OLDYS.

"In a book printed under the title of "Poems, divine, moral, and satirical, by N. R. 12mo. 1632," probably Nathaniel Richards, the dramatic writer, is an acrostic upon Valentine Oldis, *the elder*, celebrating his great fortitude under some great calamities.

"The said Valentine Oldis was buried in Great St. Helen's, by St. Mary Axe, in the middle aisle, 1644. He was the father of Dr. Valentine Oldis,

who was a poet and a great encourager of poetry. He was educated at Cambridge, and created M. D. in 1670. He published a poem to King Charles on his Restoration, in folio, 1660: to Alexander Brome, on his poems, 8vo. 1668: and before the poems of Henry Bold, of New College, Oxford, 8vo. 1664. John Phillips dedicates his "Maronides; or, Virgil Travestie, 8vo. 1673, to the said Dr. Val. Oldis. He died in 1685, aged sixty-five years, and was buried near his father. See the pedigree of the Oldis's." *



ART. DCI. THOMAS RAWLINS.

THIS person was engraver to the Mint, 1648. He died in that employment in 1670.

He was author of a Tragedy, called "Rebellion," 1640, 4to. and again 1654, 4to.

He also published a book of Poems, under the title of "Calanthe," 8vo. 1648; and likewise, if not the same "Good Friday; or, divine Meditations on the Passion of Christ;" and with it some other small pieces of poetry, 4to. 1663.†

* From Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine. In the article Oldys, in the General Biographical Dictionary, Vol. XI. p. 315, are mentioned "Memoirs of the Oldys family" which in a note are said to be among the Birch MSS. No. 4240, and to contain an account of the family, drawn up by W. Oldys himself. Alexander Oldys called "The Little Poet," and sometimes "The English Scarron," appears by this MS. to have been a relation of W. O.

† Oldys's MS. ut supra. See also Walp. Anec. of Painting, II. 256.

Art. DCII. THOMAS JORDAN.

Jordan was first a player in the company at the Red Bull. After the Restoration he was city poet, and described several Lord Mayors' Shows. He was succeeded by Matthew Taubman, and he by Elkanah Settle, who was the last.

There was a little collection of Jordan's verses, called, "Wit in a Wilderness of Promise—Poesie," in 8vo. a pamphlet without date, dedicated to Dr. Thomas Turner, Dean of Canterbury, printed in Oliver's time by the encomiums on red noses in it. He has also some acrostics, anagrams, and epigrams; and in most of his other compositions, instances of low wit, and poor stile. Yet his friend Henry Stonestreet has two copies in praise of him, and in praise of his old acquaintance John Tatham.

Thomas Jordan also published "A royal arbour of loyal poems, &c." 1663; also "Pictures of passions, fancies, and affections, in variety of characters," 8vo. no date: also "Piety and Poetry," &c. 8vo. no date: also "The Muses Melody, in a consort of Poetry," &c. by the same, 8vo. no date: also, "Jewels of ingenuity set in a coronet of poetry," 8vo. no date: also "A nursery of novelties for delightful censure, 8vo. no date: also "A Rosary of rarities in a garden of poetry:" also "Music and poetry in raillery and drollery:" also "Clarigil and Clarinda in a forest of fancies," 8vo. no date.

In the "Rosary of rarities in a garden of poetry," 8vo. no date, but printed about 1662, is a comical

entertainment made for Sir Thomas Allen, Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen, in 1659.

He has besides "Jordan's Cabinet of Mirth," in two parts, or vols. 8vo. 1674, consisting of jests, stories, &c. "Rules to know a Royal King from a disloyal subject, &c." by T. Jordan, 4to. 1647.*

He died about the latter end of Charles II.†

For his dramatic works, see the Biographia Dramatica.

Art. DCIII. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

This author, who was an actor, and lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles I. was the most voluminous dramatic writer, that this nation or indeed any other ever produced, except the celebrated Spanish playwright, Lopez de Vega.

He wrote a poem, called "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with notes," fol. Lond. 1635. "In reading over this book," says Langbaine, "I find our author informing the world, that he intended to commit to the public view the lives of the poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the novissimi and last, of what nation or language soever, so far as any history or chronology would give him warrant." "But this work," continues Langbaine, "notwithstanding our author's intention, I presume, was never completed, or at least published."

* For a full list of his publications by Mr. Park, see *Restituta*.

† Oldys's MSS. ut supra.

On this, Oldys observes, "it was too wide a plan: he would have found enough to have made him weary, in giving an account of the poets of his own country, which no man has yet done. The scheme of William Brown, the pastoral poet, was more modest and practicable; of whom, Nat. Carpenter, in his Geography, lib. ii. p. 364, says "that as Brown had honoured his country with elegant pastorals, so he further graced it by drawing out the line of his poetical ancestors from Josephus Iscanius down to himself; a noble design, had it been effected." * See *Restituta.*

Art. DCIV. BEN JONSON.

Oldys in his MSS. says, "what I have observed of Ben Jonson's being tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son Walter, in my life of Raleigh,† should be somewhat corrected from Mr. Ollisworth's MS. as follows.

"Mr. Camden recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who trusted him with the care and instruction of his eldest son Walter, a gay spark,‡ who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment, but perceiving one foible in his disposition made use of that to throw off the yoke of his government. And this was an unlucky habit Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with

* Oldys's MSS. ut supra.

† Before his "History of the World," 1736. fol. p. clxxii.

‡ This was the heroic son, who fell gloriously in his father's last unfortunate expedition.

liquor, which Sir Walter did of all vices most abominate, and hath most exclaimed against. One day, when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a sound sleep, young Raleigh got a great basket, and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor."

"This I had, (says Oldys) from a MS. memorandum book written in the time of the civil wars by Mr. Oldisworth, who was Secretary, I think, to Philip Earl of Pembroke. Yet in the year 1614, when Sir Walter published his History of the World, there was a good understanding between him and Ben Jonson: for the verses, which explain the grave frontispiece before that history, were written by Jonson, and are reprinted in his "Underwoods," where the poem is called "the Mind of the frontispiece to a book;" but he names not this book."

Jonson was born 11th June 1574, and died 16th August, 1637, of a palsy. His father died about 1580,* and his mother re-married a bricklayer.

He was very corpulent, and weighed within two pounds of twenty-two stone, as he says himself in his epistle to Mr. Arthur Squibb in his "Underwoods."†

"The first edition of his works was in 1616, one volume folio, pages 1015, imprinted by W. Stansby, entitled, "The Workes of Ben Jonson." Another volume in folio was added 1631. Again with additions, 1692, folio, with a copper-print of him

* Query this date?

† Whalley's edit. Vol. VI. p. 425.

laureated, his cloak over one shoulder, and gloves in his right hand, engraved by Wm. Elder, the writing-master, with Latin and English verses underneath. But the face is too smooth, not crabbed, but full enough. Mr. Vertue's print is much more like him. I have seen an original painting of him in the Cotton Library, but it is not done by a masterly hand. There is a painting of him in the picture-gallery at Oxford: and I have been told of a picture in Bricklayers' hall. A curious painting in miniature of his head in oil colours by Cornelius Jansen, and set in a gold frame or border, in possession of Mr. Collevous the painter, was sold by him for five guineas to Lord James Cavendish. There was an edition of Ben Jonson's works in 6 volumes, 8vo. with cuts.

"I do not perceive," adds Oldys, "that Langbaine had ever seen any of Ben Jonson's plays that were printed singly in his life-time, but two; and these are "The New Inn" and "Staple of News," both printed in different sizes in the year 1631. So that others of his which were printed separately seem greater rarities than Shakspeare's. The single copies might die the sooner by his publishing a folio volume in 1616 of all he had written.

"In Ben's "Execration upon Vulcan for suffering a fire to burn his MSS." printed in his "Underwoods" it appears, that among them was a history he had compiled of the reign of King Henry V. as far as eight of his nine years, in which he had the assistance of Sir Geo. Carew, Sir Robert Cotton, and Mr. Selden. He then lost also a poetical journal of his adventures in Scotland, and all his collections in poetry and humanity for twenty-four years, &c. I think the

"Execration on Vulcan" is not in the first edition of Ben's works in folio, 1616: and think that the fire was near or about the year 1629. He mentions in it the burning also of one or two of the play-houses; viz. the Globe on the Bank-side, and the Fortune near Whitecross-street.

"Mr. Thomas Odell tells me that Ben Jonson was master of a play-house in Barbican, now the meeting-house of Mr. James Foster, the dissenting minister; and lived for some time in the house lately inhabited by Mr. Samuel Palmer, the painter in Bartholomew Close, and now by Mr. James, the letter-founder, whence he accounts for his rhime on the Sun and Moon taverns in Aldersgate-street. He mentions something of his theatre to the Earl of Pembroke, I think, before his Epigrams. He often mentions the Mermaid* tavern, and commends the Canary there, where Sir Walter Raleigh had also a club, of which the ingenious Sir Francis Stuart, K. B. and son of the Earl of Murray, was one, to whom Ben Jonson dedicates his "Silent Woman." In the latter part of his Epigrams he mentions the Mermaid in Bread-street.

"See Drummond's Letter to his worthy friend, Master Benj. Jonson, at the end of his History of Scotland, 8vo. 1618, p. 395, or in folio, 1655.

"I have somewhere read that Ben Jonson and Tom Brown died in Aldersgate-street. He was married in his younger years, and had a son who lived to be seven years old (see his epitaph on him); and also daughters, one of which, named Mary, dying

* "This was the Mermaid in Bread-street, and not that in Friday street. Whalley's Ben Jonson, Vol. VI. p. 262."

young, he has also an epitaph on her (see the Life of Waller, 8vo. 174 of his son.) About the year 1622, some lewd, perjured woman deceived and jilted him; and he writes a sharp poem on the occasion. And in another poem, called his Picture, left in Scotland, he seems to think she slighted him for his mountain belly and his rocky face.

"Ben Jonson was charged in his "Poetaster," 1601, with having libelled or ridiculed the lawyers, soldiers, and players: so he afterwards joined an apologetical dialogue at the end of it; wherein he says he had been provoked for three years on every stage by slanderers, as to his self-conceit, arrogance, insolence, railing, and plagiarism by translations. As to law, he says he only brought in Ovid chid by his father for preferring poetry to it. As to the soldiers, he swears by his Muse they are friends; he loved the profession, and once proved or exercised it, as I take it, and did not shame it more then with his actions than he dare now with his writings. And as to the players he had taxed some sparingly, but they thought each man's vice belonged to the whole tribe. That he was not moved with what they have done against him, but was sorry for some better natures, who were drawn in by the rest to concur in the exposure or derision of him. And concludes, that, since his Comic Muse has been so ominous to him, he will try if Tragedy has a kinder aspect.

"A full shew of those he has exposed in this play is not now easily discernible. Besides Decker, and some touches on some play that has a Moor in it (perhaps Titus Andronicus; I should hope he did

not dare to mean Othello), some speeches of such a character being recited in *Act.* iii. Scene iv. though not reflected on, he makes Tucca call Histrio the player, "a lousy slave, proud rascal, you grow rich, do you? and purchase you twopenny tear-mouth; and copper-laced scoundrels" &c. which language should not come very natural from him, if he had ever been a player himself; and such it seems he was before or after."*

"See R. Herrick's poems on B. Jonson, in his Hesperides, 8vo. 1648, who has four or five little poems or epigrams on the same."

"See Oldham's Ode to the Memory of B. Jonson —Sam. Sheppard's Epigrams in 6 books, 8vo. 1651, p. 138. There are three poems, or epigrams, and an epitaph on Ben Jonson in a book called "Recreation for ingenious head-pieces, &c. 8vo. 1667. One is about his being robbed by a highwayman, in verse; another, his approbation of a copy of verses: another, a kind of epitaph, containing some very just praise, and a short epitaph."†

Art. DCV. LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

The industrious compiler of the Biographia Dramatica is ignorant of the family and history of this lady, who wrote a Tragedy, entitled "Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry, 4to. 1613," which was never acted; yet "considering those times and the lady's sex, may be allowed to be well penned. It is writ-

* Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine.

† Oldys.

ten in alternate verse, and with a chorus, which chorus is composed of *Settines*, or stanzas of six lines, the four first of which are interwoven, or rhyme alternately, the two last rhyming to each other, and forming a couplet in base."

Oldys supposes her name should be spelt Carey, and that she was the wife of Sir Henry Carey, to whom Davies dedicated his "Muses Sacrifice" 1612. (see p. 40). If so, she was probably Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Laurence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and wife of Sir Henry Carey, who in 1622 was created Viscount Falkland.

But it is more probable she was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, wife of Sir George Carey, 2d Lord*. Hunsdon,† to whom Thomas Nash dedicated his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem. Whereunto is annexed a comparative admonition to London. A Jove Musa. By Thomas Nashe."‡ Printed for Andrew Wise in St. Paul's churchyard, at the Angell, 1524. Dedicated "To the most honored and vertuous beautified Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Carey: wife to the thrice magnanimous and noble discended Knight, Sir George Carey, Knight Marshall." 4to.§

To this last lady, Spenser, dedicates his Muiopotmos, in these words:

* See Memoirs of Peers of James I. 8vo. 1802. Vol. I. p. 398.

† Unless it should be objected that she would have been called Lady Hunsdon; but perhaps the play was written, though not published, before her husband succeeded to the title, which was in 1596.

‡ See this since reprinted in *Archaica*.

§ Herbert III. 1373.

"To the Right Worthy and vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Carey.

"Most brave and bountiful Lady, for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits. Therefore I have determined to give myself wholly to you, as quite abandoned from myself, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yielded: My person, I wot well, how little worth it is. But the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the fair service thereof; which taketh glory to advance *your excellent parts* and noble vertues, and to spend itself in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to myself, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name and kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name, which ye have by your *brave deserts purchased* to yourself, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and render your name to commend to the world this small poem. The which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and all things therein, according to your wonted graciousness, to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your La. ever humbly;

Ed. Sp."

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that

this lady was sister to Alice Countess of Derby, for whom Milton's "Arcades" was written.

Additional Remarks.

I have too hastily given my opinion above, that Elizabeth, Lady Carey, the dramatic writer was the wife of Sir George Carey,* Lord Hunsdon; I am now convinced that she was the same person, to whom John Davies of Hereford dedicated his *Muse's Sacrifice* in 1612; and whom that poet calls the "wife of Sir Henry Cary," (probably the first Lord Falkland, whose lady was Elizabeth daughter of Chief Baron Tanfield.) The following words, which Davies makes use of, seem to decide the matter:

"Cary, of whom Minerva stands in fear,
Lest she from her should get Art's regency,
Of Art so moves the great all-moving sphere,
That every orb of Science moves thereby.

Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my heart great
Of such a pupil, who, in *buskin*† fine,
With *feet of state*† dost make thy Muse to meet
The scenes of Syracuse and Palestine.

Art, language; yea, abstruse and holy tongues
Thy wit and grace acquir'd thy fame to raise;

* To this lady, who was daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and sister to Alice Countess of Derby, is dedicated "The Terrors of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions, by Thomas Nash." 1594, 4to. a book which is in the Bridgewater library, and of which no other copy is known to exist. *See Todd's Spenser*, I. lxxiv.

† This evidently alludes to her tragedy of "Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry," written in alternate verse.

And still to fill thine own and other's songs;
Thine with thy parts, and others with thy praise.
Such nervy limbs of art, and strains of wit,
Times past ne'er knew the weaker sex to have;
And times to come will hardly credit it,
If thus thou give thy works both birth and grave."*

Art. DCVI. JOHN LILLY.

Oldys says, that "John Lilly was born, according to A. Wood's computation (I. 295), about the year 1553; but I think he was born sooner. According to him he went in 1569, aged about 16, to Magd. Coll. Oxon. In 1566 he went to court; in 1576 he wrote his first letter to the queen; in 1597 his second, shewing he had been thirteen years led in expectation of being Master of the Revels.

William Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 4to. 1586, speaks of the good grace and sweet vein, which eloquence hath attained in our speech through the help of some rare and singular wits, and adds, "among whom I think there is none that will gainsay but Master John Lilly hath deserved most high commendations, as he who hath stepped one step farther therein than any since he first began the witty discourse of his EUPHUES, whose works surely in respect of his singular eloquence and brave composition of apt words and sentences, let the learned examine, and make a tryal thereof through all parts of rhetoric in fit phrases, in pithy sentences, in gallant tropes, in flowing speech, in plain sense; and surely in my judgment I think he will yield him that verdict, which Quintilian giveth of both the

* Notwithstanding I gave this opinion in the first edition, I again doubt.

best orators, Demosthenes and Tully; that from the one nothing may be taken away, and to the other nothing may be added.* Yet for all this praise and merit we may see, after a dangling and tedious dependence upon the court for thirteen years, he was forced to write to the queen herself for some little grant to support him in his old age. Of his two letters, or petitions, to her, many copies are preserved in MS.

Lilly was a man (adds Oldys) of great reading, good memory, ready faculty of application, and uncommon eloquence; but he ran into a vast excess of allusion: in sentence and conformity of style he seldom speaks directly to the purpose, but is continually carried away by one odd allusion or simile or other (out of natural history, that is yet fabulous and not true in nature), and that still overborne by more, thick upon the back of one another; and through an eternal affectation of sententiousness keeps to such a formal measure of his periods as soon grows tiresome; and so, by confining himself to shape his sense so frequently into one artificial cadence, however ingenious or harmonious, abridges that variety which the style should be admired for.

See Dodsley's censure of him agreeably to Drayton's before Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe, revived, I think, in the Collection of Old Plays.

Dr. Lodge, in his "Wit's Misery and World's Madness," 4to. 1596, p. 57, says, "Lilly was famous for the facility of his discourse."

* This passage is also quoted from Webbe's Discourse in The British Librarian, p. 99.

See a true character of Lilly by Drayton in his "Censure of the Poets."*

Lilly was the author of a famous pamphlet against the Martinists called "Pap with a Hatchet," about the year 1589. See Dr. Gabriel Harvey's Pierce's Supererogation against Tho. Nashe, 4to. 1593.†

"Pap with a Hatchet, alias a Fig for my Godson: or crack me this Nut: or a Country Cuff; that is, a sound Box on the Ear for the Ideot Martin to hold his piece. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog. Imprinted by John An-Oke, &c. &c. and are to be sold at the sign of the Crabtree Cudgell, in Thwackcoat lane."‡ This has been attributed to Nashe, but was written by John Lilly.§

See Nashe's Apology of Pierce Pennyless, 4to. 1593, in praise of Lilly: also Nashe's "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," near the end.‖

The full title of Lilly's famous work, is

EUPHUES. The ANATOMY OF WIT. Very pleasaunt for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contained the Delights that Wit followeth in his Youth by the Pleasantnesse of Love, and the Happinesse that he repeth in Age by the Perfectnesse of Wisdome. By John Lyly, M.A. corrected,¶ and augmented."

* Oldys's MSS. notes on Langbaine.

† Reprinted in *Archaica*. ‡ Ibid. See Herbert, III. 1702.

§ Oldys, ut supr. ‖ Ibid.

¶ Herbert adds in a note, "I cannot find when the first edition of this part was printed. Mr. Wood mentions an edition of Euphues and his England, in 1580; but he has greatly mistaken these two books or parts, and led Bishop Tanner into the same error; supposing Euphues his England to be divided into two parts, &c. and his Anatomy of Wit to be a separate and subsequent work: whereas in

Dedicated "To Sir William West, Knight, Lord De La Warre. . . . To the Gentlemen Readers.—To the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford." 88 Leaves. Concludes thus: "I have finished the first part of Euphues, whom I lefte ready to crosse the Seas to England.—I hope to have him retourned within one Summer. In the mean Season, I will staie for him in the Countrie, and as soon as he arriveth you shall know of his comming." Imprinted by Thomas East for Gabriel Cawood. 1581.

EUPHUES; and his England. Containing his Voyage and Adventures, mixed with sundrie pretie Discourses of honest Love, the Description of the Countrie, the Court and the Manners of the Isle. Delightful to be read," &c. Dedicated "To Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenforde, &c." To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly wisheth what they would.—To the Gentlemen Readers." Imprinted by Thomas East for Gabriel Cawood. 4to.*

Oldys says that the first part was printed 1581, 1606, 1623, 1630. 4to.

Art. DCVII. JOHN CROWN.

Oldys gives the following account of this author's birth, which however, I must premise, differs from that of the compiler of the Biographia Dramatica, who must have been aware of what Oldys

fact it is the first part, and introductory to his England, as is evident by the conclusion of this Anatomy of Wit. See Ath. Ox. I. 296."

* Herbert, II. 1012, 1014.

had written, because he continually through his work makes use of Oldys's materials,* and therefore had probably some reason for rejecting his authority in the present instance.

"JOHN CROWN," says Oldys, "was the son of William Crown, who travelled under the Earl of Arundel to Vienna, and published "A Relation of the remarkable Places and Passages observed in the Travels of the Lord Howard, Earl of Arundel, in his Embassy to the Emperor Ferdinand II. Lond. 1637, 4to." but full of imperfections and errors. This William afterwards succeeded H. Lilley as Rouge-Dragon in the Heralds' Office, and was continued in 1660: but selling to Mr. Sandford, went over with his family to one of the plantations, and there died.† Of his son John the best account is in one of Mr. Dennis's letters. This John Dennis makes him the son of a clergyman.

The compiler of the Biographia Dramatica, following Cibber, calls him "the son of an independent minister in that part of America called Nova Scotia, but whether born there or not is uncertain." To reconcile these accounts, perhaps when the father retired to America, he took on him the functions of a clergyman. An anecdote related by Mr.

* I think this fact is not sufficiently explained in the Introduction to that useful work. Oldys's very words are repeatedly used, where his name is not mentioned.

† Oldys says, "There is some order or paper of instructions I once saw in the Harl. Library from Charles II. as I remember, either to the Lord Baltimore, or some other possessors or governors in one of the American settlements, to inquire into, recover, or restore, for or on behalf of Mr. John Crowne or his father."

lone from Spence seems to confirm Oldys's account that the poet was born in England. "Notwithstanding Dryden's confidence in his own powers," observes Malone, "and the just value which he set on his performances, tradition informs us that he was not wholly free from jealousy of rivals. He would compliment Crowne (as old Jacob Tonson told Mr. Spence) when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say, that Crowne had some genius; but then he always added, that his father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted."*

Oldys says, Crowne was living in 1703, and was buried in St. Giles's in the Fields. He left behind him seventeen dramatic pieces, besides one not printed.

"Of Crowne's being set up in opposition to Dryden, see St. Evremont's letter to the duchess of Mazarine concerning the earl of Rochester."

Lord Rochester calls him "starch Johnny Crowne."

"Many a cup of metheglin" (says the writer of a curious memoir in the Gent. Mag. for 1745, p. 99) "have I drank with little starch Johnny Crowne. We called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat."

To the Masque of Calisto, 1675, 4to. frequently presented at Court, the author has prefixed the personators or persons of quality who acted the several parts, which may serve to throw light on the history of the court at that time. Calisto was by the prin-

* Malone's Life of Dryden, 500.

cess Mary; Nymph, the princess Anne; Mercury, by Mrs. Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough), then maid of honour to the duchess of York. The duke of Monmouth danced, &c.*

The Tragedy of Darius, 4to. 1688, was dedicated to Sir George Hewytt, bart. one of the lieutenants of his Majesty's horse-guard; who in 1689 was made Baron of James-Town and Viscount Gowran in Ireland. He was son of sir Thomas Hewit of Pisheobury in Hertfordshire, bart. and was probably the same who was called Beau Hewit, from whom was drawn the character of Sir Fopling in sir George Etherege's Man of Mode, 1676; in which all or most of the characters were taken from real persons, as Dorimant for lord Rochester, and even the shoemaker, who got vast trade by the poet's representation of him. Sir George drew himself under the character of Young Bellair.†

"John Oldmixon" (I am copying from my usual authority, Oldys), "in one of his histories, says, Crowne the poet told him, that king Charles II. gave him two Spanish plays, and bade him join them together to form one; which he did, and shewed his majesty the plan for his comedy of "Sir Courtly Nice."‡ He afterwards read the acts to him scene

* I learn this from a copy of the note of a venerable and dignified critic, now living, who remarks that the edition of Henry VI. in 1691, is only a new title-page. This allusion is to the late Bishop *Percy*. 1815. † Oldys's MSS.

‡ "See quotations," says Oldys, "from this play in my friend Hayward's "British Muse;" to which book I wrote the introduction, but the penurious publishers (to contract it within a sheet) left out a third part of the best matter in it, and made more faults than there were in the original."

by scene, as he wrote them. When he had finished the three first, which are by much the best of the play, he read them over to the king, who liked them very well; only he said, "'Tis not merry enough." I do not say smutty, though worse might be said with truth. Crown could easily have mended that fault; but the king dying a month after, he let the three acts pass as they are; and there does not seem to be that deficiency, of which his majesty complained."

Crown wrote, besides his dramatic works, "Dœneids, or, the noble Labours of the great Dean of Notre Dames in Paris, for erecting in his Choir a Throne for his Glory; and the eclipsing the Pride of an imperious usurping Chanter: an heroic poem, in four cantos," 4to. 1692. It is a burlesque poem, partly imitated from Boileau's Lutrin.

He also translated Boileau's Lutrin, which was printed in Dryden's Miscellany.

He was author also of a Romance entitled "Pandion and Amphigenia; or, the Coy Lady of Thessalia, adorned with Sculptures, 8vo. 1665.

Art. DCVIII. NATHANIEL LEE.

Nathaniel Lee was son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield in Hertfordshire, for whom there is the following epitaph in the church of that parish on a marble in the middle of the chancel.

"Depositum Ricardi Lee, S. T. P. nuper Hatfieldi Episcopalis, alias Regalis, cum capella de Totteridge, Rectoris, qui obiit A.D. 1684, ætat. suæ 73. Hic requiescit spe lætæ resurrectionis."

Nathaniel was "educated at Westminster school, and Trinity Hall,* Cambridge. He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man; but given to debauchery, which necessitated a milk diet, when some of his university comrades visiting him, he fell to drinking with them out of all measure, which flying up into his head, caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says he wrote while he was in Bedlam a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr. Bowman tells me that going once to visit him there, Lee shewed him a scene, "in which," says he, "I have done a miracle for you." "What's that?" said Bowman. "I have made you a good priest."

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not mention with whom it passed.

"I have seen an unscrew'd spider spin a thought,
And walk away upon the wings of angels!*

"What say you to that, Doctor?" "Ah, marry, Mr. Lee, that's superfine indeed. The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar."†

* So says Oldys; but he has this note in another place. "There is a copy of English verses signed Nat. Lee, A. B. Trin. Coll. Vide Musarum Cantabrigiarum Threnodia, 4to. 1670."

† "The ingenious Mr. William Thompson had two long letters about Nat. Lee, written by Thomas Southerne, in which is mentioned Lee's breaking somebody's head at Wills' Coffee-house in one of his merry mad fits."

His melancholy death has already been inserted in the Biogr. Dram. from Oldys's notes. This event happened about 1691 or 1692; for his last play, the Massacre of Paris, is printed in 1690, and Mr. Southerne in his poem to Mr. Congreve before his "Old Bachelor" 1693, mentions his death. He was buried at St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years.

"There is, or lately was, a brother of Nat. Lee, somewhere in, or near the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire, who has a trunk full of his writings, as I have been informed by old Mr. Samuel Westley, the late parson of Epworth in Lincolnshire."

Lee was patronized by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to whom he dedicated his tragedy of Cæsar Borgia, 1680, and who shewed him some external honours, which got Lee some envy, and his lordship more censure than either deserved. See the Satire upon the Poets in imitation of the Seventh Satire of Juvenal, printed in the State-Poems, and reprinted by R. Cross in his Collection of Poems, 8vo. 1747, p. 92, in which are the six following lines upon Lord P. and dedicating Lee, because he staid so long at Wilton, that the butler feared he would empty the cellar.

None of our new nobility will send
To the King's Bench or to his Bedlam friend;
Pembroke lov'd tragedies, and did provide
For butchers' dogs, and for the whole Bank-side;
The bear was fed, but dedication Lee
Was thought to have a greater paunch than he.

"Queen Anne, when she was Princess, played

Semandra in Lee's "Mithridates" (1678, 4to.) with other nobility at Court in the Banqueting-house, Whitehall. She was taught the part by Mr. Joseph Ashbury.

"Most of Lee's plays are printed by John Bentley the bookseller, who, in a catalogue at the end of St. Evremond's Gallant Memoirs, and translated by P. Bolson, or (Belon) printed 12mo. 1681, has added some of John Crowne's to them. Lee's plays are printed together in 2 vols. 8vo. 1713, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1722, the last edition 3 vols. 12mo. 1734."

"In Theodosius, or the Force of Love, a tragedy, 1680, 4to. are several entertainments of singing; the music by the famous Henry Purcell, being the first time he ever composed for the stage. See Mrs. Eliza Heywood's Companion to the Theatre, Vol. II. p. 329, 1747."

"See Gildon's Character of Lee, Cibber's Apology and Tom Brown of him, Jacob in his Life, and Dryden, Sir Carr Scrope, and Mr. Duke in their prologues of his plays, and Felton, and Tatlers, &c. and Downes the Prompter of his first appearance on the stage, and Sessions of Poets, and Dr. Trapp's character of him in his Prælectiones Poeticæ, and my Epigram printed in the last volume of Epigrams for Walthoe."

ART. DCIX. *Characters of the Poets and Actors in King Charles II's. Reign.*

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 1745, VOL. XV. P. 99.]

"THOUGH misfortunes joined with my own

choice, have greatly abated the taste, which I once had for poetry, (alas! 'tis now full sixty years since I bad adieu to the Muses,) yet let me profess (vanity may be a little pardonable in what Will Davenant calls talkative old age) that the wits and poets usually esteemed me a notable young fellow. I am now in my 87th year, and though my memory fails as to things of yesterday, yet I remember the bards and theatres of Charles the Second's Reign, (even the comedy you allude to,* at its first appearance,) as well as you can recollect any thing concerning the present poets or theatres.

"I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform cloathing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve† at the Mulberry garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreux wig. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving; though his comedies are horribly full of double entendres, yet it was owing to a false complaisance for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed.

"Master Elkanah Settle,‡ the city poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, and sattin cap. He run

* Marriage A La Mode, by Dryden.

† Mrs. Ann Reeve, Dryden's mistress; she acted the part in the Rehearsal, &c. She died a Religious.

‡ When above seventy years old, he published an Elegy on the Duke of Marlborough, 4to, 1722, and died in the Charter-house, 1723.

away from Oxford with the players at that act, as Otway did the same year 1674. You'll be glad to know any trifling circumstance concerning Otway. His person was of middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking, and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Pl———th, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill.

"Poor Nat. Lee (I cannot think of him without tears) had great merit. In the poetic sense he had, at intervals, inspiration itself: but lived an outrageous boisterous life like his brethren. He was a well looking man, and had a very becoming head of hair. A picture of him I never saw. He was so esteemed and beloved, that before his misfortune we always called him honest Nat, and afterwards poor Nat.

"Shadwell in conversation was a brute.* Many

* "Thomas Shadwell was born at Stanton-Hall in Norfolk, 1640. His father had eleven children. He was bred up at Bury school, and Caius College in Cambridge. At the age of twenty-three years he went over to Ireland, and at four months end returned. His father was bred to the law, and had a place of profit and distinction in his profession in Ireland, and when Tom returned from Ireland he had chambers in the Middle Temple. His father bestowed the learning and exercises of a gentleman upon him; as music, &c. which himself tells us in his dedication to the 10th Satire of Juvenal to Sir Charles Sedley. See the Preface of Henry Higden's Modern Essay on the 10th Satire of Juvenal with annotations, dedicated to Richard Lord Lumley, with verses prefixed by Dryden, Mrs. Behn,

a cup of metheglin have I drank with little starched Johnny Crown; we called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat.

and E. Settle;—in which preface this author laughs at Shadwell's Translation of Juvenal, and at him too. It is printed in 4to. 1689, in fifty-eight pages.

"Notwithstanding that Lord Rochester has said,

None seem to touch upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherly;

yet that Lord had a better opinion of his conversation than his writings, when he said, that if Shadwell had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shewn more wit and humour than any other poet. But the wit of his conversation was often very immoral, obscene, and profane. By which course having meanness of spirit and servility to render himself ridiculous and contemptible to men of fortune, title, and wit, he got their favour and assistance, under the pretence of being a useful instrument of the Revolution. Lord Lansdowne has a short discourse on these two lines above, against the remark of Wycherley's being a slow writer." Oldys, MSS.

"I have heard that Dorset, Sedley, and others of those idle wits would write whole scenes for him." *Ibid*

Shadwell died Nov. 1692, aged 47 (but qu. the date of his birth above?)—"See his Life before his plays, in 4 vols. 12mo. 1720, published by his son John Shadwell, and dedicated to the King. He also wrote the short account of his father's Life before it, and the epitaph at the end in Latin, in which Bishop Sprat prevailed on him to retrench part of the high encomium he had given of plays, unseemly to be read in a church: but here the contested inscription is restored according to the original, as it is said in his life." *Ibid.*

"Upon the death of Mr. Shadwell, see a character of him as a comic writer and useful in his degree, no sublime genius, or master of an elegant style, in "P. Motteux's Gentleman's Journal, or Monthly Miscellany for Nov. 1691," p. 21, and of his being succeeded by Tate as Poet Laureat, and by Rymer as Historiographer; also of his posthumous comedy The Volunteers." *Ibid.*

"But this, my friend, is all the pure digression of old age. I will now speak to that part of your verses* which relates to the first acting of Marriage A La Mode, on account of which you committed them to my inspection, desiring some account of the then existing theatre. This comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants at the Theatre Royal, made its first appearance with extraordinary lustre. Divesting myself of the old man, I solemnly declare that you have seen no such acting, no not in any degree since. The players were then, 1673, on a court establishment, seventeen men and eight women. But I am out of my province on this head. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cibber will give us an history of the stage from Shakspeare's time, or at least from the restoration till the period where his own begins, 1690. If any traditionary accounts remain, he is the only man living who can inform you:—If he should die without composing such a work, the loss to the Belles Lettres world would be irreparable.

"Old Bowman, I think, is no more, to the infinite regret of the curious and ingenious in this particular; others will drop off daily, except Mr. Cibber takes down what they remember, and delivers it to posterity. That admirable and worthy person Mrs. Bracegirdle must recollect many circumstances, which it is greatly hoped she will commit to paper. Ten years hence any history of the

"His wife, Anne Shadwell, acted in Otway's Don Carlos." *Ibid.*

"His son, sir John Shadwell, knight, physician to Q. Anne, died 4 Jan. 1747." Gent. Mag. vol. xvii. p. 47.

* "Verses to Mrs. Sybilla, on her acting the Goddess of Dulness, and persuading her to attempt Melantha in Dryden's Marriage A La Mode, which preceded this Memoir."

stage in the abovementioned manner will be impracticable: forty years ago nothing might have been performed more easily.

"As Mr. Cibber is the only person furnished with materials for this delightful and ingenious work, so he is alone the proper person for stage criticisms and observations. (Some things might be intermixed concerning the famous stage poets of Charles the Second's time, of whom at present we hardly know a syllable.) In short Mr. Cibber's book has given the public exceedingly great pleasure. His characters of the men, Betterton, Montfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill, Leigh;—and of the women, Mrs. Betterton, Barry, Leigh, Butler, Montfort, and Bracegirdle, are as animated, as strongly marked, and as precisely individuated, as can be conceived. How the play-house stood from the Restoration till the year 1670, I cannot say. The King's theatre had a manifest advantage over the Duke's along, till their union 1684.

"The players probably may have by them written parts with the actors names affixed, from the year 60 to 70, which will greatly inform us of the state of the stage at its most curious period: the printed plays afford us little or no light. Be that as it will, the stage in the year 70 arrived to the zenith of its glory. From that time to the union of the two companies, I have framed as accurate a list of actors and actresses, as came within my narrow compass of knowledge.

"I am, &c. "W. G."*

* From the above lively and interesting Memoir, Malone has

Art. DCX. THOMAS NABBES.

"Thomas Nabbes," who was a dramatic writer in the time of Charles I. "made a continuation of R. Knolles's General History of the Turks, from the year 1628 to the end of 1637, collected out of the Dispatches of Sir Peter Wyche, and other Embassadors. He seems to have been secretary, or other domestic, to some nobleman or prelate at or near Worcester. Partly hinted in his poem "On losing his way in a forest, after he was intoxicated with drinking perry: wherein he says, "I am a servant of my Lord's." *

A farther continuation of Knolles's History was made by Sir Paul Rycaut, late Consul at Smyrna. Lond. 1679.

Art. DCXI. JOHN VICARS.

John Vicars is well known by the couplet in Hudibras,

"Thou, that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars."

See Nash's Hudibras, III. p. 49.

Vicars died 1652, aged 72. See Wood's Ath. II. 152.

made extracts in his Life of Dryden, p. 468, in which he says it has been attributed to Southerne, with whose age he observes it is inconsistent. See in the same life, p. 176, a curious letter of Southerne.

* From Oldys's interleaved Langbaine.

Art. DCXII. RICHARD KNOLLES.

Richard Knolles sprung from Northamptonshire, and was educated at Oxford. He died at Sandwich, 1610. See Wood's Ath. 1. 362.

Art. DCXIII. THOMAS RYMER.

"Thomas Rymer," says Oldys, "was born in Yorkshire, went to school at North-Allerton under Mr. Thomas Smelt, when Dr. George Hickes was his schoolfellow. He studied the laws in Gray's Inn. In 1692 he succeeded Shadwell as Historiographer Royal. See a character of his "Fœdera" in Dr. Kennet's 2d letter to the Bishop of Carlisle, and in the said Bishop's Historical Library, and in Davis's Icon Libellorum.

Rymer translated Plutarch's Life of Nicias, which was published with the rest in 1683-4. There are also in print "Rymer's Curious Amusements," 8vo. 1714, and his "View of Parliaments," 8vo. 1714; "Rymer's Three Letters to Bishop Nicholson occasioned by some passages in his Scottish Hist. Library," 8vo. 1702.

Rymer died Dec. 14, 1713, and was buried four days after in the church of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.

See a reflection on him in Fenton's Life of Milton. See the Satire on Translators in the State Poems, reprinted in R. Cross's Collection of Poems,

8vo. 1747. See the "Impartial Critic;. or, some observations on Mr. Rymer's late book, entitled "a Short View of Tragedy, by Mr. Dennis," 4to. 1697.

Art. DCXIV. DR. CHARLES DAVENANT.

"Dr. Charles Davenant," says Oldys in his MSS. notes on Langbaine, "was Inspector General of the Exports and Imports of the Customs. He died Nov. 6, 1714.

"I had above sixty letters of his writing to his son Henry, who was Envoy at Frankfort, &c. in 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, &c. I gave them all to Mr. James West, with 150 more about Christmas 1746: but the same fate they found, as grain that is sowed in barren ground.

"Harry Davenant had given the Electress of Hanover his father's political books, and the Dr. upon hearing how complaisantly she had received his last, writes thus to him at Hanover from London, Feb. 18th, 1703. "I am very glad to hear her Royal Highness is pleased with my book, which had not created me so many enemies as it hath done, if we had in England but three or four persons with understandings as enlightened as hers is. The rancour begins now to wear off; but I may venture to say that for this last age there has not been so persecuted a martyr to truth and right sense, as I have lately been." So desires him to let her know that in a little time he shall be got into a temper fit for writing a letter to her."

Art. DCXV. DR. BEATTIE.

The following just character of this amiable and exquisite poet appeared in the Sun Newspaper of Sept. 8, 1803.

"Dr. Beattie, who died a few days ago at Aberdeen, was one of the few poets of the present time, whose works will descend to posterity. His chief work, the Minstrel, has received high eulogiums from the best cotemporay critics and poets. It is indeed a beautiful work. The character of a poetical Enthusiast, from the first dawn of sentiment through all the progressive feelings arising from a more enlarged knowledge of Nature, is delineated with truth, delicacy, tenderness, and expression. The varied emotions of the heart, and the expansive powers of the mind, as well as the richness and sublimity of Nature, are painted in this work with all the splendour of poetry. But a moral charm predominates over the whole of this interesting and animated work, which no man could read without a refinement of his affections. But Dr. Beattie was not merely a poet or moralist; he was also a powerful reasoner; and though he might not be able to triumph over the profound and subtle philosophy of Hume, he succeeded in placing it in an unfavourable light in the opinion of the world in general, and induced all the readers of his work, against the acute sceptic, to say in his (Dr. Beattie's) own words:

"Perish the lore, that deadens young desire."

"His Essays on Literary, Philosophical, and Moral subjects, display sound taste, and an amiable mind;

and altogether the Historic Muse of the British Empire will record with pride and pleasure the name of Beattie.

"The death of his son, who very early in life manifested strong proofs of extraordinary genius, was a shock to his feelings, from which he was not able to recover; and he has left an elegant and affecting memorial of parental admiration and regret."

The meagre and imperfect life, lately published, of this enchanting writer, in which little is said illustrative of his character, and scarce any thing of his poetry, induces me to transcribe for the sake of juxta-position, what is sufficiently known. "Gray" (says Johnson) "having undertaken a journey into Scotland, 1765, naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man."

Gray in a letter to Beattie, dated 2d July 1770, writes:

"I rejoice to hear that you are restored to a better state of health, to your books, and to your Muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself), any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so

kindly sent me of your new Poem (the Minstrel). On the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to have informed you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? What service, I must leave to your invention: such as no general, no statesman, no moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations. Besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly, what weighs most with me, it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest, into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery."

Mr. Gray in the remainder of the letter commends the "Essay on Truth;" of which he says on another occasion, "I am happy to hear of your success in another way, because I think you are serving the

cause of human nature, and the true interests of mankind."

There is another poem of Beattie, spoken of in a letter of Gray, 1767, which has not yet seen the light, but to which Mr. Bower does not make the slightest allusion. It contained, says Mason, many touching reflections on morality, "The specimen," says Gray, "I think excellent; the sentiments are such, as a melancholy imagination, naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return but with so much the greater force upon a feeling heart; the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose: the versification is easy and harmonious."

It seems a subject of deep regret, that Beattie neglected the exercise of that genius, with which Nature had so richly endowed him, for philosophical enquiries to which his powers were less adapted. Yet it adds to the glory of the Muses, that the most subtle and dangerous of modern philosophers should have been completely vanquished on his own ground by a poet! The Essay on Truth however raised a host of enemies against the bard; for he struck at the root of that species of literary merit, to which a large portion of his own countrymen had been lately addicted. Dull, and useless, if not dangerous, metaphysics, and a silly spirit of *philosophizing* on every occasion, had nearly infected the whole nation; and instead of the effusions of genius, and those moral discussions, which "come home to men's business and bosoms," had turned the general attention to

abstruse and deceitful theories,* which ended in scepticism, depressed the vigorous productions of natural talent, and fostered the offensive and overbearing conceit of heavy plodding, and half-witted coxcombs. Yet let me not be understood to mean any reflection on the genius of Scotland, which, in the rarest department of intellectual excellence, produced in the same century, Thomson, and Beattie, and Burns!

Art. DCXVI. MRS. MONTAGU.

The following character of this lady appeared in the newspapers on her death, on August 25, 1800.

"The observation of Hume, respecting Queen Elizabeth, is applicable to this lady. We are not so much to consider her sex, as her abilities. She was an excellent scholar; she possessed a sound judgment and an exquisite taste. Her Essay on the writings and genius of Shakspeare, in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire must always rank with the best illustrations of the transcendent powers of our great English poet. Her work is not an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human nature, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. This Essay is, we believe, the only work, of which Mrs. Montagu publicly avowed herself to be the author; but it is well known that she assisted the first Lord Lyttelton in the composition of his "Dialogues of the Dead;" and some of the best of these dialogues, by his Lordship's own acknowledgment, were the efforts of her pen. Lord Lyttelton was very much

* From this remark must be excepted the Essays of Dugald Stewart.

attached to her, and if he had been free from matrimonial connexions, she might have commanded his title and fortune. Mrs. Montagu however, it is imagined, was attached to Pulteney, the famous Earl of Bath. * She accompanied this nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

"Mrs. Montagu peculiarly excelled in epistolary composition, and her letters, in point of learning, judgment, and elegance, far exceed those of her namesake, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, even supposing that the latter was really the author of the letters attributed to her, which have however been long know to be fictitious. †

"Mrs. Montagu was a near relation of the late celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, ‡ to whose care she devolved in early life, and who superintended her education with parental fondness.

"It is said that she made so early a display of her tendency to literature, that she had transcribed the whole of the Spectators, before she was eight years of age. Incredible as this story seems to be, it has been attested by the best authority, and was always solemnly affirmed by the late Dr. Monsey, Physician of Chelsea College, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, and of Mrs. Montagu.

"The epistolary correspondence that took place

* This was a strangely erroneous report. Pulteney was much older than her father; and Mr. Montagu survived him many years. *Editor.*

† Another unfounded assertion! See Dallaway's late edition of Lady Mary's Works, in which the new letters have even greater merit than those before published. *Editor.*

‡ Dr. Middleton married her grandmother, Mrs. Drake. *Editor.*

between Dr. Monsey * and Mrs. Montagu, during her tour in Germany, and indeed through the whole of their intercourse for upwards of thirty years, affords proofs of uncommon talents, original humour, and acute observation on both sides. We sincerely hope, that these letters, or at least those of Mrs. Montagu, will be submitted to the world, as they contain nothing but what would tend to impress mankind with high reverence for her capacity, her attainments, and her virtues.

"In private life Mrs. Montagu was an example of liberal discretion, and rational benevolence. Her hand was always extended to the protection of genius, and the relief of distress; but she was careful to distinguish the objects, and not to lavish her bounty upon false pretensions. This lady's magnificent mansion was the resort of the most distinguished characters of her time, and all were emulous to testify their esteem, and pay homage to the endowments of her mind, and the amiable qualities of her heart.

"We are extremely sorry to conclude this impartial tribute to her worth, by informing the world, that she patiently resigned her meritorious life at a very advanced age (80) on Monday last, 25th Aug. 1800, at her house in Portman Square."†

Art. DCXVII. REV. ROBERT POTTER.

Of this very accomplished and venerable scholar, who died in August 1804, the following character appeared in the Newspapers of the day.

* Dr. Monsey died 26th Dec. 1788, aged 95.

† See a farther character of this lady and of her brother Lord Rokeby at the end of the article of Mrs. Scott's Gustavus Ericson, vol. iv. p. 265.

"Thursday last died, aged 83, the Rev. Robert Potter, M. A. Prebendary of Norwich, and Vicar of Lowestoff, in Suffolk. Mr. Potter has long been known to the literary world as the translator of the three great writers of the Greek drama; of all the translations in our language, this undoubtedly possesses a superior claim to excellence; not merely from the felicity with which it has been executed, but from the singular fidelity by which the genius and manner of the respective writers are presented to us. When we further consider the magnitude of the undertaking, and that it was the work of one man, we cannot but rank Mr. Potter (not to mention his original publications), among those to whom British literature is especially indebted. In his private character, he exhibited a mind of strong sensibility and elevated sentiments; and his principles and conduct were such as to do honour to his profession and country."

The following article also appeared at the same time.

"Mr. Potter was one of the best classical scholars of his time. His translations of the Greek dramatic writers are proofs of poetical energy as well as profound erudition. He distinguished himself by other works of learning and genius; but he was entitled to still higher praise for the benevolence of his disposition and rectitude of his conduct. The living of Lowestoff is in the gift of the Bishop of Norwich, who will perhaps find it a difficult matter to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Potter, who executed its duties with exemplary piety without ostentatious zeal."

Art. DCXVIII. JACOB BRYANT.

From the Sun Newspaper, 23 Nov. 1804.

"Jacob Bryant, Esq. We have already stated that this venerable ornament of literature died on Tuesday the 13th instant at Chippenham, Bucks, aged 89, deeply regretted by all who knew him. His death was in consequence of a wound on his shin, occasioned by his foot slipping from a chair, which he had stepped on to reach a book in his library; thus did he die, as he had lived, in search of knowledge. As a small but sincere tribute to his memory, a friend is induced to give a short sketch of his character, which an uninterrupted intercourse with him for the last thirty years enables him to do.

"Jacob Bryant, a man, whose whole life had been devoted to the acquirement of learning, and the goal of whose labours was a firm settlement of conviction in religion. He had by study amassed an erudition, which was paralleled by few and surpassed by none; his piety grew out of his learning, and was only equalled by it. With the mildness of a child, he united the firmness of a stoic; from a mind truly christian, his precepts flowed with milk and honey. Though belonging to the lay part of the community, his efforts in the cause of religion were as unceasing as they were satisfactory. His studies were chiefly directed to one object, the developement and establishment of universal truth; this he knew could only be effected by removing the doubts of the sceptic, and softening the heart of

the infidel. The tenets of his own life were those of a true Christian; and though he looked upon Providence rather as an indulgent than an angry father, yet his walk through life shewed his conviction of the necessity of never forgetting the "one thing needful."

"Were it necessary to add any thing farther of so good a man, it might be truly said, that in society he stood unrivalled; as a companion he was both communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, and manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. Such a man was Jacob Bryant; such a man his friends have lost, and such a loss they have to deplore."

ART. DCXIX. *An Account of Sir James Steuart, Bart.*

SIR JAMES STEUART was the only son of Sir James Steuart, Bt. Solicitor General of Scotland, to Queen Anne and Geo. I. (by Anne, daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple,) son of Sir James Steuart, Lord Advocate of Scotland, 1692. He was born Oct. 21, 1712; was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and chose the profession of the law; but led by the fashion of his country to foreign travel, he lost five years abroad, and returned to Scotland, an accomplished gentleman, 1740, and married October 25, 1743, Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss. He now retired to his seat at Coltness, but returning to Edinburgh 1745, renewed the connexion with the Pretender, which he

had formed at Rome in an evil hour. Hence he retired to Paris, and on the hopes of his party being blasted, settled at Sedan, where he remained till 1754. He then employed several years in study. At length his son's education induced him to remove to Paris. In 1755 he carried his family into Flanders, and at this time began to communicate the fruit of his literary studies to the world. He published at Frankfort on the Main, where he resided in 1757, "A Vindication of Newton's Chronology," in French, which engaged him in much controversy. In June 1757, he settled at Tubingen in Germany, and here published his "Treatise on German Coins," in the German language. In 1758, he travelled for his health through the Tyrol to Venice, where he met Lady M. Wortley Montagu. Hence he returned to Tubingen, and published in Jan. 1761, "A Dissertation upon the doctrine and principles of money, applied to the German Coin." In this year he had so far softened resentment at home as to obtain his son a cornetcy in the British service. He now left Tubingen, and settled at Antwerp, from which resorting to Spa, he was on some suspicion sent by the French a state prisoner to the fortress of Charlemont. This ill treatment produced a remonstrance to the British government, and the peace ensuing, Sir James was restored to his liberty.

At length our author obtained an assurance from those in power, that he should not be molested at home; on which he hastened to London, and in 1763 retired to Edinburgh, and thence soon settled at Coltness. "It was in the quiet of this retire-

ment, that Sir James probably put his last hand to his "Inquiry into the Principles of Political Œconomy," the labour of eighteen years diligent search. This was the last work which Andrew Millar purchased, and for which he gave 500l. but when the book was published in 1767, it did not sell fast, according to his own phrase, whereby his last bargain was in the end found to be his worst. This is one of those books, with regard to which the critics and the public differed in opinion. Yet in behalf of the reader, it ought to be remembered, that the subject was, at that time, new in Britain, and as difficult as it was uncommon; that to perform a task is seldom agreeable even to the few, to whom a task can be set; that he, who professes to inform more than to please, must attract by his manner, while he displays in his matter the extent of his knowledge, and the usefulness of his informations. Adam Smith has been heard to observe that he understood Sir James's system better from his conversation than his volumes.* But we must mitigate this sarcasm, when we recollect that these two eminent men, of the same country and age, were competitors in science, and rivals in fame."

In 1769 he published "Considerations on the interests of the County of Lanark," in the name of Robert Frame.

* "The Inquiry into the Principles of Political Œconomy was published at London, in two 4to. vols. 1767. It was reprinted at Dublin 1770, in 3 vols. 8vo. and it was then very widely circulated in the Colonies. The best analysis of that very complicated and extensive subject is to be seen in the Table of Contents, which is prefixed to each volume."

The time at last arrived, when the solicitations of his friends procured his pardon to pass the Great Seal, 1771. In 1772 he printed "The Principles of Money applied to the present state of the Coin of Bengal." He now wrote also "A Plan for introducing a uniformity of Weights and Measures," published since his death, and engaged in metaphysical enquiries, which produced "Observations on Beattie's Essay on Truth," and "Critical Remarks on the Atheistical falsehoods of Mirabaud's System of Nature, 1779," which he followed by "A Dissertation concerning the motive of Obedience to the Law of God."

At length this eminent person died Nov. 26, 1780, aged 67, leaving one son, the present Sir James Steuart, (Denham) Bart. a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 12th Dragoons.*

ART. DCXX. MRS. KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

[*From Oldys.*]

"MRS. KATHERINE PHILLIPS was born 1 Jan. 1631, being twenty-six years old on 1 Jan. 1657, as she says in one of her own poems. She married Mr. Phillips very young.

"Her husband being a sufferer by the prevailing Power in the Civil Wars, to read the poem expressing her brave and faithful heart to him, in the comfort she administers to him under the affliction of his reduced and straitened circumstances, that as the Parliament has rescued him, Providence would do so

* Abridged from the Life annexed to "The Works of Sir James Steuart, in 6 vols. 8vo. 1805.

too, it must be a hard heart, that can read the poem without returning her some affection, or sympathizing in her tenderness towards him! There is as much fire of a virtuous love in this and several other of her poems, as there is of a vicious one in any of Mrs. Behn's.

"Bishop Taylor addresses his Measures and Offices of Friendship in a letter to Mrs. Katherine Phillips, 1657, 12mo. 2d Edit.

"Her poems were published in 8vo. a little before her death, 1664. Again, enlarged and corrected, with her Tragedies of Horace and Pompey, 1667, 8vo. Again 1669, and 1678, with a bust of her by W. Faithorne, and Preface to Sir Charles Cotterell: again 1710, 8vo. by Tonson.

She wrote under fictitious names: Antenor is her husband; Lucasia is Mrs. Anne Owen, whom she most dearly loved, and who was admitted into the society in 1651, and had her picture drawn by Sam. Cooper, after Mrs. Montague. Mr. Henry Lawes, and Dr. Coleman, set several of her songs, &c."

She died 22 June, 1664, aged 33.

She was the daughter of a merchant, of the name of Fowler.

Art. DCXXI. Dr. JAMES CURRIE.

August 31, 1806, died at Sidmouth, in the 50th year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, supported with exemplary fortitude, James Currie, M. D. F. R. S. late of Liverpool. The works of this eminent physician and accomplished man, have long ranked him in the eye of the public, among the most successful votaries of literature and medical

science; while his free and independent spirit, his active and judicious philanthropy, his generous and feeling heart, will consecrate his memory in the large circle of sorrowing friends, among the brightest ornaments of nature.

By a Correspondent.

"James Currie, M. D. had lately become an inhabitant of Bath, and would have graced any place or society to which he belonged. He bore great pain and uneasiness, for several years, with calmness and resignation, and finished his course, with affording an example of that patience and fortitude, which so eminently distinguished his character through life. His medical abilities were confessedly very great. Persevering, ingenious, and penetrating, few circumstances escaped his observation; and his talent of applying to practice the facts which he had observed, was seldom equalled. He was also a remarkable instance of the improvement which the cultivation of the moral duties produces upon the understanding. His judgment was not clouded by jealousy, or his view of the subject or case in question obscured by partiality, or darkened by prejudice. Equally ready to adopt the suggestions of others, as he was those of his own judgment, he never deviated from the point aimed at, because the whole of the path was not traced out by himself. Superior to such considerations, which never prevail in exalted minds, he rested his character on higher grounds; and the discerning part of mankind soon became sensible, that such acquiescence, when it met

his own unprejudiced ideas, was an honour to his character. Candour and benevolence were the guides of his conduct, and led him to esteem and reputation in the present world, softened his passage to the tomb, and in his last moments disarmed the dart of death. Original however, in his ideas, he was better suited to point out the way, than to follow the speculations of others; and what he advised, obtained a kind of involuntary preference, which nothing but a consciousness of merit in the adviser could have secured. His counsels, though destitute of the recommendation of peremptory assertion, or lavish display of pretended success, which sometimes overpower when they do not convince, carried with them the more powerful charms of sense, judgment, reflection, and acquaintance with the subject, and were accompanied with a most amiable and satisfactory manner of manifesting these admirable qualifications to the understanding of those with whom he conversed. Nor did pain and sickness, however embittering they were to the enjoyment of life, cloud his faculties, or disorder his temper. He resigned life with the same benevolent disposition of mind in which he had lived, and with undiminished powers of understanding. The faculties of his mind were not, however, confined to professional subjects. Well versed in elegant knowledge, he combined the pursuits of ornamental literature with those of the severer studies. Poetry, history, and other branches of knowledge that improve the understanding, and animate the mind to exert itself in every capacity, were held by him in high esteem, and were favourite objects of his attention. On these models, selected

from the best authors, he formed his own style of writing, which was pure, elegant, and correct; and often adorned with passages which, in beauty of language, and delicacy and propriety of sentiment, yield to none of which our country can boast. The lovers of science might wish his life to have been longer protracted; in which wish all the friends of the country, who knew him, would willingly join; but wiser Fate says NO: and Reflection steps in and warns us, that "his warfare is accomplished;" and that we must not, from partial, or interested, or indeed any human considerations, presume to wish the prolongation of suffering to him, who had so long, and so eminently struggled with pain and misery—and, in the midst of these painful exertions, uniformly laboured for the benefit of mankind.

Bath, Sept. 3, 1805. WILLIAM FALCONER."

ART. DCXXII. WILLIAM BYRNE.

"ON Tuesday, September 24, died at his house in Great Titchfield street, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. William Byrne, a distinguished landscape engraver: he was educated under an uncle, who engraved heraldry on plate, but having succeeded in a landscape after Wilson, so as to obtain a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, it was regarded as the precursor of talent of a superior order, and he was sent to Paris, at that time the chief seminary in Europe, for the study of engraving, for improvement. In Paris he studied successively under Aliamet and Wille; from the former of whom he imbibed the leading traits of that style

of engraving which he afterwards adopted as his own:—under the latter he engraved a large plate of a storm, after Vernet, but the manual dexterity of Wille was alien to his mind, and probably contributed not much to his improvement, though he always spoke of Wille's instructions with respect.

When he returned to England, the success of Woollet, as a landscape engraver, had set the fashion in that department of the art; but Byrne, disdaining to copy what he did not feel—perhaps scorning the influence of fashion in art, preserved the independence of his style, and continued to study, and to recommend to his pupils Nature, Vivares, and the best examples of the French school.

His larger performances are after Zuccarelli and Both; but his principal works (containing probably his best engraving) are the Antiquities of Great Britain, after Hearne; a set of Views of the Lakes, after Farington; and Smith's Scenery of Italy. His chief excellence consisting in his aerial perspective, and the general effect of his chiaro-scuro; he was more agreeably and more beneficially employed in finishing than in etching, and hence he generally worked in conjunction with his pupils, who were latterly his own son and daughters. His manners were unassuming; his professional industry unremitting; and his moral character exemplary. He seldom went from home, but lived in the bosom of a numerous and worthy family, who are now deploring their loss."

From the Star Newspaper.

ART. DCXXIII. *Sketch of the Character and Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.*

THE following character of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter may be relied on, as coming from the best authority.

"Feb. 19, 1806, died at her lodgings, in Clarges Street, London, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter of Deal; a lady long and well known in the literary world, and sincerely beloved and respected by a large circle of friends, of much eminence, both in regard to their talents, their virtues, and their situation in life. Hers indeed were not merely the ordinary attainments of a female writer; nor even of a second-rate scholar of the more learned sex; but her learning was sound, deep, and critical; her knowledge general, and her taste pure and classical. All that she understood, she understood thoroughly; and what she had once known she never forgot.

"Her acquaintance with both dead and living languages was such as is seldom met with in one person. Perhaps no scholar of the present age knew so many, and so well; the late Sir William Jones only excepted. Like that eminent linguist, too, she particularly delighted in Greek, and was more completely mistress of that language, than she was of any other. Hebrew and Latin she understood well; and Arabic enough to read it tolerably, and to add, in a MS. dictionary of her own of that difficult language, many different meanings of words and their combinations. Of the modern tongues she was acquainted with French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Portuguese, of which she preferred Spanish and German.

"Her knowledge of ancient and modern history was equally exact and extensive. Of the sciences, astronomy was her favorite study; and in that she had made a very considerable progress.

"But Mrs. Carter was not only a scholar; she was also one of the most pious and humble of Christians; one of the kindest relations; one of the most affectionate of friends; one, in its most extensive sense, of the most charitable of women.

"The superiority of her mind never led her to make others feel their deficiencies; on the contrary, in the easy society of domestic life, nothing was remarkable in her, but the amiable mildness of her unassuming manners, and much attention to genuine politeness.

"Her publications were not numerous; she read more than she wrote, and thought more than she said. Her principal work was the Translation of Epictetus, with an admirable introduction to it, which has passed through several editions. She also published, when very young, a translation from the Italian of Algarotti's Dialogues, from Newton's Philosophy, in 2 vols. 12mo; and afterwards a small volume of Poems, which have been always much read and admired; and of which four editions have been printed.

"Mrs. Carter was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D. by Margaret sole daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, Esq. of Bere in Dorsetshire. She was born at Deal, Dec. 17, 1717, and died Feb. 19, 1806, in the 89th year of her age. Some account of her life and character is preparing

for the press by one of her nephews,* who also is her executor."

Without attempting to anticipate the Life here announced, the Editor cannot forbear adding a few literary notices to the just and well-drawn character, with which he has been favoured.

Few have ever reigned, for such a length of time, in the world of learning, as Mrs. Carter. Nearly seventy-two years have elapsed, since she first attracted the notice of the public for her erudition and her genius. She was a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine almost from its commencement; and, as it is curious to trace the progress of great talents, I shall point out the earliest communications which I have discovered in that work.

It appears that Mrs. C. was the author of a Riddle, in Vol. IV. p. 623, (Nov. 1734,) when she had not completed her 17th year, which drew forth the following lines in the succeeding Vol. for June 1735, p. 321.

"To Miss Carter, author of the Riddle, in Nov. 1734.

"Ingenious Nymph! in mystic numbers skill'd,
Why are thy pleasing lays so long withheld?
For well the glowings of thy fire attest,
That Phœbus' frequent visits warm thy breast:
O let us not thy silence still accuse,
But wake our raptures with thy powerful Muse;
To wishing eyes present thy moving page,
And with thy sister Muses charm the age," &c.

SYLVIUS.

* The Rev. Montagu Pennington, Vicar of Westwell in Kent. *Editor.*

These produced the following answer in the next month, p. 379.

TO SYLVIUS.

Unskill'd in numbers and poetic flight,
How shall the blushing Muse presume to write?
Unform'd my thoughts, and negligent my lays,
Can I appear a candidate for praise?
O did those raptures in my bosom glow,
Which in Fidelia's moving accents flow;
Unbid I would confess the sacred flame,
And stand intrepid in the lists of fame:
Pleas'd with the trial trace out human life
Thro' all its scenes of happiness and strife;
The hopes and fears, which on its state attend,
And how in death these different passions end;
Proceed in lively colours to display
The solemn horrors of the last great day;
With tuneful force describe the realms above;
The blissful seats of harmony and love.
These are the lofty subjects I would chuse,
But these transcend my unexperienc'd Muse!
The too unequal task I must decline,
And to Fidelia's pen the glorious task resign.

E. C—R.

In this year (1735) Mrs. Carter must have written the sublime and highly-finished lines "In Diem Natalem," which stand first in her poems, and begin,

"Thou Power Supreme, by whose command I live!

as she says,

"Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this sphere,

Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
Mid undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid."

In February, 1738, Mrs. Carter communicated to the Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 99, the following Riddle which deserves notice, because it drew forth the high praises of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, then struggling into fame, and who published at that precise period (May 1738) his "London,"—"remarkable," says Cave, (ib. p. 269,) "for having got to a second edition in the space of a week."

A RIDDLE.

Nor form, nor substance, in my being share;
I'm neither fire, nor water; earth, nor air;
From motion's force alone my birth derive;
I ne'er can die, for never was alive:
And yet with such extensive empire reign,
That very few escape my magic chain:
Nor time nor place my wild excursions bound;
I break all order; Nature's laws confound;
Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
And make apparent contradictions join;
Transfer the Thames, where Ganges' waters roll;
Unite th' equator to the frozen pole:
Midst Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow;
Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain;
Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise;
Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend the skies.
If Nature lie deform'd in wintry frost,
And all the beauties of the spring be lost,
Rais'd by my power new verdure decks the ground,
And smiling flowers diffuse their sweets around.

The sleeping dead I summon from the tomb,
And oft anticipate the living's doom;
Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
When law or stratagem have set them free,
Aw'd by no checks, my roving flight can soar
Beyond imagination's active power;
I view each country of the spacious earth;
Nay visit realms, that never yet had birth;
Can trace the pathless regions of the air;
And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere;
So swift my operations in an hour,
I can destroy a town, or build a tower;
Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,
And shew whole volumes that were never writ.
In sure records my mystic powers confest,
Who rack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breast,
Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.
Oft to the good by heaven in mercy sent,
I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event;
As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,
And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

ELIZA.*

"I have composed a Greek Epigram to Eliza," says Johnson to Cave, "and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand."†

Accordingly, in Gent. Mag. for April, 1738, p. 210, is found the following:

* In the same vol. p. 159, is an imitation of Hor. Lib. I. Ode 22, by Mrs. C.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 100.

Εις το της Ελισσης περι των Ονειρων
Αινιγμα.

Του Καλλους δυναμει τι τελος ; Ζευς παντα δεδωκεν
Κυπριδι, μηδ' αυτου Σκηπτρα μεμηλε Θεω.
Εκ Διος εστιν οναρ, θειος ποτ' εγραψεν Ομηρος,
Αλλα τοδ' εις ϑνητους Κυπρις επεμψεν Οναρ.
Ζευς μουνος φλογοεντε πολεις εκπερσε κεραυνω,
Ομμασι λαμπρα Διος Κυπρις ρϊπα φερει.

In Elizæ Enigma.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
A Jove Mæonides descendere Somnia narrat,
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ Somnia missa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

In the same volume of Ment. Eag. p. 315, appeared Mrs. Carter's elegant lines beginning,

"While clear the night, and every thought serene,"

which now stand second in her collection. *

In this year she translated, for Cave, "Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man," which is announced in the Register of Books for November, p. 608; of which, amongst Dr. Birchs's MSS. is the following notice:

"*Elizæ Carteræ, S.P.D. Thomas Birch.* Versionem tuam Examinis Crousaziani jam perlegi. Summam styli et elegantiam, & in re difficillimâ proprietatem, admiratus. Dabam Novemb. 27°. 1738. †

And about this time, in a letter from Mr. Cave to Dr. Birch, "Mr. Johnson advises Miss C. to under-

* The four last lines are now left out.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, p. 116.

take a translation of Boethius De Consolatione, because there is prose and verse, and to put her name to it, when published."

In Gent. Mag. for March 1739, * p. 152, appeared her "Verses to the Memory of Mrs. Rowe," with her signature at length. In the December following, p. 657, is inserted the ensuing compliment.

ON ELIZA.

Once witty Sappho polish'd Greece adorn'd;
Her learned Dacier Gallia lately mourn'd;
And happy we could boast our tuneful Rowe,
As chaste a Muse as ever sung below:
At that soft name what eye but weeps anew?
To worth so rare a tribute justly due!
But, see Apollo still on Britain smile,
And bid Eliza charm our favour'd isle!
Blest maid, in whom their graces all combine,
Wit, learning, virtue, and a vein divine!

AMASIUS.

In the same Vol. p. 599, Nov. 1739, was first published the celebrated Ode to Melancholy.

It was also in this year, when only æt. 22, that she translated "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, explained for the use of the Ladies; in six Dialogues of Light and colours. From the Italian of Sig. Algarotti. Printed for Edw. Cave, 2 vols. 12mo."

* In the preceding year were published "Seventeen Sermons on divers Subjects, by Nicolas Carter, D. D. Vicar of Tilmanstone, &c. Printed by E. Cave, and sold by C. Rivington, 8vo.;" and in Gent. Mag. 1739, p. 155, are "Verses from a Mother to her Daughter, with Dr. Carter's Sermons," signed Melissa.

which produced the following compliment, in the Magazine for June, p. 322.

To Miss Carter, on her Translation of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, explained for the use of the Ladies. From the Italian of Sig. Algarotti.

Till Algarotti rose, but few could trace
The piercing Newton thro' unbounded space;
A genius great as his the task requir'd;
Most, what they knew not to explain, admir'd;
No dark abstracted reasoning here we find,
To cloud perception, and fatigue the mind;
But to adorn the pleasing truths conspire
Fontenelle's fancy, and our Newton's fire;
And each with each so happily unites,
That, while the sense instructs, the wit delights;
Still ease and clearness reign throughout the whole;
To every part give beauty, life, and soul.
Thus to the eye reflects the polish'd glass
Soft Mira's every charm of shape and face:
But we, perhaps, these treasures ne'er had known,
Had not their worth, confest, to Carter shone;
No pen could better all their charms impart,
Her judgment equal to her happy art.
Now may the British fair, with Newton soar
To worlds remote, and range all Nature o'er;
Of motion learn the late discover'd cause,
And beauteous fitness of its settled laws.
How matter hence its various forms supplies,
And fills this earth, and those expanded skies;
How the Sun's orb emits unnumber'd rays,
While each the rainbow's many dyes displays;
What gives it with exhaustless fires to flame,
The same in lustre, and its warmth the same;

What the mild regent of the night attracts,
And what the sea's returning tides directs;
Whence the successive changes spring we see,
How all things vary, and how all agree.
Be thine the glory to have led the way,
And beam'd on female minds fair science' ray;
Awak'd our fair from too inglorious ease,
To meditate on themes sublime as these;
The many paths of Nature to explore,
And boldly tread where none have reach'd before:
To thee they owe, the stranger charm'd shall tell,
That, as in beauty, they in wit excel.
Ah why should modesty conceal thy name?
Th' attempt were vain, to hide such worth from fame;
The polish'd page Eliza's hand betrays,
And marks her well-known softness, warmth and ease.

J. SWAN.

Mrs. Carter continued for some years to contribute her poems to the Gent. Mag. In 1744, p. 389, appear her lines, which now stand the seventh of her collection: and many others may no doubt be found scattered through that respectable publication; but it is time to have done with this search for them. Mrs. Barbauld says the Ode to Wisdom * first came forth in Richardson's Clarissa, but without the writer's consent. It was not till more than twenty years after this period, that Mrs. C. ventured to form them into a separate volume. And it is a strong proof that not even the union of fame and merit will always secure a wide and rapid sale, that these poems have yet only reached a *fourth* edition, † which has

* It appeared in Gent. Mag. 1747, p. 585.

† The first edition was in 1762. The third in 1776. The fourth in 1789.

been sixteen years in circulation; while crude abortions, tinsel nonsense, or vapid and prosaic rhymes, have found instantaneous purchasers, and exhausted numerous impressions.

Additional Memoirs of

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

WRITTEN AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF HER LIFE BY MR. PENNINGTON.

Few have enjoyed a more deeply rooted, or widely extended reputation than the late Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER. Her early fame for profound learning, her talents for poetry, her masterly skill in the science of ethics, her long acquaintance with those most distinguished for the union of genius and rank; her incomparable private virtues, and her protracted life, furnished a combination of claims to celebrity, which had their full effect. Mrs. Carter was born at Deal in Kent, Dec. 16, 1717; and died Feb. 19, 1806, two months after she had completed her 88th year.

The materials, from which I shall draw my results in this sketch, are of the most authentic kind. They are to be found in the MEMOIRS, just published in a quarto volume, *by her nephew* and executor*, the Rev. MONTAGU PENNINGTON, A. M. *of Northbourne, near Deal;* a man of the most amiable disposition, and enlarged mind, well worthy of such an aunt, and whose great talents, and various acquirements, (hitherto a little obscured by the veil of indolence) have been known to his intimate acquaintance

* Son of her sister Margaret, married to the late Rev. Dr. Pennington.

from his boyhood; but who, considering humility as a moral duty, will not lightly forgive me for what I have thus presumed to say.

It is not my intention to copy or extract from these Memoirs, which they, who wish to satisfy their curiosity, will of course peruse. They will find in them much curious matter, some interesting anecdotes, and, what is still more valuable, a collection of opinions and remarks on many of the most important points in morals and religious faith, which call for our decision, expressed in language elegant, clear, nervous, and sublime. With riches of this sort almost every page abounds; and it is utterly impossible for an abstract to give any idea of the original. Facts may be epitomized; but what depends on the colour of the language, as well as on the force of the thought, can neither be abridged, nor transmuted into other words. These Memoirs are formed principally from Mrs. Carter's own letters, which upon all occasions were well considered, and full of weighty ore.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was the eldest daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, who, with other preferment, had the cure of the chapel of the town of Deal* in Kent. A maritime town, situated as Deal is, principally employed in supplying the ships lying in the Downs, does not seem particularly propitious to the nutriment of literature. But her father, notwithstanding his heavy professional labours, continued to cultivate his acquisitions as a profound scholar

* The mother church is at what is called Upper Deal, a mile from the town.

and to impart his learning to his children. It is a circumstance not a little singular, that his daughter Elizabeth discovered such a slowness of faculties at the outset, as to make him despair of her progress in intellectual attainments, even with the aid of the greatest industry, and the most ardent desire, which characterized her efforts. She herself, however, though mortified and sorrowful at her own difficulties, resolved to persevere; and her perseverance was crowned with unexampled success. The clouds, that were long in breaking, gradually dispersed before the rays of her mind; and then, all at once sailing away, left a prospect before her of unmingled splendour.

She early became mistress of Latin, Greek, French, German; and afterwards understood Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew; and last of all, acquired something of Arabic. Nor was she merely learned; before she had completed her seventeenth year, she exhibited her talent for composition: nay, many of her poetical attempts were at this period published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1734,* by Cave, who was a friend of her father. They have her signature of ELIZA. This extraordinary display of genius, and acquirements, procured her immediate celebrity; and the learned flocked about her with admiration. In 1738, at her age of twenty, Cave published a *quarto pamphlet* of her *Poems*, now little known. They have not her name; but many of them had been already printed in Cave's periodical work. When twenty-four years afterwards, Mrs.

* See *ante*.

Carter published the small collection of her poetry, with her name, only two of the first publication, the Lines on her Birthday, and the Ode of Anacreon, were admitted.

In 1739 she translated *The Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man*, and in the same year gave a translation of *Algarotti's Explanation of Newton's Philosophy for the Use of the Ladies*. It is not surprising that the variety of these attainments should make her generally courted. The Countess of Hertford now solicited her correspondence; Dr. Johnson pursued her with unusual respect and praise; Walter Harte sought her society; and Savage addressed her with awkward adulation. At the same time she received the warmest thanks, from Mrs. Rowe's surviving relation, for her elegant lines on the death of that celebrated female writer. Nor was her fame confined to her own country: it spread over the Continent of Europe; and drew forth the incense of lavish admiration from the pen of that prodigy of premature literature, Baratier.

In 1741 she commenced an acquaintance with Miss Katherine Talbot; a woman of the most exquisite qualities both of the head and heart, who was three years younger than herself.* This was

* Miss Talbot was niece to Lord Chancellor Talbot. Her father, the Rev. Edward Talbot, died in 1720, before her birth. She herself died in Jan. 1770, æt. 50. After her death, Mrs. Carter selected from her papers, her "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," which she published; and afterwards her "Essays in Prose and Verse," which also found a wide circulation. The last edition of both in one, was in 12mo. 1795. Her mother survived to the age of ninety-two.

an important event of her life on many accounts. The intimacy of their friendship, the importance of their correspondence, and the exalted piety of both, made it the main ingredient of their mutual happiness; and in addition to this, it produced a friendship with Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom Miss Talbot resided, which extended her knowledge of the world, cherished her profound learning, and exercised the deep piety of her thoughts. To this event is to be traced her undertaking, and completing, the work, by which her fame has been most known abroad, and will longest be remembered by scholars at home,—her *Translation of Epictetus*.

It was not, however, till the beginning of 1749, that this translation was commenced. It was then sent up in sheets, as finished, to Miss Talbot, who earnestly pressed its continuance, which was further urged by Bishop Secker, to whom her friend shewed it. Her biographer has given a minute account of its progress till its conclusion in Dec. 1752. She then, by the Bishop's desire, added notes and an introduction, both admirably executed; and the work was sent to press in June 1757, and finished in April 1758. At the entreaty of her friends she permitted it to be published by subscription; and by their liberality, it produced her a clear 1000l.

Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Montagu had been acquainted from their earliest years. The latter, though not born in Kent, had an early connection with it, by her father's succession to the estate and seat at Horton near Hythe, where she passed many of her juvenile years. From 1754 their correspond-

ence was regular and uninterrupted; and Mrs. Carter's visits to Mrs. Montagu at her house in London, where she met an union of talent and rank, were constant, and at her seat at Sandleford in the summer, or autumn, not unfrequent. The epistolary communication between these two celebrated women would probably, in alternate depth and vivacity, in soundness of thinking, brilliancy of fancy, and elegance of language, exceed any thing of the kind which this kingdom can at present boast, if it could be jointly laid before the public. Mr. Pennington had at first scruples as to his part of the materials; but Mr. Montagu, who is in possession of all *his* aunt's letters to Mrs. Carter, as well as to others, will, we hope, be at last excited to take the trouble (surely no very heavy task!) of giving them to the world; for *he*, I presume, never heard any expressions drop from Mrs. Montagu, which could make him doubt whether it would not be displeasing to her departed spirit.*

In 1756, Sir George Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Lyttelton) visited her at Deal; and from thence a gradual intimacy grew up between them, which only ended with his life.

Not later than this period commenced her acquaintance, and friendship with the celebrated states-

* Mrs. Carter's intimate friend Mrs. Vesey, wrote on a paper enclosed in the box containing Mrs. Carter's letters, which she directed to be returned to her correspondent after her own death: "I leave you the inestimable treasure of your own letters, wishing much you would give them for the improvement of future minds. You will still be doing that good you loved upon earth, when you are removed to those happy regions, where I wish I could deserve to meet you." *The Letters of both Mrs. C. and Mrs. M. have been published since this was written.*

man and wit, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath; who delighted in her society, and regarded her intellectual powers and acquisitions with unfeigned admiration. By his persuasion she published her *Poems in a thin* 8*vo. volume in* 1762, and dedicated them to him. They are introduced by an highly panegyrical, but not extravagant, and undeserved, copy of verses by her friend Lord Lyttelton.

In 1763 Mrs. Carter accompanied Lord Bath, and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, with Dr. Douglas, then Lord Bath's chaplain, to Spa. They landed at Calais the fourth of June; and after visiting Spa, made a short tour in Germany; and then proceeded down the Rhine into Holland; whence through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, they came again to Calais; and returned to Dover on the 19th of September. Mr. Pennington has given a series of Mrs. Carter's letters to her friends during this tour, which are very entertaining. Lord Bath's health seemed improved by this tour; but appearances were fallacious; for he died in the summer of 1764. His death gave Mrs. Carter deep concern. "He left the world," said she, "in possession of every comfort it had to bestow. With faculties unimpaired, and a temper unruffled, and after a long enjoyment of the repose and dignity of age, unaccompanied by the pains and weaknesses, which often render the close of life so burdensome to the owners, so tedious to their attendants, and so pitiable to their friends."

In August, 1768, Mrs. Carter lost her revered patron and friend, Archbishop Secker. After much general praise, Mrs. Carter says of him, "I have

seen a catalogue of his MSS. which are to be deposited in the library at Lambeth; and well as I was acquainted with his unwearied application, it surprised me to find such monuments of solitary studiousness in one who had been so much engaged in the active duties of his station, which he executed with an exactness and a diligence, beyond any person I ever knew."

But a still more dreadful deprivation awaited her. A secret malady began to prey on the frame of her bosom-friend, Mrs. Talbot: in Oct. 1769, she took to her bed, and on Jan. 9, 1770, expired. "With the deepest feeling," says Mrs. C. "of my own unspeakable loss of one of the dearest, and most invaluable blessings of my life, I am to the highest degree thankful to the Divine goodness for removing her from the multiplied and aggravated sufferings, which in a longer struggle with such a distemper must probably have been unavoidable. The calm and peaceful sorrow of tenderness and affection sweetly alleviated by the joyful assurance of her happiness, is a delightful sentiment compared with what I have endured for the last two or three months. ***** Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew."

It was not more than fourteen months before, that death had taken from Mrs. Carter, her friend Miss Sutton, sister to the late Sir Richard Sutton,

the lady to whom she addressed those beautiful lines, beginning "*Heir of immortal being.*" On this occasion she wrote a beautiful elegy, to be found among the later editions of her poems.

Mrs. Carter was now arrived at a time of life when every year was stealing from her some intimate friend, or dear relation. In 1774, she lost her father; not before his age was ripe, for he was in his 87th year;* to which late period he had preserved all his faculties unimpaired, except that his hearing was a little difficult. She had passed the greater part of her life with him. The house in which they latterly resided was bought by her; and their affection had been uninterrupted. Half the year she was in the habit of passing in London; the other half was spent together in this house.

It is at this period of the biographer's work, that I confess myself least pleased with the sentiments of Mrs. Carter, which he has had occasion to register. There is something in her critical opinions regarding several cotemporary authors, against which I must enter my protest. I would not willingly accuse Mrs. Carter of narrowness or prejudice; but I fear that on this occasion she exhibits something too much like it. To be blinded to the genius of Charlotte Smith, or Robert Burns, by an unfavourable conception (and I trust an unprejudiced and unfounded one) of their principles was unbecoming her calm, strong, and philosophical mind. To exalt into the rank of

* No fact seems better ascertained than that longevity is hereditary: Mrs. Carter was 68 at her death—her eldest brother is now 84, and as hale and active in all respects, as men of 60. Mrs. Montagu was 80, her brother, Lord Rokeby, was on the verge of 88; their father was 84.

genius dull writers, merely because she thought them good, was a more pardonable error. Another trait, which I cannot commend, is attributed to her. "At no period of her life was she particularly anxious to be known to literary persons;"—"she rather declined, than sought their acquaintance." Lord Orford affected this; but Lord Orford, with all his merits, was a coxcomb; and must not be put in the same class with Mrs. Carter. I could enter into a long disquisition on this subject; but this is not the place for it. Indeed her candid and liberal biographer admits, that on these points, "she was not wholly free from prejudice."

In 1782 an event occurred, which once more disturbed the uniformity of Mrs. Carter's life. She had been under great obligations to Sir William Pulteney, who very liberally settled on her an annuity of 150l. a year, which it had been expected by her friends that Lord Bath would have done. She therefore complied with his wishes to accompany his daughter to Paris, though she was now in her sixty fifth year. She was only absent sixteen days, of which one week was spent at Paris. Mrs. Carter was not insensible to the fatigues and inconveniences of this journey; but her sense of them yielded to her friendship.

Though distant travels were now irksome to her, she enjoyed summer tours in her native country. For two or three successive summers she took journies of this kind through different parts of England with Miss Sharpe.* In this way she visited both the west, and the north.

* Afterwards married to Osmund Beauvoir, D. D. and then

In 1791 Mrs. Carter had the honour, by the Queen's express desire, of being introduced to her Majesty, at Lord Cremorne's house at Chelsea. Afterwards when the Princess of Wales occupied Lord Keith's house in the Isle of Thanet, she called on Mrs. Carter at her house at Deal; and the Duke of Cumberland, when attending his regiment, the 15th Dragoons, at Deal, also paid her a visit. These attentions do honour to all parties.

About nine years before her death, she experienced an alarming illness, of which she never recovered the effects in bodily strength. The faculties of her mind remained unimpaired; and her heart was as warm as ever. In the summer of 1805 her weakness evidently increased. As the winter approached, and the time of her annual journey to London, which she never omitted, drew near, her strength and spirits appeared to revive: On the 23d of December she left Deal for the last time, having six days before completed her 88th year, and on the 24th arrived at her old lodgings in Clarges Street. For some days she seemed better, and visited some of her old friends, particularly her very intimate friend, Lady Cremorne. On the fourth of January she exhibited symptoms of alarming weakness; after which all her strength gradually ebbed away, till about three o'clock of the morning of the 19th of February, 1806, when she expired without a struggle or groan.

Perhaps in the whole range of English biography, few, if any, characters of more admirable qualities of mind, or more perfect goodness can be found. Many

to Andrew Douglas, M. D. who had formerly married Mrs. Carter's half-sister. She died 1807.

more brilliant characters may undoubtedly be pointed out; many to whom the highest traits of genius may be more strictly ascribed. At the same time, they, who deny a high degree of genius to Mrs. Carter, appear to me to have a narrow conception of that term. There was a combination of generally inconsistent features in her mind, which seems to deserve particular observation. Her faculties were slow; and slowness is almost always connected with dulness. Let any one of good taste, read the prose or poetry of Mrs. Carter, and say, if it be dull. There is a strength and spirit pervading it, which scarcely fails in a single instance. It seems as if the avenues to her perception were difficult of access; but that there were the embers of a fire within, capable of blazing into a powerful flame.

It would be idle to deny, that there are characters, a thousand degrees less perfect than Mrs. Carter, with whose wild weaknesses we may involuntarily be seduced into more idolatrous love. We look up to her considerate and highly regulated mind with awe; we know that she is to be led astray by no passion; seduced by no eloquence; deceived by no airy castles; and blinded by no splendor of fancy. To all the amiable frailties, which too often connect themselves with genius, her rigid morality applies the wand of truth, and, shewing them in their real colours, strips them of their delusions. Not that her bosom was stern, or her judgment severe; she pitied and forgave, though she never lost her discrimination.

If there be any, who suppose her opinions were those of a recluse, and that she formed her ideas of

the world at too great a distance from the scenes of actual observation, they know little of her life and habits. For half of every year she not only mixed with society, but with society most qualified, from station and talents, to form sound practical opinions, and to penetrate into what was passing behind the curtain of this deceitful theatre. Was her thoughtful and investigating mind idle at the confidential tables of Archbishop Secker, Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Montagu? She knew the world well; but her candour and the structure of her mind made her slow in judging, and reserved in imparting her thoughts.

The leading principle of her long life was her religion. It was the result not merely of an early impression, but of calm, deep, and constant investigation. She was no enthusiast; her reason was unalterably convinced, as well as her heart inalienably attached. Humility, charity, content, submission, gratitude to the Creator, and admiration of his works were unceasingly predominant in her bosom, and her actions. She was happy because she was good: no worldly passions ruffled her feelings; all was serene and gentle, as the sea when the moon-beam sleeps upon it. One subject alone raised her into a fervid temperament; it was the exalted emotion of piety.

As to her learning, it would be difficult to name any scholar, whose acquirements were equally profound, various, and digested. She seems never to have been content with employing merely her memory; her reason was always exercised; and every thing passed through the ordeal of her best powers,

It is probable she read little for mere amusement; she lost no time in an idle play of the fancy; she never lounged over books with unseized, or unarranged, half-formed, ideas. By method therefore, and equal, calm, and duly portioned industry, never exhausting itself, and thus never ceasing, every week during the greater portion of her long life added to her strength; light broke in upon her from a thousand quarters; and her mind became a temple, in which every part was full of order, symmetry, and beauty; and the whole irradiated, as it were, by a sacred sunshine.

I now come to Mrs. Carter's poetry. I have more than once remarked, that this divine art is of a nature so subtile and aërial as to elude the grasp of any definition, that has yet come within my knowledge. I feel confident that any definition, which would exclude the compositions of Mrs. Carter, must be very erroneous. We may appeal to a certain glow of the heart, and elevation of thought, which they produce, as tests superior to all the rules, which can be laid down. I hate pedantic criticism, and trite remarks, on imagery, and invention, and I know not what other common-place requisites, of which the praise is often bestowed on the most vapid and mechanical productions, as lifeless as the simpering wooden-head on which are exhibited the gaudy ornaments of a milliner's shop. It is the pervading soul, which bespeaks the effusion of real genius. The early poems of Mrs. Carter are chaste, just, and elegant; the latter are sublime. In all, the efforts of the head are regulated, and tinged by the movements of a virtuous heart. The vigour

of her mind continued to strengthen in a wonderful degree till her thirty-sixth year. At that period, 1753, she attained a style of poetical composition, which, as long as she continued to write verses, she never lost; but, perhaps, never exceeded. It is characterized by sublimity of sentiment (which surely is as much the essence of poetry as the most splendid imagery) expressed with astonishing purity and strength of language, and harmony of versification. Let me justify my assertions by copying the poem of 1753, to which I have alluded.

"To Emilia, 1753.

"Say, dear Emilia, what untry'd delight,
Has Earth, or Air, or Ocean, to bestow,
That checks thy active spirit's nobler flight,
And bounds its narrow view to scenes below?

Is life thy passion? Let it not depend
On fluttering pulses, and a fleeting breath;
In sad despair the fruitless wish must end,
That seeks it in the gloomy range of death.

This world, deceitful idol of thy soul,
Is all devoted to his tyrant power:
To form his prey the genial planets roll;
To speed his conquests flies the rapid hour.

This verdant earth, these fair surrounding skies,
Are all the triumphs of his wasteful reign:
'Tis but to set, the brightest suns arise;
'Tis but to wither, blooms the flowery plain.

'Tis but to die, Mortality was born;
Nor struggling Folly breaks the dread decree:

Then cease the common destiny to mourn,
Nor wish thy Nature's laws revers'd for thee.

The sun that sets, again shall gild the skies;
The faded plain reviving flowers shall grace:
But hopeless fall, no more on earth to rise,
The transitory forms of human race.

No more on earth: but, see, beyond the gloom,
Where the short reign of time and death expires,
Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
Smiles the fair object of thy fond desires.

The seed of life, below, imperfect lies,
To Virtue's hand its cultivation given:
Form'd by her care, the beauteous plant shall rise,
And flourish with unfading bloom in heaven.

June 12, 1807.

Art. DCXXIV. SAMUEL HARTLIB.

The following memorials are copied from Kennet's Political Register, pp. 868-872. An abstract of them by the present Editor may be found in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXII. p. 12.

Mr. Hartlib's Account of HIMSELF in a letter dated 3 Aug. 1660.

"My father was a merchant, but no ordinary one, being the King of Poland his merchant, who hath founded a church at Posnania in Poland. And when the Jesuits prevailed in that kingdom, he was fain to remove himself into Prussia; where he came to Elbing, where not any house of credit was yet built. But he, with another Patricius of Breslaw in Silesia, built two stately houses, which are yet

standing at Elbing, being the principal houses of the town; the building whereof cost my father many thousands of rix dollars in those cheap days. Immediately after he erected, there, Niumferbing, my grandfather, the Deputy of the English Company at Dantzick, bringing the English Company to Elbing; and so that town by trading came to that splendor and wealth wherein it hath continued these many years.

"My father had married before two Polonian gentlewomen, of a noble extraction, both of them being ladies, according to the fashions in those countries; in regard of which he obtained the sooner his third wife, my own mother. How many sums of gold, and erecting of pillars of honour, both to my grandfather and father, were offered both by Dantzick, and Elbing, remains yet in the memory of some very old people in Prussia.

"My mother had two sisters, both which were very honourably married: one to a Lord Mayor's son at London, Mr. Clark; and afterward to a very rich Knight, Sir Richard Smith, one of the King's Privy Council, she bringing a portion to him of 10,000l. sterling. This is my aunt the Lady Smith, who marrying afterwards to Sir Edward Savage, was made one of the Ladies of Honour to our King's mother. The other sister was married to a younger brother, Mr. Peak; whose son hath now an estate of 300l. sterling of land of inheritance yearly, and who is still alive. Our cousin-german, or my aunts', the Lady Smith's daughter, was married to Sir Anthony Irby, at Boston, a Knight of 4 or 5000l. sterling a year; who is still alive and a Parliament man.

"But before all this, I should have told you, that I have been upbraided for my too much negligence of my pedigree: whereas they told me that my family was of a very ancient extraction in the German Empire, there having been ten brethren of the name of Hartlib. Some of them have been Privy Counsellors to the Emperor, some to other inferior Princes; some Syndicks of Auspurg, and Norimberg. But they passed afterwards not so strictly for Udallanta in the empire, when some turned merchants; which, you know, is derogatory to the German nobility. I may speak it with a safe conscience, that I never, all the days of my life, reflected seriously upon my pedigree; preferring my heavenly birth above all such vanities, and afterwards studying more, to this very day, to be useful to God's creatures, and serviceable to his church, than to be rich, or honourable.

"Let it not seem a paradox unto you, if I tell you, as long as I have lived in England, by wonderful providences, I have spent yearly out of my own betwixt 3 or 400l. sterling a year: and when I was brought to public allowances, I have had from the Parliaments and Councils of State a pension of 300l. sterling a year, which as freely I have spent for their service, and the good of many.

"I could fill whole sheets, in what love and reputation I have lived these thirty years in England; being familiarly acquainted with the best of Archbishops, Bishops, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, Ministers, Professors of both Universities, Merchants, and all sorts of learned, or in any kind useful men, &c. And in all the three

kingdoms, under all the changes that have fallen out, recommended before and in Parliaments; books dedicated to me from several places and countries, &c. But I grow weary to pursue such vanities.

"*To the Right Honourable the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, the Humble Petition of Samuel Hartlib, Senr.*

"Sheweth,

"That your Petitioner, ever since he came into this kingdom, hath set himself apart to serve his generation in the best objects,

"*First*, by erecting a little academy for the education of the Gentry of this nation, to advance Piety, Learning, Morality, and other exercises of Industry, not usual then in common schools.

"*Secondly*, by giving entertainment, and becoming a Solicitor for the godly Ministers and Scholars, who were driven in those days out of the Palatinate, and other Protestant churches then laid waste; by which means,

"In the *third* place, your Petitioner found an opportunity to maintain a religious, learned, and charitable correspondence with the chief of note in foreign parts; which, for the space of thirty years and upwards, he hath managed for the good of this nation, as well in Civil as Ecclesiastical concernments, (as is well known to most of the leading men of all parties) by procuring unto them,

"I. Rare Collections of Manuscripts in all the Parts of Learning, which your Petitioner freely hath imparted, transcribed, or printed, and sent to such as were most capable of making use of them.

"II. The best experiments of Industry practised in Husbandry and Manufactures, and in other inventions and accommodations tending to the good of this nation, which by printing he hath published for the benefit of this age, and of posterity.

"III. A constant relief according to his ability or address, for poor distressed scholars, both of this nation, and of Foreigners, who wanted employment, to recommend them to such as could make use of their service.

"IV. A constant intelligence in matters of Piety, Virtue, and Learning, both at home and abroad, with those that were best able to concur therein, for the good of mankind, in all respects.

"Now your Petitioner having continued in this course of life for the space of thirty years and upwards, (without partiality, serving all public and ingenuous spirits indifferently,) and, in these great and strange revolutions being destitute of support to continue this kind of negotiation, and in his old and sickly age to maintain himself and his family; for the relief of which, and of his agency, he hath been forced to contract debts, which in the end will sink him, except some favourable aspect be shewed unto your Petitioner from your Honours, as the patrons of piety and Learning.

"May it therefore please your Honours, in consideration of the Premises, to take your humble Petitioner, into your favourable consideration, that he may find from your goodness and bounty some relief in this his distressed condition, by being freed from his debts, and put in a capacity to continue his service

to the Public, to advance in his generation the best objects for the use of mankind in all kinds.

"And your Petitioner, &c."

In a letter, dated 22 Nov. 1660, Hartlib also represented his distress to Lord Herbert, in the following words.

"My most Honoured Lord,

"I have been very ill of late, and by manifold miseries so far oppressed, that I could not send this week my wonted paper respects. Lord Annesley was pleased some months ago to honour me with a visit, having an intimation of my forsaken condition. He was pleased to tell me, I sinned, if I did not make my condition known. I confess this is a very hard duty to be performed, which also I have deferred to this day. But Necessity being so urgent, *(& litteræ non erubescunt)*, I beseech your Honour give me leave to intimate very briefly my present most distressed and forsaken condition. I suppose your Honour is not ignorant of the Votes, that have passed concerning Gifts, Pensions, Debts, allowed or contracted by the former Powers, that all of them are made void by this Parliament: also that no motion is to be made concerning money matters, till the debts of the Army and Navy be first satisfied. Both these Votes fall most heavily upon your Honour's tormented servant: so that he hath nothing to expect of all his arrears, (which amounting to seven hundred pounds, would have fully freed him from all his debts, and given him a present

comfortable subsistence,) nor of his yearly pension settled upon him by the first Parliament consisting of Lords and Commons. I have nothing therefore left to keep me alive, with two relations more, a daughter and a nephew, who is attending my sickly condition. You see, most honoured Lord, how I am necessitated to make my humble and hopeful application to your so often experimented kindness, that your Honour would not leave me, nor forsake me at this time, but rather enlarge the bowels of your love, by joining with some other honourable worthies, (I mean chiefly, the Right Honourable Earl of Manchester, and the forenamed Lord Annesley,) to make up such an assistance, as may save your and their most devoted servant from utter perishing, till some other means of public love and encouragement may be (if it may be) determined. I durst not have expressed myself so boldly, but that I know your Honour hath been always a person of solid honour and faithfulness to me, and that I really believe, that when the times of Refreshing shall come, such deeds of compassion will certainly be honoured and rewarded with exceeding joy."*

Art. DCXXV. DR. MATTHEW HORBERY.

Dr. Matthew Horbery, a learned and able divine, was born at Haxay in Lincolnshire, about 1707, and died at Stanlake in Oxfordshire, 22 June 1773. His father, who was vicar of Haxay, died

* See Warton's Juv. Poems of Milton, Edit. 1785, pp. 118—596.

when he was very young; and left him with so small a provision, as with difficulty to conduct his education to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained a slender exhibition, and in due time was admitted into orders. About the period of his becoming A. M. he was elected Fellow of Magdalen College. He next obtained the vicarage of Eccleshall and curacy of Gnosall, from Dr. Smalbroke, Bishop of Lichfield; and then a canonry of Lichfield, and the vicarage of Hanbury. He afterwards married Miss Sarah Taylor, and was promoted by his college to the rectory of Stanlake, in Oxfordshire. He chose this situation for its retirement, in which he might indulge his favourite propensity to study and meditation. In 1744 came forth his Treatise on the Eternity of Hell Torments; and in 1745, 1747, and 1749, he published three single sermons; and after his death, a few more sermons were selected from his MSS. and published by his wife's nephew; which were highly praised by Dr. Johnson. Two hundred of his MS. sermons were also sold for 600 guineas. He died at about the age of 66, with the character of a truly amiable and excellent person, and an uncommonly able and sound divine: but such was his invincible diffidence, that nothing could draw him out into public life. He proceeded A. M. 26 June, 1733; B. D. 22 April, 1743; D. D. 4 July, 1745.

Abridged from the Memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. lxxvi. *p.* 331.

Art. DCXXVI. THOMAS WRIGHT.

Thomas Wright, a most ingenious mathematician and astronomer, was the son of a carpenter, and born at Byer's Green in the county of Durham, 22 Sept. 1711. He was first bound apprentice to a clock-maker, 1725, from which he got discharged 1729; and soon afterwards opened a school for teaching the mathematics at Sunderland. Here he formed an unsuccessful attachment, and in consequence quitted the country; but soon returned to his occupation.

He now constructed an almanac for the year 1732, from which he entertained sanguine expectations of profit; but was flattered and betrayed by the Company of Stationers, to whom he offered it. He then endeavoured to get it printed in Scotland, where he was still worse used. By the assistance however of the Rev. Mr. Newcome of Sunderland he surmounted these difficulties; and not only gave full scope to his genius, but began to make his talents known. He obtained the patronage of Lord Scarborough, and by him was brought to London, and introduced to the Royal Society, and the Admiralty, who approved his intended publication of the Pannautiçon, in which he deeply occupied himself in 1734, and which, when finished, gained him both profit and fame.

In 1735 he invented his Hemispherium; and was now employed for some years in similar occupations; and during this period his introduction among the nobility became so enlarged, that from henceforth an important part of his life was engaged

in a rotation of visiting at their houses, where a very honourable attention was paid him for his scientific knowledge; on which account he had many distinguished pupils among these families; particularly those of the Duke of Kent, Lord Cowper, Lord Essex, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Bristol, Lord Limerick, Lord Middleton, &c. In these excursions he also became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

At this time he was not, however, idle; but contributed some valuable treatises to science; and in 1742 had the honour of declining the situation of Chief Professor of Navigation at St. Petersburgh, with a salary of 300l. a year. In 1746 he visited Ireland with Lord Limerick; and returned the next year. But here he collected the materials for his LOUTHIANA, of which he published one volume in 1748.

In 1756 he began to prepare for his retreat, and build his house at Byer's Green; but continued his rambling life till 1762; when he finally abandoned himself to this seclusion. Here, as might have been expected, he was little noticed; for his genius was not adapted to the humour of his country neighbours. When however Dr. Egerton, who had married his old pupil Lady Sophia Grey, daughter of the Duke of Kent, succeeded to the See of Durham, he was a frequent visitor at their hospitable table.

He died at his house at Byer's Green, and was interred at the church of St. Andrew, Auckland, 25 Feb. 1786, leaving a natural daughter, who survived him only 18 months. In his early life, he

had contracted a pedantic stiffness of manners, which was not polished down by his frequent intercourse with people of fashion: on the contrary he rather affected to keep it, though accompanied with the countenance of good humour. His temper was gentle and affable, and his mind was generous; but his studies leading him out of the common track of human affairs, left him very little conversant with the ordinary duties of life. There was something flighty and eccentric in his notions; and a wildness of fancy followed even his ordinary projects; so that his house was not built or fitted up upon the model, or in the order of other men's buildings. A description of it, by himself, found among his MSS. is printed in Gent. Mag. Vol. 63, p. 213, from whence pp. 9, 126, this memoir is taken.

Art. DCXXVII. WILLIAM SHERARD, LL.D.

William Sherard, (LL. D. 1694) Fellow of All Soul's Coll. Oxf. was a celebrated Botanist and Antiquarian. He was Consul of Smyrna from 1705 to 1715, and in 1705 had visited the Seven Churches of Asia, and copied near 100 inscriptions. He travelled over Asia Minor again in 1709, with Dr. Picanini and Dr. Lisle, and collected a number of ancient inscriptions, deposited in Lord Oxford's library, &c. He died Aug. 11, 1728, and was buried at Eltham, leaving 800l. to the Botany-professorship of the Physic Garden at Oxford. *Gent. Mag. Vol.* 66, *p.* 811.

Art. DCXXVIII. JAMES SHERARD, M.D.

James Sherard, M.D. F.R.S. his younger brother, was many years an apothecary in London; but in the latter part of life having taken the degree of M.D. he retired to Eltham, where he continued his favourite amusement, the cultivation of valuable and uncommon plants; of which a curious catalogue was published under the title of "Hortus Elthamensis, sive plantarum rariarum quas in horto suo Elthami in Cantio collegit vir ornatissimus et præstantissimus Iac. Sherard, M.D. Soc. Reg. et Coll. Med. Lond. Soc. Gulielmi P.M. frater, delineationes & descriptiones, quarum historia vel plane non, vel imperfecte a rei herbariæ scriptoribus tradita fuit; auctore Jacobo Dillenio M.D. London, 1732." Of this, a new edition with the Linnæan names was published at Leyden, in 1772.

Dr. James Sherard, died very rich, 12 Feb. 1738, æt. 72, and was buried at Evington in Leicestershire, where is a monument to his memory. *Ibid.*

Art. DCXXIX. REV. ROBERT SMYTH, Antiquary.

The Rev. Robert Smyth, Rector of Woodston near Peterborough, who died 15 Sept. 1761, aged 62, was an antiquary of uncommon exactness and labour. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and was afterwards a Member of the Gentlemen's Society at Spalding. Nothing could exceed his attentive industry, which he exercised

not only in transcribing various Visitation-books and monumental inscriptions, but in improving them by his own judicious remarks and additions; and in his great collections for the topographical history of the counties around him.

But the work, on which he spent most time, was a History of the Sheriffs throughout England, built upon that of Dr. Fuller in his Worthies, and "enlarged," as he says, "not a little, by beginning at the Conquest, and bringing the lists down to the present times, distinguishing each Sheriff all the way by his proper title of honour, seat, and coat-armour, and adding the history of the chief families and persons, with such a mixture of their pedigree and descent, as seems proper to attend the whole, and particularly to observe in whom, and when, any such families came to a conclusion, and in what others their honours, fortunes, &c. became settled by their heirs-female, and so as to carry this latter part through, (though this part to be only mentioned in brief) to the present possessors of them." These MSS. are supposed to have been destroyed after his death. That event happened in consequence of bathing, immediately after which he expired in the shop of a friend at Peterborough. *Gent. Mag. Vol.* 66, *pp.* 637, 913.

ART. DCXXX. MR. AITON, Botanist.

MR. AITON, whose name is known to literature by his HORTUS KEWENSIS, was born in 1731 at a small village near Hamilton in Scotland. Having

been brought up to Horticulture, he came in 1754 to England, and soon after attracted the notice of Mr. Philip Miller, the author of the "Gardener's Dictionary," and superintendant of the Physic Garden at Chelsea. Here he improved his skill in botany, which led to his being appointed by the Princess Dowager of Wales, and his present Majesty, to form and arrange a botanic garden at Kew, in 1759.

He had now an opportunity of displaying his singular talents. In 34 years he collected and cultivated nearly 6000 plants; the greatest number ever arranged in any one garden in the world.

In 1783 he was appointed to the more lucrative superintendence of the pleasure and kitchen garden at Kew; while he had leave to retain his former place.

The publication of the Hortus Kewensis in 1789 did him great honour. The richness of the catalogue, the memoirs of the introduction of the several plants into the English gardens, and the scientific execution of every part of it, caused the whole large impression to be sold off in two years.

He died 1 Feb. 1793, æt. 62; and Sir Joseph Banks, and other eminent men, who had been his friends in life, attended him to the grave. His private character was excellent. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 63, p. 389.*

Art. DCXXXI. DR. HENRY FELTON.

Henry Felton, son of John, and grandson of Timothy Felton, of Felton in Northumberland, was

born in London, 3 Feb. 1679, and educated at Oxford, where he became A. M. 1702, and B. D. 1709. He was domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle, Co. Rutland, where he continued to act under three successive Dukes of Rutland; and addressed to the third of them, whilst Lord Roos, his celebrated "Dissertation on reading the Classics, and forming a just style," by which he still continues to be known. He also published eight sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, 1738; and several single sermons.

In 1711 he was presented to the rectory of Whitwell in Derbyshire; took the degree of D. D. 1712, and in 1722 was admitted Principal of Edmund Hall, Oxf. In 1736 he was presented to the valuable living of Berwick in Elmet, Yorkshire; where he died 1 March, 1739, æt. 61. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 63, p. 507.*

Art. DCXXXII. Rev. Richard Paget.

The Rev. Richard Paget, of East-Cranmore, Co. Som. second son of Richard Paget, Esq. of that place, and Probationer-Fellow of Magdalen Coll. Ox. died 9 Dec. 1794, aged 28. "He was a young man of as amiable manners, as good abilities; amongst the small circle of his friends, his unassuming disposition, his easy manners, his various information, and even his little peculiarities, were sure to afford pleasure. He was a man of refined taste, of much critical knowledge in the fine arts, a lover" (and it may truly be added a master) "of antiquarian knowledge, and sincerely attached to the church of Eng-

land. He long laboured under the ravages of a consumption, which cut him off in the prime of life." He was a very able correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, in which his contributions may be known by his initials, R. P. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 64, p. 1157, 65, p. 99.**

Art. DCXXXIII REV. DR. W. HAMILTON.

This very ingenious and learned divine and magistrate, Rector of Fanet in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, was most cruelly murdered by the rebels at the house of the Rev. Dr. Waller, at Sharon, in that county, 2 March, 1797. There is no doubt that he fell a sacrifice to his exertions for suppressing that spirit of insurrection, which had prevailed for some time in other parts of Ulster, and had of late broke out in the district where he resided.

As a scholar he had great claims to distinction and respect. From the time of his election to a Fellowship of Trinity College, Dublin, he had devoted his studies, with equal application and success, to the cultivation of Natural History and Philosophy. His "Letters on the coast of the County of Antrim," very early attracted the notice of philosophers, as containing an ingenious and masterly review of the opinions concerning the origin and production of basaltic strata. His next publication

* See also more particulars, *ibid.* p. 382.

was "An Account of Experiments for determining the Temperature of the Earth's Surface in Ireland," printed in the Transactions of the R. I. A. for 1788.

His removal soon after to a college living, and the numerous avocations which followed it, interrupted his philosophical studies: but he found leisure to publish "Letters on the French Revolution," intended to instruct the middle and lower ranks of his countrymen. His last production was a Memoir on the Climate of Ireland, which did not appear before his death.

His active and benevolent spirit was incessantly employed in the service of his friends and his country; and his death was considered a public calamity. *See Gent. Mag. Vol.* 67, *p.* 180.

Art. DCXXXIV. REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

The Rev. John Armstrong was born of humble parents at Leith, in Scotland, about June 1771, and was educated at the high school and college of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of A. M. He was then distinguished for his love of the Belles Lettres, and particularly poetry; and published a volume of "Juvenile Poems" at the age of 18. In this he inserted an "Essay on the best means of punishing and preventing Crimes," which in January, 1789, had gained the gold prize medal, given by the Edinburgh Pantheon Society, for the best specimen of prose composition.

In 1790 he came to London to pursue the career

of literature in that extensive metropolis; and to procure a subsistence engaged as a writer in one of the daily of Newspapers; and became a Reporter of Debates, in which he is said to have taken the speeches of Mr. Pitt with uncommon skill and talent. But he still retained his taste for poetry, and published in 1791 a collection of "Sonnets from Shakspeare," under the signature of ALBERT.

He became also a preacher in some of the most respectable dissenting pulpits. But the fatigues of his mind and body were too much for a slender constitution; and he died of a decline, on 21 July, 1797, about a month after he had completed his 26th year. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 67, p. 731.*

ART. DCXXXV. DR. THOMAS MORELL.

THOMAS MORELL, A. B. 1726; A. M. 1730; S. T. P. 1743, was born at Eton, where his mother kept a boarding-house in the college. He was first Curate of Twickenham, and then Rector of Buckland in Hertfordshire. He was author, or editor of various learned works; but is most known by his corrected editions of Hederic's Lexicon and Ainsworth's Dictionary.

He was a profound and laborious scholar, and a chearful and entertaining companion; and as long as learning is cultivated among us, the value of his labours will be known, and the public neglect of them, while he lived, will be lamented.

He died at his house at Turnham-Green 19 Feb. 1784. *Harewood's Alumn. Eton.—Gent. Mag. Vol. 67, p. 1088.*

Art. DCXXXVI. THOMAS MAUDE.

Thomas Maude, Esq. of Burley Hall, Co. York, who died at the end of the year 1798, æt. 81, was the author of several poems, among which were "Wensley Dale," "Verbeia, or Wharf-dale; a poem descriptive and didactic," 1782; "Viator, a poem, with notes historical and topographical," 1782; "The Invitation, or Urbanity, a poem," 1791. He also wrote a series of Periodical Papers, called "The Reaper," which appeared in the York Courant; and was a contributor to Grose's Antiquities. *Gent. Mag. Vol.* 69, *p.* 79, 163, 191.

Art. DCXXXVII. ARTHUR COLLINS.

Arthur Collins, whose name is familiar as the compiler of Peerages and Baronetages, but whose own history has till lately been utterly unnoticed, was born in 1682; the son of William Collins, Esq. Gentleman-Usher to Q. Catherine in 1669, by Eliz. his wife, daughter of Thomas Blyth.*

He received a liberal education; and from a very early age cultivated that branch of antiquities, to which he dedicated the remainder of a laborious life; ill rewarded by those, for whose honour he toiled.

I think the first edition of his Peerage was published in one vol. 8vo. as early as 1708; and two vols. of his Baronetage in 1720.

* Qu.? as the sentence in Gent. Mag. is imperfect; and mention is also made of the daughter of John *Horwood*, Esq. of *Okeley* in Hampshire, Qu. *Herwood*, of the adjoining parish of *Deane*?

He married about 1708; and dying in 1760, aged 78, was buried in the church of Battersea in Surry. He was father of Major General Arthur Tooker Collins, who died 4 Jan. 1793, leaving issue David Collins, Esq. author of "The Account of the English Settlement in New South Wales." *From a brief Memoir by Mr. Stephen Jones in Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 282.*

Art. DCXXXVIII. OWEN RUFFHEAD.

Owen Ruffhead was son of the King's baker in Piccadilly, who having gained a prize in the lottery of 500l. educated his son to the bar. He first distinguished himself by writing a variety of pamphlets on temporary politics; and then by an accurate edition of the *Statutes at large*. Henceforwards he obtained good business in his profession, as a chamber counsel; but did not forego his literary pursuits. By Warburton's desire, he compiled a Life of Pope, which disappointed the public expectation; and engaged eagerly in a defence of the conduct of administration towards Mr. Wilkes. But these various exertions overcame his constitution; and he died 25 Oct. 1769, aged about 46. *Northouck's Classical Dictionary cited in Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 388.*

Art. DCXXXIX. WILLIAM CURTIS, Botanist.

William Curtis was born in 1746, the eldest son of John Curtis, of Alton, in Hampshire, tanner;

and was himself bound apprentice to an apothecary at Alton. Here he began his botanical studies. When his time was out, he went to London, and lived first with Mr. Vaux, Surgeon, in Pudding Lane, and then with Mr. Talwin, Apothecary of Gracechurch Street, to whose business he succeeded.

In this situation he had an opportunity of forming acquaintances, who confirmed and assisted him in his favourite pursuit; more particularly Dr. George Fordyce, with whom and his pupils he wandered into the fields for the purpose of instruction.

He now became known to several persons of the first abilities in Natural History; and connecting the study of entomology with that of botany, published in 1771 his Instructions for collecting and preserving Insects; and in 1772 a translation of the Fundamenta Entomologiæ of Linnæus. He also gave public lectures on Botany, and declined his original business, that he might yield his whole attention to his study.

In conjunction with Mr. White, he occupied a small garden for the culture of British Plants near the Grange Road at the bottom of Bermondsey Street; and here conceived the design of publishing his great work, the Flora Londinensis. Hence he removed his garden to Lambeth Marsh, where he collected the largest number of British plants, ever brought together; but this spot being found uncongenial, he again removed, to Brompton; where he procured a spacious territory, and had the pleasure of seeing his wishes gratified.

The Flora Londinensis made its way slowly; but

in 1787 he projected the *Botanical Magazine*; which instantly captivated attention, and became extremely popular; and continued to be a mine of wealth to him to the day of his death. His acquaintance was now courted by every eminent Naturalist; and his company was rendered delightful not merely by his knowledge, but by his mirth and good humour.

"All his ideas were turned to the benefit of mankind. He was the first botanist of note in this country, who applied botany to the purposes of agriculture. By perpetually cultivating plants, he possessed advantages superior to any that had preceded him, and was thereby enabled to point out to the agriculturist the noxious as well as the useful qualities of plants; a branch of agriculture rarely attended to."

He died at Brompton, 7 July, 1799, aged 53.

Abridged from the Memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 635.

Art. DCXL. JOHN BRIDGES, ESQ.

John Bridges, Esq. of Barton-Seagrave, in Northamptonshire, a celebrated antiquary and topographer, was son and heir of John Bridges, Esq. who purchased that estate, by Elizabeth, sister of Sir William Trumball, Secretary of State, and was born at Binfield in Berkshire, about 1666. His grandfather was Col. John Bridges* of Alcester in

* From Brooke Bridges, of Grove in Middlesex, his 2d son, who was Auditor of the Imprest, is descended Sir Brooke Bridges, of Goodnestone, in Kent, Bart.

Warwickshire; not related to the Chandos family, nor bearing arms of any similitude to them, but said to be descended from Ireland.

He was bred to the Law, and a Member of Lincoln's Inn, of which he at last became Bencher. His practical attention to his profession was probably prevented by his prospect of a private fortune, and the lucrative places, which he enjoyed. In 1695 he was appointed Solicitor of the Customs; in 1711 Commissioner of the same; and in 1715, Cashier of Excise. He was one of the Governors of Bethlem Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In the latter end of his life, about 1719, he began to form Collections towards a History of Northamptonshire; and employed several persons of abilities and skill, to make drawings, collect information, and transcribe such monuments and records as were essential to his purpose. In this manner it is said he expended several thousand pounds. The Transcripts thus collected extend to upwards of thirty volumes in folio: besides five volumes, quarto, containing accounts of churches, &c. and four smaller volumes, in his own hand-writing. But Mr. Bridges never proceeded to compose any part of the work himself.

He was a man in the highest degree qualified to direct such an undertaking. His judgment was sound, and his learning various and extensive. As an investigator of antiquities, his skill and diligence procured him great respect from many who were most eminent in that line; some of whom, and particularly Hearne, the celebrated Oxford antiquary,

have borne very honourable testimony to his knowledge, and professed themselves indebted to his friendly communications. His collection of books was so judicious, that the catalogues of his library, printed after his decease, were long, and are still, retained as valuable by every curious collector.

He died 1724, at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

His MSS. came into the hands of his brother and heir, William Bridges, Esq. Secretary to the Stamp-Office; and have at length, after many attempts and delays, formed the basis of the History of Northamptonshire, published in two volumes, folio, 1791, by the late Rev. Peter Whalley.

Extracted from Whalley's Preface to the above History of Northamptonshire.

ART. DCXLI. DR. RICHARD WILKES, the Historian of Staffordshire.

THE short memoir, which I shall insert of this very learned antiquary, is drawn from the History of my late lamented friend, the Rev. Stebbing Shaw, who died in the midst of his most useful, and, I will add, almost wonderful, labours, of a dreadful bilious attack, which overwhelmed his faculties, and brought him in less than a fortnight to his grave, in Oct. 1802, at the premature age of 40. To his memory I will endeavour to do justice hereafter, without suffering my friendship entirely to supersede my judgment.

DR. RICHARD WILKES was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Wilkes of Willenhall, in Staffordshire, a

gentleman, who lived upon his own estate, where his ancestors had been seated since the time of Edw. IV. His mother was Lucretia, youngest daughter of Jonas Asteley, of Woodeaton, in that county, an ancient and respectable family. He was born 16 March, 1691, and was educated at Trentham school, and entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, 13 March 1710; A. B. 1714; Fellow, 1717; A. M. 1717; Linnæan Lecturer, 1718. He took pupils, and taught mathematics in college, from 1715, till he left it. He entered into deacon's orders; but afterwards taking a disgust to the ministry, from a disappointment of preferment; and thinking he could turn his talents to better account than waiting so long for it, he began to practise physic at Wolverhampton, 12 Feb. 1720; and became eminent in that profession. In 1725 he married and thence resided at Willenhall; and continued for the remainder of his life in extensive practice; but this did not prevent his application to books, in which his knowledge was very great; for he was a man of indefatigable industry, and could never bear idleness in any one about him.

He died 6 March 1760, of the gout in his stomach, without issue. He was author of a Treatise on the Dropsy; of a pamphlet addressed "To the Gentlemen, Farmers, and Graziers in the county of Stafford," on the distemper then raging in that county among the horned cattle; and intended, amongst other things, a new edition of Hudibras, with notes, &c. But his favourite amusement for a large portion of his life was his laborious and ample "Collections for a history of the County of Staf-

ford," which, after they had long been supposed to be lost, and much enquiry had been made after them, were, in the most liberal manner, put into the hands of my friend Mr. Shaw, and formed the most valuable part of the foundation for his History. I have often read these MSS. with the greatest pleasure, and found them the work not merely of an accurate genealogist, and painful topographer; but of an elegant scholar; and though they did not contain all the detail, nor embrace all the objects of research which my indefatigable friend thought it proper to supply; yet on the plan Dr. Wilkes proposed to himself, they were executed with uncommon precision, judgment, and even vivacity. It will be really a subject of serious regret, if these and the other materials my poor friend had collected, should be lost; and I trust the county of Stafford will exert themselves to have them brought forward in a proper manner.

From Shaw's Staffordshire, II. 147, *where is given a portrait of Dr. Wilkes.*

Art. DCXLII. REV. JONATHAN TOUP.

The epitaph of this very learned Greek scholar, in the church of St. Martin's in Cornwall, is in the following words:

"Near this place lie the remains of Jonathan Toup, A. M. Rector of the parish 34 years; Vicar of St. Merrins', and Prebendary of Exeter. His abilities and critical sagacity are known to the learned throughout Europe: his virtues from the retired

privacy of his life, were known but to few: to those few they have endeared his memory.

"I. T. was born Decr. 1713.
Died Jan. 19, 1785."

Underneath is this inscription,

"The Tablet above was inscribed to the memory of her uncle by Phillis Blake. The charge of it was afterwards defrayed by the Delegates of the Oxford Press, as a small testimony of their respect for the character of Mr. Toup; and of their gratitude for his many valuable contributions."

See Gent. Mag. Vol. 57, *p.* 216, *Vol.* 55, *p.* 185, 340, *&c.*

ART. DCXLIII. MRS. WRIGHT, (Poetess.)

(Extracted from a MS. Letter of Mr. Wm. Duncombe, to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, 1752.)

"You desire some account of Mrs. Wright. She was sister to Sam. Charles, and John Wesley. The first was Under-Master at Westminster School, and died Master of Tiverton School in Devonshire. Charles and John are eminent preachers among the Methodists. If you have read the Bishop of Exeter's Letter to the former of them, Charles, you will not think very favourably of his morals. Her father also was a clergyman, and author of a poem, called *the Life of Christ*. It is a pious book, but bears no character as a poem. But we have a volume of poems in quarto by Sam. Wesley, which are ingenious and entertaining. He had an excellent knack at telling a tale in verse. I suppose you must have

seen them. 'I think she told me that her father had 18 children, if not more, who lived to be men and women. Mr. Highmore, who knew her when she was young, told me she was very handsome. When I saw her, she was in a languishing way, and had no remains of beauty, except a lively piercing eye. She was very unfortunate, as you will find by her poems; which are written with great delicacy; but so tender and affecting, they can scarce be read without tears. She had an uncle a physician, and a man midwife, with whom she was a favourite. In her bloom he used to take her with him to Bath and Tunbridge, &c. And she has done justice to his memory in an excellent poem.

"Mr. Wright, her husband, is my plumber, and lives in this street; an honest laborious man, but by no means a fit husband for such a woman. He was but a journeyman, when she married him; but set up with the fortune left her by her uncle. She has been dead two or three years. On my asking, if she had any child living, she replied, 'I have had several; but the white lead killed them all.' She was then just come from Bristol, and was very weak. 'How Madam,' said I, 'could you bear the fatigue of so long a journey?' 'We had a coach of our own,' said she, 'and took short stages; besides I had the King with me!'—'The King! I suppose you mean a person, whose name is king!'—'No; I mean my brother Charles, the King of the Methodists!'—This looked like a spice of lunacy.

"She told me, that she had long ardently wished for death; 'and the rather,' said she, 'because we, (the Methodists) always die in transports of joy!' I

am told, that she wrote hymns for the Methodists, but have not seen any of them.

"It affected me too much to view the ruin of so fine a frame; so I made her only three or four visits. Mr. Wright told me, she had burned many poems, and given some to a beloved sister, which he could never recover. As many as he could procure, he gave me. I will send them to you speedily.

"I went one day with Mr. Wright to hear Charles Wesley preach. I find his business is only with the heart and affections. As to the understanding that must shift for itself. Most of our clergy are in the contrary extreme; and apply themselves only to the head. To be sure they take us all for stoics; and think, that, like a young lady of your acquaintance, we have no passions.

20 Nov, 1752. "W. DUNCOMBE."

ART. DCXLIV. MISS SYMMONS.

ON June 1, 1803, died Miss Caroline Symmons,* aged 14, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Symmons, well-known in the literary world, and author of a Life of Milton, lately published. This lovely girl exhibited the most affecting traits of early poetical genius; and her disposition was as delightful, as her talents were admirable. Mr. Wrangham, at the end of his Poem, entitled "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," 1804, 8vo. has preserved some specimens of her poetry, and accompanied them by a short Memoir of her.

* See a beautiful character of her brother Charles Symmons, who died 23 May, 1805, æt. 22, in Gent. Mag. LXXV. p. 584.

which it is impossible to read without the deepest interest, and astonishment at her wonderful endowments. At twelve years old, she produced the following exquisite lines:

The Flower-Girl's Cry.

"Come buy my wood hare-bells; my cowslips come buy;
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet;
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
Ah! snatch'd, like myself, from their native retreat.

"O ye, who in pleasure and luxury live,
Whose bosoms would sink beneath half my sad woes;
Ah! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor Rose.

"Yet once were my days happy, sweet, and serene,
And once have I tasted the balm of repose;
But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
And anguish prevails in the bosom of Rose.

"Then buy my wood hare-bells, my cowslips come buy;
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet;
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die.
Ah! snatch'd, like myself, from their native retreat!"*

Art. DCXLV. DEAN MILLES.

In the church of St. Edmund the King, Lombard Street, London, on a monument executed by Bacon, is the following inscription.

"In memory of Jeremiah Milles, D.D. Dean of

* See Brit. Crit. Vol. XXIV. p. 384.

Exeter, Rector of these united parishes, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, who died Feb. 13, 1784, aged 70 years; and of Edith his wife, daughter of the most Rev. Dr. John Potter, late Archbishop of Canterbury, who died June 9, 1761, aged 35 years. Amongst the scholars of his time he was conspicuous for the variety and extent of his knowledge: and to the cultivation of an elegant and correct taste for polite literature, superadded the most judicious researches into the abstruse points and learning of antiquity. His public character was distinguished by an unremitted zeal and activity in most stations, to which his merit had raised him. In private life, he was beloved and respected for the natural sweetness of his disposition, the piety of his manners, and integrity of his conduct. Blessed with a consort worthy of himself, amiable, affectionate, and truly pious, they mutually fulfilled every domestic duty with cheerfulness and fidelity: and their grateful children have the fullest confidence, that they are gone to receive in a more perfect state the certain and final rewards of their exemplary lives upon earth."

Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. p. 480.

Art DCXLVI. MRS. BRERETON.

Jane, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Hughes of Bryn-Griffith near Mould in Flintshire, by Anne Jones, his wife, was born in 1685; and being observed to be endowed by Nature with a great capacity, her talents were assiduously cultivated by her father, who was himself a person of excellent parts.

Mr. Hughes however dying when she was only sixteen, she soon lost these advantages; but requiring little from art, she early discovered a turn for poetry; which her acquaintance encouraged.

On 20 Jan. 1711, she married Mr. Thomas Brereton, at that time a Commoner of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, only son of Major Brereton, son and heir of William Brereton, Esq. of Cheshire. Her husband soon run out his fortune, and went over to Paris; and some time after this, a separation having taken place, she retired, 1721, to her native country, Wales; where she led a solitary life, seeing little company, except some intimate friends.

About this time Mr. Brereton obtained from Lord Sunderland, a post belonging to the Customs at Park Gate near Chester: but in Feb. 1722 was unfortunately drowned in adventurously crossing the water of Saltney, when the tide was coming in; and his body being found, was decently interred in Shotwick chapel belonging to his relation Thomas Brereton, Esq. M.P. for Liverpool.

Mrs. Brereton then retired to Wrexham in Denbighshire for the benefit of her children's education, where she died 7 Aug. 1740, aged 55, leaving two surviving daughters, Lucy and Charlotte. She was amiable in every relation o flife; and possessed some talents for versification, if not for poetry, which she displayed for some years as a Correspondent *to the Gentleman's Magazine under the signature of* Melissa: where she had a competitor who signed himself Fido; of whose treachery her Editor complains; and whom I suppose to have been a suicide,

who is recorded in the Obituary of the Gent. Mag. Vol. VII. p. 316, in the following words:

May 17, 1737, died "Mr. Thomas Beach, Merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, *suddenly*. He was master of a fine genius, author of Eugenio, a poem, just published, and some other poetical pieces."*

After Mrs. Brereton's death, were published *Poems on several occasions: by Mrs. Jane Brereton. With Letters to her friends; and an account of her life. London. Printed by Edward Cave at St. John's Gate.* 1744. 8*vo. pp.* 303.

From the above account this memoir is taken.

Art. DCXLVII. DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

Dr. Sneyd Davies was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Rector of Kingsland in Herefordshire, in his own patronage; and Archdeacon of Derby, and Prebendary of Lichfield, by the gift of his friend Dr. Cornwallis, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a man of amiable character, and died 6 Feb. 1769.

His poems, scattered about in various collections, exhibit proofs of great genius, as well as learning.

In Dodsley's volumes are to be found I. Vaccina. II. Epithalamium. III. On John Whaley† ranging pamphlets. IV. To a Gentleman on the Birth-day of

* I think in some of Boswell's volumes on Johnson this person is mentioned.

† John Whaley, A.M. an intimate friend of Dr. Davies, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and author of a Collection of "Original poems and translations, 1745," and of another volume which was published after his death. *See Nichols's Collection.*

his son. V. On two friends born on the same day. VI. To the Hon. and Rev. F. Cornwallis, against Indolence; a beautiful poem. VII. To the Rev. Thomas Taylor, D. D. VIII. To Charles Pratt, Esq. IX. At seeing Archbishop Williams's Monument in Carnarvonshire.

In Duncombe's Horace are several of his Imitations:

In Nichols's Collection are, X. A scene after Hunting at Swallowfield in Berks. XI. To the Queen of Hungary. XII. Rhapsody, to Milton. XIII. A voyage to Tintern Abbey in Monmouthshire from Whitminster in Gloucestershire. XIV. A Night-Thought. XV. Imitation of Horace, B. I. Ep. I. To Mr. Whaley. XVI. Song of Deborah, Judges, chap. v. XVII. The Nativity. XVIII. To the Spring. XIX. Imitation of Horace, B. I. Ep. xi. XX. On the death of Mrs. M. H. XXI. On Old Camden's Picture, at Lord Camden's in Kent. XXII. On Miss Wyndham dancing a Louvre at Bath with Lord Cadogan, 1788. XXIII. On one, in love with a negro woman.

Art. DCXLVIII. REV. PETER WHALLEY, LL. B.

This learned Editor was of an ancient family in Northamptonshire, and received his education at Merchant Taylor's School, and St. John's College, Oxford, of which he was some time Fellow. He was at first Vicar of St. Sepulchre, Northampton; then Rector of St. Margaret Pattens, London; to which he afterwards added the Vicarage of Horley in Sur-

rey. In 1768 he took the degree of LL. B. and was chosen Master of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital, which he resigned in 1776, and accepted that of St. Olave; and became a Magistrate in the Borough.

He died at Ostend, 12 June, 1791, æt. 69; Rector of the united parishes of St. Gabriel, Fenchurch and St. Margaret Pattens, and Vicar of Horley.

He was author of, I. An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakspeare, with remarks on several passages of his Plays, 1748, 8vo. II. A Vindication of the Evidences and Authenticity of the Gospels from the objections of the late Lord Bolingbroke, in his Letters on the Study of History, 1753, 8vo. III. An edition of the Works of Ben Jonson, with notes, 1756, in 7 vols. 8vo. IV. V. VI. Three Sermons, 1758, 1763, 1770. VII. The first volume of Bridges's Northamptonshire, about 1762, fol. and the first part of the Second, 1769. VIII. Verses prefixed to Hervey's Meditations.

An imprudent matrimonial connexion involved his affairs, and driving him abroad, embittered the latter period of his life.

From Gent. Mag. Vol. LXI. pp. 588, 773.

Art. DCXLIX. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

To pay to rank or riches the reverence that is due to genius, is one of the meanest acts of a weak and degraded mind. For this reason I have never stained the pages of a work intended to preserve the memory of literary excellence by intermixing in my Obituary the names of those, who had no other preten-

sions to celebrity than their titles and estates. In this age of fierce extremes, of overbearing, and ill-assorted aristocracy, or furious, and malignant democrats, it has been my fate to be at once accused of an adulatory love for station and honours, and of an envious hatred of greatness. The cause is obvious: I have not been insensible to the brilliant union of illustrious descent with personal merits, while I have venerated genius in the cottage or the hovel.

Under these impressions, it is with a melancholy mixture of regret and admiration, that I honour this register with the name of Charles James Fox, who died 14 Sept. 1806, æt. 57. His political character is too well known to admit any delineation of it here. On the rectitude of his political principles there will always continue to be a great diversity of opinions: but, in a life of political warfare, it was his glory to have constantly cultivated his brilliant talents for literature, which at once softened and enlarged his mind, and gave a grace to his elocution inferior only to that of his master and competitor, Burke.

The loss of such a man can only be estimated by persons of cultivated and extensive understandings. A "presiding mind" like his, by copiousness and pathos of sentiment, by force of reason, and eloquence of language, enlightens and elevates the passing topics of morals and politics. Not that this power is confined to those who lead in public assemblies: it was as much possessed and exercised by Cowper, in his humble closet at Olney or at Weston, as by Fox, or Burke, at the poll-table, or in the Senate.

A minister, from corrupt or personal motives, can make a man of rank out of the meanest and basest of the people. God only can make a man of genius. How superior is Mr. Sheridan to ministers, and peers, and men of princely estates, while uttering the following noble sentiments in his sublime eulogium on his departed friend, addressed to the Westminster Electors. "I have followed that great and illustrious character, step by step, through the whole of his political life; and in all those measures which recommended him to your reverence and affection. I was honoured with his friendship, and in the closest intimacy with him. That friendship was the first pride and glory of my life. I felt more pleasure, and considered it as more glorious to share in his exclusion from power, and live in intimacy with him, than in partaking of any honours that kings or governments could bestow. And, gentlemen, were I to live my life over again, I should have thought it more honourable to share in that exclusion and exile, than to have been most successful in servility; than to have been loaded with titles, pampered with honours, covered with distinctions, and gorged with wealth, obtained by the plunder of the people. After what I have already said, my most anxious wish is, that whilst the corpse of our revered friend remains unburied, nothing should be done to produce discord; no contest should arise to foment divisions among the electors of Westminster. The remedy against this might now be in my retiring; but it might be said, as it has been most scandalously thrown out, that I shrunk back, afraid of risking my official situation. I should have thought my life would have been an

answer to such a charge. But if any minister expects to find me a servile vassal, my place shall be at the service of that minister. I am independent; independence may be in the poor, and not in the rich. I am not rich. Independence is not in wealth; is not in honours; it is not in high birth; but independence is in the mind of man, or it is no where. This is the conduct I have ever, and shall pursue to the end of my life; and although I might be stripped of my office, yet I cannot be stripped of my own self-esteem; I cannot be deprived of the good opinion of the public."*

Charles Fox was a man of Birth; but on that extrinsic advantage he scorned to place any reliance; and he very early shook off the Tory principles, in which he had been educated. In the heat of opposition to measures, which he deemed inimical to the liberties of his country, he carried both his opinions and his conduct farther than many of his warmest panegyrists can defend. But who is there without faults or errors? And a candid judge will see in those very excesses the same traits of generous warmth, as at other times produced the best emanations of his comprehensive and exalted mind.

He was a man justly dear to those, who owed more to the gifts of Nature than to the distinctions of artificial society; and justly dear to the people, whose interests on all occasions he incessantly watched; and boldly and ably defended. At a time, when all antient institutions were threatened, and factious demagogues seemed on the point of gratifying their

* I take these words from the Globe Newspaper of Friday, Sept. 19, 1806. That paper must answer for their accuracy.

restless ambition, it cannot be denied that those powers and propensities were somewhat dangerous. But such days are past: the contrary scale preponderates: and every thing ought to be thrown to that side, where the counterbalance is wanted. I do not allude to any increase of the power of the Crown, but of a numerous, (and not less dangerous, because equivocal) Aristocracy.

Under these circumstances, the death of a man of the talents, temper, station, and experience of Charles Fox, is a loss of which the public have not yet appreciated the extent. May he, who can best pretend to the powers of mind, and magnanimity of heart, of this departed statesman; may Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to whom his mantle has descended, be long preserved to us!

Art. DCL. MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

There is a pleasure of a very pure and elevated kind in paying a tribute to the memory of departed genius. But there are characters which it requires a venturous spirit to touch; the nice shades of intellectual eminence, the evanescent movements of a trembling heart, demand no common pen to delineate them.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. a gentleman of Sussex, whose seat at Stoke near Guilford was afterwards owned by Mr. Dyson.* But her father possessed another house, as it seems, at Bignor Park, on the banks of the Arun,

* The name of Jeremiah Dyson is well known, as the patron and friend of Akenside.

where she passed many of her earliest years: of which she speaks in the following beautiful stanza.

"Then, from thy wildwood banks, Aruna, roving,
Thy thymy downs with sportive steps I sought,
And Nature's charms with artless transport loving,
Sung like the birds, unheeded and untaught."

How enchanting must have been the day-dreams of a mind thus endowed, in the early season of youth and hope! Amid scenery, which had nursed the fancies of Otway and of Collins, she trod on sacred ground: every charm of Nature seems to have made the most lively and distinct impression on her very vivid mind; and her rich imagination must have peopled it with beings of another world. She has often addressed the river Arun. The following is her

XXXth SONNET.

"Be the proud Thames, of trade the busy mart!
Arun! to thee will other praise belong;
Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,
And ever sacred to the sons of Song!
Thy banks romantic hopeless Love shall seek,
Where o'er the rocks the mantling bindwith flaunts;
And Sorrow's drooping form, and faded cheek,
Choose on thy willow'd shore her lonely haunts!
Banks! which inspir'd thy Otway's plaintive strain!
Wilds! whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful shell! yet once again
Another poet—Hayley is thine own!
Thy classic streams anew still hear a lay,
Bright as its waves, and various as its way!"

Again she, thus speaks of her early propensities in her

XLVth SONNET.

"Farewell, Aruna! on whose varied shore
My early vows were paid to Nature's shrine,
When thoughtless joy, and infant hope were mine,
And whose lorn stream has heard me since deplore
Too many sorrows! Sighing I resign
Thy solitary beauties; and no more
Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline;
Or on the heath, by moonlight lingering, pore
On air-drawn phantoms! While in Fancy's ear,
The Enthusiast of the lyre,* who wander'd here,
Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,
Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear;
Or wake wild frenzy from her hideous cell."

In her 5th Sonnet she addresses the South Downs, with her usual pathos.

"Ah! hills belov'd, where once an happy child,
Your beechen shades, your turf, your flowers among,
I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song;
Ah, hills belov'd! your turf, your flowers remain;
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?"

Mrs. Smith also discovered from a very early age, like all minds of active and expanded curiosity, an insatiable thirst for reading, which yet was checked by her aunt, who had the care of her education; for she had lost her mother almost in her infancy. She did

* Collins.

not read as a task; nor according to any regular system, which may be more proper for common faculties, but devoured with eager eyes, every book, which fell in her way; an indulgence that enlarged the sphere of her observation, and extended her powers. It did not tend to make her, in the pedantic sense, a learned woman; but surely it tended to make her something much better; it gave impulse to her powers of inquiry and of thinking; and mingled itself with the original operations of a vigorous and penetrating understanding.

From her twelfth to her fifteenth year her father resided occasionally in London, and she was introduced into frequent and various society. It would be curious to have a picture of her feelings and her remarks at that critical period. With that liveliness of perception, and that eloquent simplicity of language, which women of sensibility and talent possess, more especially at an early age, in a degree so superior to the other sex, she must not only have been highly attractive, but have exhibited such a brilliancy of imagination, and of sentiment, yet unsubdued by sorrows, as cannot have vanished unrecorded without justifying the severest regret. But as our faculties can only be ascertained by comparison, she probably did not yet know the strength or value of her own.

It is said that before she was sixteen, she married Mr. Smith, a partner in his father's house, who was a West-India merchant, and also an East-India Director; an ill-assorted match, the prime source of all her future misfortunes. Thus early engaged in the cares of a family, and shut up in one of the nar-

row streets of the great city, away from the fields and woods which she loved, and among a set of people, whose habits and opinions could be little congenial with those of one who had indulged in all the visions of a poetical fancy on the banks of rivers, and in the solitude of heaths and downs, and hills and vallies, a temporary damp must have been given to the expanse of her mind. After some time, when the irksomeness of this situation was aggravated by the loss of her second son, Mr. Smith indulged her with a small house, in the neighbourhood of London, where she soothed her retirement by cultivating her early propensity to books, in the intervals which the anxious attention to her children afforded.

At length Mr. Smith's father, who could never persuade his son to give his time or care sufficiently to the business in which he was engaged, allowed him to retire deeper into the country, and purchased for him Lyss farm, in Hampshire. In this situation, Mrs. Smith, who had now eight children, passed several anxious and important years. Her husband was imprudent, kept a larger establishment than suited his fortune, and engaged in injudicious and wild speculations in agriculture. She foresaw the storm that was gathering over her; but she had no power to prevent it; and she endeavoured to console her uneasiness by recurring to the Muse, whose first visitings had added force to the pleasures of her childhood. "When in the Beech Woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for

the public ear: it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth: I wrote mournfully, because I was unhappy!"

In 1776 Mr. Smith's father died; in four or five years afterwards Mr. S. served the office of Sheriff of Hants; and immediately subsequent, his affairs were brought to a crisis. That dreadful receptacle, the King's Bench, opened her melancholy gates to him; as she daily does to the victims of innocent misfortune, as well as of imprudence, and dishonesty,

"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,"

and his wife had the virtue and the fortitude to accompany him, and spend the greater part of the seven months he was confined there, with him. But during this trying period she was not idle, nor passed her time in unavailing grief. By her exertions principally Mr. S. at length procured his liberation.

In this awful interval, those talents, which had hitherto been only cultivated for her own private gratification, seemed to offer a resource for the day of adversity. She collected together therefore a few of those poems, which had hitherto been confined to the sight of one or two friends, and offered them to Dodsley. This man, who was now grown old and rich, and who had probably been originally exalted into the station of an eminent publisher, rather by accident, or his brother's merits, than by any powers of his own, received the offer with coldness, cast a hasty and casual glance on the MSS. and returned them with a stupid indifference. Mrs. Smith, with the sensibility of real genius, felt oppressed and

overcome with this brutal discouragement; and but for the impulse of imperious necessity, would probably have sunk into future silence, unconscious of that exquisite superiority of genius, which for two and twenty years has charmed the world.

Mr. Turner, her brother, now tried his powers of persuasion with Dilly, but with equal want of success. The Sonnets were therefore printed at Chichester, at the expense of the author, with a dedication, dated May 10, 1784, to Mr. Hayley; and Dodsley, on this recommendation, undertook to be the publisher. A second edition was rapidly called for in the same year.*

The manner, in which Mrs. Smith has described in a private letter, already given to the public, the event of her husband's liberation, is so eminently interesting, as to call for a repetition of it in this place.

"It was on the 2d day of July, that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband, in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation, by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for this enterprise, I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the pro-

* The title was, "*Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays. By Charlotte Smith, of Bignor Park, Sussex. The Second Edition. Chichester. Printed by Dannett Fayes, and sold by Dodsley, Gardner, Baldwin, and Bew, London.* 1784. 4*to*.

jected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air, of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one night on the road) we passed over the heaths of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view! I beheld once more the fields, where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of those fields was strown, perceived with delight the beloved group, from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities!"

But this state of happiness was of very short continuance. Mr. Smith's liberty was again threatened; and he was obliged to fly to France to secure it. Thither his wife accompanied him; and immediately returning with the vain hope of settling his affairs, again passed over to the Continent with her children, where having hired a dreary chateau in Normandy, they spent an anxious, inconvenient, forlorn, and yet expensive winter, which it required all her heroic fortitude, surrounded by so many children and so many cares, to survive.

The next year she was called on again to try her efforts in England. In this she so far succeeded as to enable her husband to return; soon after which they hired the old mansion of the Mill family at Wolbeding, in Sussex; a parish, of which Otway's father had been Rector. Here she wrote her

XXVIth SONNET.

To the River Arun.

" On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear;
Yet shall the mournful Muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustic waves be dear!
For with the infant Otway, lingering here,
Of early woes she bade her votary dream:
While thy low murmurs sooth'd his pensive ear;
And still the poet consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and beech, that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest nightingale delight to sing:
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate!"

It now became necessary to exert her faculties again as a means of support; and she translated a little novel of Abbè Prevost; and made a selection of extraordinary stories from " Les Causes Celebres" of the French, which she entitled " The Romance of Real Life."

Soon after this she was once more left to herself by a second flight of her husband abroad; and she removed with her children to a small cottage in another part of Sussex, whence she published a new edition of her Sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. In this retirement, stimulated by necessity, she ventured to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature, for here she wrote her novel of " Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle," 1788. All that

part of the public, who, though they were disgusted with the usual contents of a circulating library, yet had fancy and feeling enough to judge for themselves in spite of prejudice, received this enchanting fiction with a new kind of delight. It displayed such a simple energy of language, such an accurate and lively delineation of character, such a purity of sentiment, and such exquisite scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination, as gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and most captivating kind. The simple charms of Emmeline; the description of the Old Castle in Wales; the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight; the character of Godolphin; and many other parts, possessed a sort of charm, which had not hitherto been imparted to novels. How a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye, and loaded with hourly anxieties of the most pressing sort, could be endowed with strength and elasticity to combine and throw forth such visions with a pen dipped in all the glowing hues of a most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration!

But whatever wonder may be excited by this first effort, it will yet be increased when we recollect that for several successive years, she still produced others with equal felicity, with an imagination still unexhausted, and a command of language, and variety of character, which have not yet received their due commendation. "Ethelinde" appeared in 1789; "Celestina" in 1791; "Desmond" in 1792; and "The Old Manor House" in 1793. To these succeeded "The Wandrings of Warwick;" the "Ba-

nished Man;" "Montalbert;" "Marchmont," 1796; "The Young Philosopher," 1798: "The Solitary Wanderer;" making together, I believe, 38 volumes.

Besides these Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little volumes for young persons, entitled "Rural Walks;" "Rambles Farther;" "Minor Morals;" and "Conversations:" and a poem, in blank verse, called "The Emigrant," in addition to a second volume of Sonnets.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

During this long period of constant literary exertion, which alone seemed sufficient to have occupied all her time, Mrs. Smith had both family griefs and family business of the most perplexing and overwhelming nature to contend with. Her eldest son had been many years absent as a writer in Bengal; her second surviving son died of a rapid and virulent fever; her third son lost his leg at Dunkirk, as an Ensign in the 24th Regt. and her eldest daughter, "the loveliest and most beloved of her children," expired within two years after her marriage. The grandfather of her children had left his property, which lay in the West Indies, in the hands of trustees and agents, and when to this complication was added the unfortunate state of her husband's affairs, she had difficulties to surmount, in the endeavour to obtain justice, and a series of delays, pretences, misapplications, extortions and insults to endure, which must have agitated a sagacious and indignant spirit almost beyond human patience.

The aid of an high-minded nobleman is said to have enabled her at last to bring these affairs, of which the embarrassments were thus purposely ag-

gravated, to an accommodation with the various parties, who had claims on them. But I have no opportunity of ascertaining whether these arrangements were ever completed before her death. The hour was arriving, when Grief was at last to subdue her long-tried victim. Her husband, who seems never to have conquered his habits of imprudence, died, as it is said, in legal confinement, in March 1806. On 28th Oct. following, at Telford, near Farnham in Surry, she died herself, and in the words of the newspapers, "much lamented by her family and a numerous and respectable acquaintance, after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with the utmost patience, retaining her excellent faculties to the last."

I am totally unacquainted with the character of Mrs. Smith from any other source than her writings; but I consider those writings to furnish ample grounds for the delineation both of her intellectual and moral portrait. It appears to me scarce possible that in such a multitude of volumes, many of them written in haste, the same prominent features should materially vary from those of the author. When therefore I have heard dark hints of the harshness of her temper, or the freedom of her principles, I have been not only sceptical, but indignant; and have attributed these foul aspersions to that narrow envy and never-ceasing malice, which constantly attend on Genius, when it carries itself high, and will not bend to the follies and servilities of the world. I do not blame those imbecile and yielding spirits, which only smile or weep at the hand of the oppressor; and dare not lift an arm to defend them.

selves from insult or injustice; but I cannot admire them. I am not sufficiently an optimist to admit that upon all occasions all is for the best; to bear without resistance, the insults of rank or wealth; the scorn of bloated prosperity, the robberies of legal extortion; or the taunts or frowns of unmerited unkindness.

I know that when great talents and superior taste are under the inflictions of adverse fortune, they are considered by stupidity and hard-heartedness as the fair victims on which they may indulge their vengeance and hatred. Then they conceive that the lion is chained down, disarmed of his claws, and they may commence their cowardly and cruel sports upon him, with impunity! If he growls, or lifts a paw, or shakes himself beneath his fetters, he commits an unpardonable offence, and is destined to endless persecution and calumny.

It is probable that the quickness of Mrs. Smith's penetration, and the boldness of her temper impelled her sometimes to speak unwelcome truths to some of the persons concerned in her affairs, who were generally accustomed to secure themselves by the glare of their riches from too near an inspection. This might be imprudent in point of self-interest; but surely it neither detracted from her virtue, nor from her claims to respect and admiration.

What are the traits which characterize every heroine delineated by her pen? An elevated simplicity, an unaffected purity of heart, of ardent and sublime affections, delighting in the scenery of Nature, and flying from the sophisticated and vicious commerce of the world; but capable, when necessity

calls it forth, of displaying a vigorous sagacity and a lofty fortitude, which appals vice, and dignifies adversity! Can we doubt that the innocent and enchanting childhood of Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle, or the angelic affections of Celestina, were familiar to the heart of the author? They contain touches, which the warmest fancy, or the most ingenious head, could never supply.

Yet this is the writer, whose works have been deemed immoral! Immoral, by whom? By people who read with pleasure of fashionable intrigues; and wade with interest through all the base and stupid ordure of a circulating library! Who delight in the filthy amours of Tom Jones, and Peregrine Pickle! Who are enraptured with stories of ghosts, and robberies, and rapes, and murders!

There is indeed one novel of Mrs. Smith, on which this charge of immorality has been more particularly fixed. This is Desmond, which turns on the attachment of the hero to a married woman. But how is that attachment regulated; and in what does it end? Does it seek any other gratification than to befriend and protect the beloved object under adversity, dereliction, and trials of the most aggravated nature? Does the lovely Geraldine indulge in any act, any thought or wish, that angels could disapprove? What then is the crime of the author? That she has drawn characters too virtuous for the world! And that she has placed them in situations of trial, which the world must not imitate, because it could not preserve its innocence in them!

But I hear it objected that there is a deficiency of religion in her works. Are novels then to be tried

by the rules of a sermon? Surely in works of amusement the too frequent mention of this subject would profane it, and destroy rather than increase the reverence for it. Are any of the sentiments, or any of the characters, enforced by her, contrary to religion? It seems to have been her plan to pourtray virtue attractive by its own loveliness; and to leave it to divines to set forth the more awful motives of the Revealed Word!

"What moral effect," cry these censurers, "do her tales produce?" I cannot help smiling, when I hear this question asked by those, who hang with rapture over the hobgobleries of the nursery. I suppose they are under the influence of the lessons they were taught in their infancy, when they were studying some of the tedious fables of Æsop, or Gay, to value them only as an exemplification of the two lines of trite moral at the end!

Is there then no moral effect produced by an innocent amusement of the mind? Is there nothing in the delineation of scenes, which enchant the fancy, and melt the heart? Is there nothing in the picture of female loveliness,

> "Sitting like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at Grief?"

Is there nothing in calling forth that exercise of the intellectual faculties, which at once refines and exalts?

But are these the real causes, why the admirable productions of this fair writer have been thus depreciated? I think not. In some the prejudice was founded on her political principles. She was an

approver of the origin of the French Revolution, and in Desmond spoke with too much bitterness of the privileged orders; and of the abuses of ancient institutions. Is there then no freedom of opinion in this country? Is there no forgiveness for one, who was smarting under unjust oppression, and exasperated by the undeserved neglect and insolence of "boobies mounted over her head?" By others her touches of character were too nice; they were too exquisite for the apprehension of some; while to many they laid open the obliquities of the heart, or the head, with too keen a pen. The broad caricatures, and glaring colours of common novels, which excited the heavy attention of ordinary readers, were too extravagant to touch the generality of those irritable beings, who shrunk at the sharp incision of Mrs. Smith.

For want of these glaring colours, and farce-like personages, some taxed her with want of fancy, and some with a departure from real life. The reverse appears to be the truth!

Of Mrs. Smith's poetry it is not easy to speak in terms too high. There is so much unaffected elegance; so much pathos and harmony in it; the images are so soothing, and so delightful; and the sentiments so touching, so consonant to the best movements of the heart, that no reader of pure taste can grow weary of perusing them. Sorrow was her constant companion; and she sung with a thorn at her bosom, which forced out strains of melody, expressive of the most affecting sensations, interwoven with the rich hues of an inspired fancy. Her name therefore is sure to live among the most

favoured of the Muse: but in gratitude for the long and exquisite pleasure I have received from her compositions, I feel some satisfaction in having made this humble and hasty attempt to do justice to her character.*

Jan. 11, 1807.

Since I wrote the memoirs of Mrs. Smith, for which I have had the delight of receiving the approbation of those who knew her best, as to the accuracy of the character I ventured, however weakly, to draw of her, a posthumous volume of her poems has appeared, in which she herself has expressed some of the very sentiments, which I supposed her to have experienced; I cannot therefore refrain from extracting these passages. They are from the principal poem, in blank verse, entitled BEACHY HEAD, consisting of 731 lines, but, alas! unfinished.

" I once was happy, when, while yet a child,
I learn'd to love these upland solitudes,
And when, elastic as the mountain air,
To my light spirit care was yet unknown
And evil unforeseen: early it came,
And, childhood scarcely pass'd, I was condemn'd,
A guiltless exile, silently to sigh,
While memory, with faithful pencil, drew
The contrast: and regretting, I compar'd
With the polluted smoky atmosphere
And dark and stifling streets, the southern hills,

* Most of the facts contained in this memoir are drawn from the account of Mrs. Smith, in Phillips's " Public Characters;" that article bearing many internal marks of authenticity.

That, to the setting sun their graceful heads
Rearing, o'erlook the frith, where Vecta breaks
With her white rocks the strong impetuous tide,
When western winds the vast Atlantic urge
To thunder on the coast. Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scatter'd thorns: whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb.
There seeking shelter from the noon-day sun,
And pleasant seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward mov'd the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopp'd with a stone
The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little, o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry, and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half-conceal'd
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in Spring,
When on each bough, the rosy-tinctur'd bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark the promis'd fruit,
Console them for the vineyards of the south,
Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash, and beech,
And partial copses, fringe the green-hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream,
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,

Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course,
The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And panzies rayed, and freak'd and mottled pinks
Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue:
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultur'd: some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others, like velvet robes of regal state,
Of richest crimson, while in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely, wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In Spring and Summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleas'd.
An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
I lov'd her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedge rows, bordering unfrequented lanes
Bowered with wild roses, and the clasping woodbine,
Where purple tassels of the tangling vetch
With bitter-sweet, and bryony inweave,
And the dew fills the silver bindweed's cups—
I lov'd to trace the brooks whose humid banks
Nourish the harebell, and the freckled pagil;
And stroll among o'ershadowing woods of beech,
Lending in Summer, from the heats of noon,
A whispering shade; while haply there reclines

Some pensive lover of uncultur'd flowers,
Who, from the tumps with bright green mosses clad,
Plucks the wood sorrel, with its light thin leaves,
Heart-shaped, and triply folded: and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; or who there
Gathers, the copse's pride, Anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate; but touch'd with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.
Ah! hills so early lov'd! in fancy still
I breathe your pure keen air; and still behold
Those widely spreading views, mocking alike
The poet and the painter's utmost art.
And still, observing objects more minute,
Wondering remark the strange and foreign forms
Of sea-shells; with the pale calcareous soil
Mingled, and seeming of resembling substance;
Tho' surely the blue ocean (from the heights
Where the downs westward trend, but dimly seen)
Here never roll'd its surge."

The public will look with impatience to the memoirs of her, and a collection of her letters, which are now preparing for the press by her family. In the variety of her talents, it seems difficult to decide what she could do best; but those talents appear to have been peculiarly fitted for excellence in epistolary composition. I am informed that the fertility of her mind, and the rapidity with which she wrote, astonished even men of the most quick and copious powers, who had opportunities of observing her, when thus occupied.

I will transcribe, from these posthumous poems,

one entire little piece, in that style of exquisite delicacy and pathos, in which Mrs. Smith stands unrivalled.

EVENING.

"Oh soothing hour, when glowing day
Low in the western wave declines,
And village murmurs die away,
And bright the vesper planet shines!

I love to hear the gale of Even
Breathing along the dew-leaf'd copse,
And feel the freshening dew of heaven,
Fall silently in limpid drops.

For like a friend's consoling sighs,
That breeze of night to me appears;
And, as soft dew from Pity's eyes,
Descend those pure celestial tears.

Alas! for those, who long have borne,
Like me, a heart by sorrow riven,
Who, but the plaintive winds will mourn?
What tears will fall, but those of heaven?"

Art. DCLI. THOMAS WARTON.

The author, of whom I now propose to give an account, was a man of singular endowments, and great simplicity of character.

Thomas Warton was a native of Basingstoke in Hampshire, and born in 1728. His father, who was vicar of that parish, was also a poet, and had been formerly Poetry Professor at Oxford. A

posthumous volume of his Poems was edited by his son, the Rev. Joseph Warton, in 1748, three years after his death.

Thomas Warton was educated under his father at Basingstoke, and at a very early period became a member of the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by his poetical talents. The Pleasures of Melancholy, the Progress of Discontent, and Newmarket, a Satire, were all very early compositions.

These three poems in three various styles of composition discover his extraordinary youthful acquirements, and the great versatility of his talents. And to these may be added in still another manner the Triumph of Isis, 1749, in answer to Mason's Elegy; a composition, which considered as an exercise on a subject not chosen by himself, deserves high praise, for its harmony of numbers, and striking command of language and sentiment. Perhaps, though well calculated for popularity, it is not one of those compositions, on which either he himself or an acute critic would wish to place his claims to genius.

The recluse and uniform life of a Fellow of a College affords but little matter to descant upon. Yet it may offer many pleasures, and if not much enriched by diversity of action, may command a great variety of mental enjoyments. It has indeed been too often found, that in this mode of life, intellectual cultivation has not been in proportion to the opportunity it yielded; and that

"—— the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;

And thro' the chambers pale to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd."

Experience proves that there is a certain degree of difficulties, which animates the mind, and that perfect ease and quiet are not favourable to literary exertion.

Exemption from the cares of the world, respectable station, convenient apartments, a luxurious and social table, even rich libraries, and quiet and beautiful walks, have not often cherished that mental abstraction, and still less that mental energy, by which sublime or even ingenious works have been produced.

Thomas Warton surmounted the torpor incident to his situation. But his compositions are certainly not characterised by passion. They are rich in the splendour of diction, and in the images of the fancy —but few, if any of them, seem to have been produced under the influence of violent agitation. I think there is little of the

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Poetical composition was far from being the sole, and perhaps not the primary, literary occupation of this author. He early distinguished himself as a critic in our old English literature, particularly on the works of Spenser; and his habits of elegant composition, his command of language, his extensive erudition, his powers of reflection, and the ingenuity of his inferences, raised him at once to an eminence in this department, which no successor has since risen to dispute with him. His Observa-

tions on the Fairy Queen were first published in 1753, in his 26th year, and corrected and enlarged into 2 vols. 12mo: 1762.

But he was not so immersed in black-letter studies, as to be forgetful of his classical attainments. In 1758 he published "Inscriptionum Metricarum Delectus, cum notulis," 4to.

Two years afterwards he contributed the Life of Sir Thos. Pope to the Biographia Britannica, which he augmented into an 8vo. volume, 1770. Sir Thos. Pope was the founder of his College of Trinity; and this memorial must be considered as an offering of gratitude to a benefactor. The subject afforded but little to interest general curiosity, and it required all the riches and all the art of the writer to surround it with splendour. But this Warton has effected. He has brought forward many curious circumstances hitherto buried among the lumber of voluminous and forgotten historians; and by the perspicuity of his arrangement, the vivacity of his language, and the justness of his remarks, exhibited a narrative, in which they, who are fond of inquiring into the manners and characters of past times, will find their attention deeply engaged.

"———— The piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores!
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers."

In 1770, his 43d year, he published from the Clarendon press his celebrated edition of Theocri-

tus in two volumes, 4to. of which, though it has not escaped attacks, several learned men have spoken in very high terms. His prefixed Dissertation, on the Bucolics of the Greeks, has been generally praised as an elegant and ingenious composition. I doubt whether he does not betray some awkwardness of Latin phraseology, which considering the variety of his pursuits will not appear at all wonderful.

From this time he must have been deeply engaged in preparing his History of English Poetry, of which the first vol. appeared in 1774, his 47th year. The second volume was published in 1778, and the third in 1781.

In 1777, as if to procure an interval of relief from his severer labours, he amused himself by printing a selection of his poems, of which very few had hitherto been made public. Many, which had for years been scattered about in various collections, though known to be his, he for some reason refrained from introducing in this little volume.

The world, I believe, received this publication rather coldly. The Spenserian or Miltonic cast of language or rhythm, the crowded imagery, the descriptive or allegorical turn, of most of the poems, were what Dr. Johnson (then possessed, without a rival, of the chair of criticism,) set all the energy of his invective, and the powers of his coarse ridicule, to decry. And the public, always glad to find an authority for their want of taste or of fancy, eagerly followed his example.

It is said that Dr. Johnson in the latter part of his life expressed his chagrin at some appearance of alien-

ation in his friends the Wartons. But how unreasonable he must have been to expect otherwise! Who can bear ridicule on a favourite pursuit? And still less, unjust ridicule? No taste could have been more dissimilar, than that of Johnson and the Wartons! No minds formed in more opposite moulds! The Wartons were classical scholars of the highest order, embued with all the enthusiasm, and all the prejudices if you will, of Greece and Rome, heightened by the romantic effusions of the ages of chivalry, by the sublimities of Dante and Milton, the wildness of Ariosto and Spenser, the beauties of Tasso and Petrarch. Johnson was a severe moralist, who, thinking merely from the sources of his own mind, endeavoured to banish all which he deemed the useless and unsubstantial eccentricities of the mind. He loved the "Truth severe," but he could not bear to see it

——————— "in fairy fiction drest."

How could such discordant tempers agree? Whenever they met, they must have parted with disgust. At least this must have been the case with the Wartons, whose quiet and unobtrusive manners rendered them unfit to cope with the vociferation and domineering spirit of Johnson, who often mistook the silence produced by rudeness for a proof of victory. To be overpowered by effrontery and noise, when we are confident that the force of argument is with us, is a provocation which few can bear!

Warton, who, even amid the seducing indolence of a college, constantly indulged the activity of his excursive intellect in some new subject of research,

found time to relieve the toils of his history by drawing up a specimen of parochial topography, in an account of Kiddington in Oxfordshire, 1781, of which he was vicar. It is an admirable model for works of this nature, and discovers all that curious research in a new department of antiquities, for which he had already shewn such talents in a mor flowery and inviting branch.

He also engaged in the Rowleian controversy, in a manner, which totally put an end to the question in the opinion of all rational and unprejudiced inquirers.

In 1785 he gave a new edition of the Juvenile Poems of Milton, 8vo. This was a grateful present to the public: another editor equally qualified for this task could not have been found in the literary world. The critic's favourite course of reading from his earliest years, his innate propensities, the structure of his mind, and the habitual course of his thoughts all contributed to make him a congenial commentator on these beautiful poems. There are many who have blamed what they denominate the excess of his illustrations. They conceive that the imitations and allusions which he has traced are sometimes fanciful, and sometimes too trivial for notice. But there is nothing, to which the ingenuity of envy and detraction cannot find plausible objections.

In this year he was, on the death of Whitehead, appointed Poet Laureat; and for the five succeeding years, (at the end of which, on May 21, 1790, he terminated his useful life,) he produced his two annual Odes; compositions, which, written as a task

on trite and constantly recurring subjects, must not be examined with too much severity, but which, much more often than could be expected, display the richness of his poetical vein.

In these constant and various employments passed the life of Thomas Warton. And surely as far as a life of calmness and equability, unmingled with those domestic endearments, which if they involve the most bitter sufferings, add the highest zest to human pleasures, can be happy, it must have been happy. All the luxuries of mental entertainment were at his command: libraries richly stored, and the silence of academic bowers, were ready to feed the curiosity of his mind, constantly awake to literary research. Freed from those anxious cares for the provision of the day, which have embittered the existence of too many men of genius, he could ruminate undisturbed upon the visions of his fancy, or pursue, without the compunctious visitings of prudence, the airy and unrecompensed investigations of a romantic spirit. With him if

"No children ran to lisp their sire's return,
Nor climb'd his knees the envied kiss to share,"

he had none to reproach him for his neglect of worldly ambition, and his sacrifice to the unprofitable worship of the Muse.

Warton must be considered as one, who much employed himself in investigating the curiosities of literature. His pursuits therefore and his productions were of a less popular kind than those, which consisted of less research. Those minute facts, those pictures of manners, sentiments, and language, which

he loved to discover and communicate, require minds of more than common cultivation to appreciate them. While therefore the simple productions of Goldsmith made instantly their way among all ranks of people, and the unadorned energy of his sentiments and imagery found an echo in every bosom, the more laboured and highly wrought compositions of Warton, illuminated by a richly cultivated fancy, and polished by all the artifices of style, were little relished by the generality of readers.

The manners of Warton, are said to have been in an eminent degree unaffected. They discovered without disguise the habits and propensities of his character. Independent in his pursuits, quiet, inobtrusive, and ungoaded by vanity, and little accustomed to the collision of promiscuous society, he is said to have been silent and reserved in mixed companies; but, where he was familiar, to have opened all the powers of his mind, his vast fund of erudition, his brilliant fancy, and the cheerful attractions of irresistible humour.

He has been blamed by those, who think wisdom consists in stateliness of manner and pomposity of dress, for a neglect of the little forms of life, and of those punctilious ceremonies by which they consider the dignity of station to be preserved. He is also said to have been fond of low company, a fault, which certainly did not become a man of his high qualities; but which perhaps had some affinity with his excellencies. It is probable, that disgusted with those formalities which depressed the freedom of his thoughts, and the ebullitions of his humour, he might seek companions in those, among whom the superio-

rity of his station enabled him to indulge without restraint the ease and eccentricities of his mind. He might also hope to find more simplicity, energy, and originality of character in the lower classes. It is reported that he was often seen amongst the watermen of the Isis (or the Cherwell) enjoying the luxurious movement of the boat, and the freshness of the river breezes, or perhaps smoking his pipe, in solemn abstraction, or quaffing the favourite beverage, on which he has written a panegyric with such happy humour!

I have given a sketch of the life of this author, and am now called upon to enter into some criticism on his writings.

The Suicide is a noble poem: and of an higher tone than most of the compositions of this author. There is indeed an occasional quaintness of language, an alliteration better avoided, and a roughness arising from a crowd of consonants, which Dr. Johnson would have severely censured. There are few finer stanzas in the body of English poetry than the following:

"Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone
Amid the autumnal wood;
Oft was he wont in hasty fit
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair for ever in his view,
A spectre pale appear'd;

While as the shades of Eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd."

It has been said, that all this writer's poems are cast in the mould of some gifted predecessor. No remark can have less foundation. I cannot recollect the previous existence of the mould, in which the Suicide was formed. But what model have the Ode on Leaving a Favourite Village, the First of April, the Crusade, and the Grave of King Arthur followed? In the Hamlet, every image is drawn directly from actual observation; and at once combines the charms of poetry with the accuracy of a naturalist. It possesses also a simplicity and harmony of diction at once original and appropriate, which adds to its uncommon excellence. The favourite village was Wynslade, at the back of Hackwood Park, in Hants, where the poet's brother Joseph Warton then resided. Of that country the scenery introduced in this ode is an exact description:

"The bard who rapture found
From every rural sight and sound;
Whose genius warm and judgment chaste
No charm of genuine nature past;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires;"

was his brother, who well deserved the character, and who was at that time travelling with Charles Duke of Bolton.

Nearly similar praise is deserved by the *First of April*. It opens indeed with some awkwardness of expression, but it deals in no common-place description and trite hereditary imagery. The season of

the year, and the appearances in vegetation which it produces, are delineated with the most exquisite exactness, and with the happiest selection of circumstances. But perhaps as it has less intermixture of a moral cast than the former ode; its attraction is both less striking, and less permanent.

The Hamlet also is a poem of the same stamp, containing a diminutive picture of rural happiness, finished with inimitable beauty, and without a rival among the various attempts which our poets have made upon congenial subjects. It is worth remarking, that the charming paragraph of ten lines beginning "Their little sons," was first introduced in the second of the two editions of 1777.

The Crusade, and the Grave of King Arthur, breathe a spirit of chivalry, and a splendour of romantic fancy, well adapted to their subjects.

But the verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window, were the latest voluntary offering which Warton made to the Muse. They exhibit, in an uncommon degree, the variety of his powers. They have all the harmony and polish of Pope, with infinitely more ease, energy, command of language, and brilliance of imagination.

He begins with a most happy description of his own propensities:

"Ah, stay thy treacherous hand; forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass:
Nor steal, by strokes of art, with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!

For, long enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page:
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With gothic manners, gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore."

He proceeds to assert his attachment to gothic architecture, which he describes, in eighteen lines, with wonderful beauty and force. The whole concludes with the following vigorous paragraph:

"Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine;
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing graces to the gothic pile!"

Perhaps Warton has not displayed what may properly be called invention in his poetry. But invention is a term so indefinitely used, that till we agree on some precise ideas regarding it, it seems hardly fair to admit such an assertion. In one sense he certainly possesses this power: the images of his descriptive poetry are either new in themselves, or in their combination. Dr. Aikin has long ago remarked, that many of his descriptions possess all the accuracy of the naturalist. The circumstances in vernal scenery, which he has delineated with so vivid a

pencil, are not the result of a memory stored with poetical phrases derived from his predecessors, but of a minute and most attentive observer of nature.

I shall insert one of his poems entire, though well known, as it is short; it is perhaps a specimen of his best manner, and is indeed a very beautiful and finished composition.

Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall in Warwickshire.

1.

"Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind;
And while to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine,
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

2.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies
To lurk with innocence she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

3.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;

And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
And o'er the sculptures quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

4.

At eve, within yon studious nook
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn,
And at the close the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

5.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away
To take my staff and amice gray?
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?"

But Warton could write in the familiar style, as well as in that, which Mr. Southey, I think, calls "the Ornate." The "Progress of Discontent," is an exquisite poem; and very truly pronounced by his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, to be the best imitation of Swift that has appeared. It ends with a touching moral, very happily expressed:

"Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases."*

"The Pleasures of Melancholy," written as it was in 1745, in his seventeenth year, is a very extraordinary performance; and exhibits a command of language, and copiousness of phraseology, which prove both wonderful attainments, and great power of mind. It was at this time that the school of Pope† was giving way: addresses to the head rather than to the heart, or the fancy; moral axioms, and witty observations, expressed in harmonious numbers, and with epigrammatic terseness; the *limæ labor*, all the artifices of a highly polished style, and the graces of finished composition, which had long usurped the place of the more sterling beauties of imagination and sentiment, began first to be lessened in the public estimation by the appearance of "Thomson's Seasons," a work which constituted a new era in our poetry. Then arose a constellation of youths of genius, of a more wild and picturesque school—Gray, and Collins, and Joseph Warton, and Akenside. In this school grew up Thomas Warton. He says, himself in this very poem,

* This poem was expanded out of a Latin epigram of ten lines, which he wrote as a college exercise, and which ends with the following;

"O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui sors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet."

† Pope died in 1744.

"Thro' Pope's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss."

Joseph Warton, in the Advertisement to his own Odes, 1746, says, "The public has been so much accustomed of late to didactic poetry alone, and essays on moral subjects, that any work, where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished, or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain, lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon imagination and invention to be the chief faculties of a poet, so he will be happy, if the following Odes may be looked upon, as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel."*

It may be curious to compare the coincidence of opinion on this subject between Thomas Warton, and a celebrated predecessor, and celebrated successor.

In the preface of Edw. Phillips's "Theatrum

* Collins's Odes were published the same year.

Poetarum," supposed to be written by Milton, is the following passage:

"Wit, ingenuity, and learning in verse, even elegancy itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing: true native poetry is another; in which there is a certain spirit and air, which perhaps the most learned and judicious in other arts do not perfectly comprehend."

In the preface to *Milton's Juvenile Poems*, 1785, T. Warton says, "Wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods, having kept undisturbed possession of our poetry, till late in the eighteenth century, would not easily give way to fiction and fancy, to picturesque description, and romantic imagery."

Mr. Southey, in the preface to his *Specimens of Later English Poets*, just published, says, speaking of the time of Dryden, "The writers of this and the succeeding generation, understood their own character better than it has been understood by their successors; they called themselves wits instead of poets, and wits they were; the difference is not in degree, but in kind. They succeeded in what they aimed at; in satire and in panegyric, in ridiculing an enemy, and in flattering a friend; in turning a song, and in complimenting a lady; in pointing an epigram, and in telling a lewd tale: in these branches of literary art, the Birmingham trade of verse, they have rarely been surpassed. Give them what praise you will, as versifiers, as wits, as reasoners, I wish not to detract a point from it; but versification, and wit, and reason, do not constitute poetry. The time, which is elapsed from the days of Dry-

den to those of Pope, is the dark age of English poetry."

It now became the fashion to furnish food for the fancy, and pile images upon images, without perhaps, at all times, sufficiently attending to the construction of the language, or the harmony of the rhythm. An instance of this occurs in the very opening of Warton's poem on "Melancholy," already cited: for the sentences are involved, and the meaning at first obscured by this defect, though the images are striking and highly picturesque. The following descriptive passage, commencing at the 42d verse, deserves high praise:

——————"When the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen invites, with beckoning hand,
My lonesome steps thro' the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo! all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead thro' flowery paths of joy;

But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold."

But if Warton thought less highly of "sentiment and satire, of polished numbers, and sparkling couplets," it was not from inability to excel in that style. His "Newmarket" a satire, published in 1751, is a decisive proof of his talent in that sort of composition, and forms a complete contrast to most of his other poems. The description of the old family seat, a prey "to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms," is highly beautiful.

In short, if we consider the genius and learning of Thomas Warton; if we contemplate him as a poet, a scholar, a critic, an antiquary, and a writer of prose, ages may pass away before his equal shall arise.

Art. DCLII. SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(ABRIDGED FROM HIS LIFE BY LORD TEIGNMOUTH.)

Sir William Jones was the only son of William Jones, F. R. S. an eminent mathematician, who was a native of Wales, of humble origin, and born in Anglesey, in 1680. The account of this eminent person may be found in the Biographical Dictionary: he died in 1749, leaving by Mary,

daughter of George Nix, a citizen of London, a daughter Mary, born 1736, afterwards married to Mr. Rainsford, a merchant,* and William the subject of this memoir, who was born in London, on the eve of the festival of St. Michael, 1746.

By his father's death the care of the education of this future prodigy devolved on his mother, when he was three years old. Mrs. Jones was a woman of uncommon energy, and uncommon talent for instruction; and she gave herself to the cultivation of her son's mind. Her success was adequate to her efforts; and at three years old, her pupil could read distinctly and rapidly any English book. Afterwards an accident to one of his eyes gave some check to his progress; but his appetite for books increased; and in his fifth year he was so much struck by the sublimity of the description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, as ever afterwards to remember it with emotions of rapture.

At Michaelmas, 1753, in his seventh year, he was sent to Harrow school, then under Dr. Thackeray, where at first he was rather remarked for industry than talent; and after two years, having the misfortune to break his thigh-bone, was detained at home twelve months: a period not passed in indolence, but in familiarizing himself with the translations of Pope and Dryden, and in endeavours to imitate them.

This absence however operated to his disadvantage on his return to school, and most unjustly

* She died 1802.

created prejudices against his capacity, or his application, which though punishment could not induce him to counteract by increased efforts, yet emulation soon excited him to overcome.

In his twelfth year, he arrived at the upper school, and now began to shew proofs of that extraordinary memory, which so distinguished him. At the same time he began to translate parts of Ovid and Virgil into English verse; and he composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager. Hence his reputation rose in the school; and he particularly excelled in his acquaintance with Latin Prosody.

When Jones was fifteen, Dr. Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner, who immediately took him under his patronage. From this time the following account of his character, habits, and acquirements, by his friend and schoolfellow, Sir John Parnell, stands on the best authority, and comprehends every thing necessary.

"The early period of life is not usually marked by extraordinary anecdote: but small circumstances become interesting, when we can trace in them the first principles of virtue, and the first symptoms of those talents, which afterwards so eminently distinguished the character of Sir William Jones. He gave very early proofs of his possessing very extraordinary abilities. His industry was very great, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, and not of submission to controul. He excelled principally in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word, agreeable to

the most strict classical authority. He imitated the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions; and he was attentive even in writing the Greek characters with great correctness. His time being employed in study, prevented his joining in those plays and amusements which occupied the time of his other school-fellows; but it induced no other singularity in his manners: they were mild, conciliating and cheerful. When I first knew him, about the year 1761, he amused himself with the study of botany, and in collecting fossils. In general, the same pursuits which gave employment to his mature understanding, were the first objects of his youthful attention. The same disposition formed the most distinguished features at an early and at a late period of his life. A decision of mind, and a strict attachment to virtue, an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uniform spirit of philanthropy, were the characteristics of his youth, and of his manhood: he did no act, he used no expression, which did not justify these assertions."

The time now approached when Jones was to leave school, and his future destination became a subject of solicitude with his mother. Some of her friends advised the profession of the law, and an initiation into it by means of a special pleader's office, but the expense frightened her, and the barbarous language in which the science was clothed prejudiced her son. These reasons, strengthened by the wishes of Dr. Sumner, prevailed in favour of an university: and Oxford was with some hesitation

fixed upon. In 1764 therefore he was removed to University College.

At Oxford he immediately experienced that disappointment, which all boys who have enjoyed the fame of a great school, and who expect that that fame, and the same value for their acquirements which they have hitherto enjoyed, will follow them, are sure to encounter.

After a residence of a few months, he was elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet. He now began to indulge that passion for oriental literature, which he afterwards carried to so high a point; and by the help of a native of Aleppo acquired the pronunciation of Arabic. These occupations, with his Greek studies, which he continued to pursue with unabated application and ardour, soon reconciled him to his new station; and he received that countenance and respect from his tutors, which facilitated the advantageous employment of his time. He added the study of the Persic to that of the Arabic; and his progress in languages was already truly wonderful.

After a year, fearful of intrenching too far on the slender income of his mother, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Althorpe, now Lord Spencer, then a child, when he spent part of the year at Wimbledon Park, and part in London, and was now first introduced among the great. Here he first formed an acquaintance with Miss Shipley, afterwards Lady Jones. Nor was he unambitious of fashionable accomplishments. He took the opportunity, while in the metropolis, of learning the arts

of dancing and fencing. Lord Spencer's library afforded him inexhaustible entertainment and instruction; and here in his twenty-first year he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry. He was elected Fellow of his college, 7 Aug. 1766.

In 1767 he had an opportunity of seeing the Continent by attending the Spencer family in a journey to Spa. In the close of this year he is said to have conceived that resolution which afterwards fixed him to the profession of the bar, by reading Fortescue's Treatise De Laudibus Legum Angliæ.

In 1768, Mr. Sutton, Under Secretary of State, imposed upon him the task of translating the Life of Nadir Shah from an Eastern MS. at the desire of the King of Denmark. This was a tiresome task, which however he performed with credit to himself. It was published in 1770. To the History of Nadir Shah, he added a Treatise on oriental poetry in the language of the original, a work which no other person in England could then have performed.

In 1768 he formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial Minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England, with the title of Count, an accomplished and learned nobleman, much addicted to oriental studies, and captivated by the splendid attainments of Jones. This intimacy produced a long, interesting and learned correspondence.

Their correspondence was principally in Latin; in the first published letter of Jones are the following passages: "Permagno enim vinculo conjungi solent ii, qui iisdem utuntur studiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iisdem curis et cogitationibus

evigilant. Studia eadem sequimur, eadem colimus et consectamur. Hoc tamen inter nos interest: nempe tu in literis Asiaticis es quàm doctissimus; ego vero ut in iis doctus sim, nitor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarùm amore non patiar ut me vincas; ita enim incredibilitèr illis delector, nihil ut supra possit: equidem poesi Græcorum jam inde a puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis relliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cùm poesim Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illicò exarescere - - - - "

Again he says, 1768. "Si cupis legum nostrarum et consuetudinum pleniorem habere notitiam, perlegas velim Smithi librum de Republicâ Anglorum, et Fortescuei dialogum de Laudibus Legum Angliæ, Primum Latinè nec ineleganter scripsit Thomas Smithus, Legatus olim noster in Galliâ sub regno Elizabethæ; alter, libellus est, de quo dici potest id quod de fluvio Teleboa scripsit Xenophon Μεγας μεν ϛ, καλος δε. Auctor fuit Angliæ Cancellarius sub rege Henrico sexto, et ob turbulenta tempora cum alumno suo principe Edwardo, in Galliam fugit; ubi, eum esset summâ senectute, aureolum hunc dialogum contexuit. Certe leges nostræ, ut in illo libro videbis, persapienter sunt compositæ, et ut ait Pindarus,

Νομος ὁ παντων βασιλευς
Θνατων τε και αθανατων
Ουτος δε δη αγει δικαιως

Το δικαιοτατον, ὑπερτατα
Χειρι.

Et reliqua, quæ citat in Georgiâ Plato."

In 1769 he writes to another correspondent, "I have just read Robertson's Life of Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which is amusing and instructive, and the style flowing and elegant; but the former wants that spirit and fire of genius, that alone can make a history animated, and leave great impressions on the mind; and the latter has too great a sameness in the turn of the sentences, and abounds with too many affected words."

In the summer of this year he accompanied Lord Althorpe as his tutor to Harrow, where he had an opportunity of drawing still closer the ties of intimacy with his old master Dr. Sumner.

Towards the end of this year he accompanied Lord Spencer's family to the Continent. In Feb. 1770 he writes from Nice to his friend Reviczki an account of himself; in which he says, "Si roges quomodo hic oblectem, haud multis respondeo. Quidquid habet musicorum ars tenerum ac molle, quidquid mathesis difficile ac reconditum, quidquid denique elatum aut venustum vel poesis vel pictura, in eo omni sensus meos et cogitationes defigo. Nec rei militaris notitiam negligo, quâ vir Britannus sine summo opprobrio carere neutiquam potest. Multa patriâ sermone scripsi; inter alia, libellum de rectâ juventutis institutione, more Aristoteleo, hoc est αναλυτικῶ Preterea Tragædiam contexere institui, quam inscripsi Soliman, cujus, ut scis, amabilissimus filius per novercæ insidias miserrime truci-

datus est; plena est tenerorum affectuum fabula, et cothurno Æschyleo elatior, utpote quæ imaginibus Asiaticis sit abundantissima. Mitto tibi carmina duo, unum ex Hafizio depromptum, alterum e poetâ Arabo perantiquo sumptum, in hoc tamen imagines ad Romanam consuetudinem aptavi. Mitto insuper, ne quæ pars paginæ otietur, Epigramma Græcum, quo cantiunculam Anglicam sum imitatus."

He writes from Spain, "næ ego levis homo sum atque incertus! Totam Europam transvolo, nullibi diu commoror; in Liguriâ hyemavi, in Galliâ verno tempore fruebar: Germaniæ finibus æstatem ago; si modò æstas vocari potest pluviosa hæcce et ingrata tempestas."

His correspondent Reviczki answers from Vienna on the 9th of August.

"En verité, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas fort à plaindre de ce changement continuel de climats et de lieux où vous dites être engagé depuis un an entier. C'est le plus grand bien à mon avis, qui puisse arriver à un homme qui dailleurs a toutes les dispositions pour voyager; vous avez passé les rigeurs de l'hyver, sous un ciel doux et tempéré en Italie, le printems en France et en Angleterre, il vous reste à passer l'été aux confins de l'Allemagne, dans un endroit qui est le rendezvous de toute l'Europe, et où l'on voit d'un coup d'œil, tantes de différentes nations assemblées; cela n'est il pas charmant? ou ne est ce pas là la partie essentielle des voyages πολλων ανθρωπων γνωναι νοον."

It seems that in this autumn Mr. Jones returned to England: he now determined to enter upon a new plan of life; with a high spirit of independence, and

a warm ambition, he was anxious to obtain both wealth and distinction; he therefore fixt upon the profession of the law, and was admitted of the Temple, 19th Sept. 1770.

On this subject he writes to Reviczki, "Jam inde a reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate sum quasi irretitus: circumstant amici, sodales, propinqui; hortantur ut poesin et literas Asiaticas aliquantisper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris studio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis spatiar, ut uno verbo actor causarum, et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem gessi, etinim solus per forenses occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus. Mirum est quam sim φιλοδοξος και φιλόπονος. Ecce me adeò oratorem. Erunt posthac literæ meæ πολιτικωτεραι; et si velit fortuna ut ad capessendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi consiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omnino mansuetiores literas negligere: poemata quædam patrio sermone scripta in lucem propediem edere statui; tragœdiam, Soliman dictam, in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm histriones invenero dignos, qui eam agant: prætereà poema epicum ingentis argumenti (cui Britanneis nomen) contexere institui; sed illud sanè eousque differam donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Interea bellissimos lego poetas Persicos; habeo codicum manu scriptorum lautam copiam, partim a me coëmptam, partim mihi commodatam; inter eos complures sunt historici, philosophi, et poetæ magni apud Persas nominis."

Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.

"I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,

'The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,'

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge."

"*To Robert Orme, Esq.*

April, 1772.

"It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those, who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions; that of the Ganges particularly pleased me; it is

absolutely a picture. I have remarked that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucidides describes the Achelous, and Xenophon the Teliboos, and both admirably, though in a different manner; the latter with his usual brevity and elegance, the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him. With respect to your style, if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it; for you have on all occasions selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement; and this is almost the greatest praise which a composition can claim.

"The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and so earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those, whose opinions you respect; and I need not say that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world.*"

In 1772 he published a small volume of poems, chiefly consisting of translations from the Asiatic languages. On the 30th of April the same year, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1773 took the degree of A.M.

In 1774 he published his commentaries on Asiatic poetry, which he had begun in 1766, and finished 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year. This work was received with admiration and applause by

the Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his country.

In January 1774 he was called to the bar, at which time he had remarked, that the law was a science which would admit of no participation with the Eastern Muses, whom therefore he abstained from for some years with the most determined inflexibility.

In November 1774 he writes to G. S. Michaelis, "Quod quæris, seriòne Musas Asiaticas et politiores literas deseruerim, nihil scito esse verius, nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut scribam au meditabor. Totus in foro sum, et in juris nostri studio Σπαρταν, ελεχον tua tamen opera teque ipsum, vir optime atque humanissime, plurimi semper faciam."

In 1776 he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

In 1778 he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary.

In this year he was soliciting a judgeship in India, as appears by the following extract from a letter to Lord Althorpe, dated Oct. 13, 1778. "The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt whether he will be; I think he will not, unless the Chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe the Minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appoint-

ed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years standing till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me, till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have 20,000l. in my pocket, before I am eight and thirty years old; and then I might contribute in some degree towards the service of my country in Parliament, as well as at the bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing; and I might be a Speaker in the House of Commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age: whereas in the slow career of Westminster Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear Lord, that if the Minister be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence without a debt, or a care of any kind."

Lord Teignmouth says, that the year 1780 formed an interesting era in his life, in which his occupations were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes expanded. His views were now more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench at Fort William in Bengal. "In this state of suspense, the political events of the times, received a more than ordinary share of his attention: he did not however enroll himself with any party; but looking up to the constitution and liberty of his

country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of 'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.' With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause, and this opinion once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity."

In this year he aspired to represent the University of Oxford, but was unsuccessful.

He published about this time a small pamphlet entitled "*An Enquiry into the legal method of suppressing Riots, and a Constitutional Plan of future Defence.*"

In the autumn of this year he was at Paris, to which he had also made a short excursion in the preceding summer. On his return he says, in a letter to Lord Althorpe, "after a very tedious and uncomfortable passage, I arrived at Margate on Wednesday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I spent at Paris. In this interval I have seen not indeed so many men and so many cities, as the hero of the Odyssey, but a sufficient number of both to have enlarged very considerably the sphere of my knowledge. I have heard much and thought more, but the result of all I have heard and thought is, that the war, which I have invariably and deliberately condemned

as no less unjust than impolitic, will continue very long to desolate the country of our brethren and exhaust our own."

Soon after he lost his mother, an event which involved him in the deepest affliction.

He devoted the winter of this year to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest repute in Arabia; while the result of his professional studies was "*An Essay on the Law of Bailments.*"

In the summer of 1782 he again visited France with an intention of proceeding thence to America on a professional business: but this plan being soon given up, he returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

"In his journey through life," says Lord Teignmouth, "Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying, for the entertainment of his friends, the store which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour. Of these a few have been preserved, and amongst them the following elegant song, the offspring of genius and innocent gaiety. It was written by Mr. Jones, some years before the period of his life at which I am now arrived, when he was a very young man, during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung at a kind of fête champêtre, which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye."

"Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,

Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure, which *prospects* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odor of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant* fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith† auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent, be just to his merit,
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran‡ o'erhangs the brown dale,
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give:

* The seat of W. Brigstoke, Esq.

† The seat of Thos. Lloyd, Esq.

‡ A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivey.

Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Statham or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey bearded sages,
Be nature, and love, and fair woman, our book;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labors were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor,* Slebeck,† and Coidsmor‡ were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or say, that preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red;
And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head,
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honors* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live."

In the beginning of 1783 Mr. Jones published his *Translation of the Seven Arabian Poems* which he

* Seat of Lord Dinevau's near Landily, in Carmarthen.

† Seat of —— Philips, Esq. near Haverford-West.

‡ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

had finished in 1781. The translator observes, "that these poems exhibit an exact picture of the virtues and vices of the Arabs in the age of the Seven Poets, their wisdom and their folly, and shew what may be constantly expected from men of open hearts, and boiling passions, with no law to controul, and little religion to restrain them."

"The period was now arrived," continues Lord Teignmouth, "when Mr. Jones had the happiness to gain the accomplishment of his most anxious wishes. In March 1783, during the administration of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, at Bengal, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph."

For his appointment to India, Mr. Jones was indebted to the friendship of Lord Ashburton.

Sir William Jones embarked for India in the Crocodile frigate, and in April 1783 left his native country, to which he was never to return, with the unavailing regret and affectionate wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

During his voyage to India, Sir William Jones sketched out a plan of studies and productions, recorded by Lord Teignmouth, which must appear extravagant even for his stupendous talents and industry.

In his Letter to Lord Ashburton, dated on board the Crocodile, 27, April, 1783, he says, "It is pos-

sible that by incessant labour and irksome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aspire to; but in no other station than that which I owe to your friendship could I have gratified my boundless curiosity concerning the people of the East, continued the exercise of my profession, in which I sincerely delight, and enjoyed at the same time the comforts of domestic life."

He landed at Calcutta in Sept. 1783, where his fame had preceded him, and he was received with general satisfaction. In December following he entered upon his judicial functions. Finding that the field of scientific research in India was too extensive for any individual, he immediately devised the plan of the Asiatic Literary Institution, in imitation of the Royal Society of London, which first assembled in January, 1804.

He now divided the whole of his time between the laborious duties of his office, and the extension of his oriental knowledge, which he pursued with such unabated zeal and application as continually to injure his health, but with a progress so rapid and wonderful, as nothing but the most decisive proofs of it could render credible.

"Various causes," he says in a letter, 1786, "contribute to render me a bad correspondent, particularly the discharge of my public duty, and the studies, which are connected with that duty, such as the Indian and Arabic laws in their several difficult languages, one of which has occupied most of my leisure for this last twelvemonth, excepting when I travelled to Islamabad, for the benefit of the sea air

and verdant hillocks during the hot season. It is only in such a retirement as the cottage, where I am passing a short vacation, that I can write to literary friends, or even think much on literary subjects."

Again he says, Oct. 5, 1786. "Various are the causes, which oblige me to be an indifferent and slow correspondent; first, illness, which had confined me three months to my couch; next, the discharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian judges, who are forced to act as justices of the peace in a populous country, where the police is deplorably bad; then the difficult study of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, in two copious languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which studies are inseparably connected with my public duty, and may tend to establish by degrees, among ten millions of our black subjects, that security of descendable property, a want of which has prevented the people of Asia from improving their agriculture and improvable arts; lastly, I may add, though rather an amusement than a duty, my pursuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain-head; an opportunity which, if once lost, may never be recovered."

Lord Teignmouth observes, that "the uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Some periods were chequered by illness, the conse-

quence of intense application; and other were embittered by the frequent and severe indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections."

June 24, 1787. "I am well, rising constantly between three and four, and usually walking two or three miles before sun-rise; my wife is tolerably well; and we only lament that the damp weather will soon oblige us to leave our flocks and herds, and all our rural delights on the banks of the Baghiratti. The business of the court will continue at least two months longer, after which I purpose to take a house at Bandell or Hugli, and pass my autumnal vacation as usual, with the Hindu bards."

Aug. 16, 1787. "I thank you heartily for the tender strains of the unfortunate Charlotte,* which have given us pleasure and pain; the sonnets which relate to herself are incomparably the best. Petrarca is little known; his sonnets, especially the first book, are the least valuable part of his works, and contain less natural sentiments than those of the swan of Avon; but his odes, which are political, are equal to the lyric poems of the Greeks; and his triumphs are in a triumphant strain of sublimity and magnificence."

Sept. 27, 1787. "I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally spend in a delightful cottage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and close to an ancient university of Brahmins, with whom I now converse familiarly in Sanscrit. You would be astonished at the resemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin.

* Sonnets by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

Sanscrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more essential service than the introduction of arts, (even if I should be able to introduce them) by procuring an accurate Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Laws, which the natives hold sacred, and by which both justice and policy require they should be governed."

Oct. 3, 1787. "Of English politics I say nothing; because I doubt whether you and I should agree in them. I do not mean the narrow politics of contending parties, but the great principles of government and legislation, the majesty of the whole nation collectively, and the consistency of popular rights with regal prerogative, which ought to be supported,* to suppress the oligarchical power."

Sir W. Jones at this time meditated an epic poem, on the same subject as that which he had designed in his twenty-second year; *the discovery of England by Brutus.* I confess I do not believe that his powers and habits were adapted to it; nor that he could ever have executed it with success.

But he now also meditated and arranged the scheme of a great national work, more within the compass of his immediate pursuits and qualifications, *A Complete Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Laws*, after the model of Justinian's Pandects, compiled by the most learned of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal translation of it into English. A prospectus of this he laid before Lord Cornwallis; on whose warm approval, Sir William undertook the

* If this was just, when Sir W. Jones wrote, as I believe it to have been, how much more applicable is it to the present moment! *Editor.*

amazing labour of superintendence and translation.

Sept. 27, 1788. "My own health, by God's blessing, is firm, but my eyes are weak; and I am so intent upon seeing the Digest of Indian Laws completed, that I devote my leisure almost entirely to that object: the Natives are much pleased with the work; but it is only a preliminary to the security which I hope to see established among our Asiatic subjects."

Oct. 15, 1790. "If the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that, which I now fill, I should most gratefully and respectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious judge, is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted that every judge, as well as every bishop, should remain for life in the place, which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man, who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four and forty years, and has learned to be contented. My private life is similar to that which you remember; seven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magistrate; and one hour to the new Indian Digest; for one hour in the evening I read aloud to Lady Jones."

Lady Jones, finding her constitution no longer able to endure the climate of India, embarked for England in Dec. 1793.

In the beginning of 1794 Sir William published a work in which he had been long engaged, *A Trans-*

lation of the Ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of Duties religious and civil.

Oct. 1793. "I will follow Lady Jones as soon as I can; possibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the season after that; for although I shall have more than enough to supply all the wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wish to complete the system of Indian laws while I remain in India, because I wish to perform whatever I promise with the least possible imperfection; and in so difficult a work doubts might arise, which the Pundits alone could remove."

As to Sir William Jones's religious opinions, the following testimony, copied from his own manuscript in his Bible, though frequently published, cannot be too often repeated:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

At length we arrive at the close of this most extraordinary man's life; and I shall give it in the words of his noble biographer.

"The few months allotted to his existence, after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his usual occupations, and more particularly to the discharge of that duty which alone detained him in India, the completion of the Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Law. But neither the consciousness

of acquitting himself of an obligation, which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his incessant assiduity, could fill the vacuity occasioned by the absence of her, whose society had sweetened the toil of application, and cheared his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their pursuits in some respects similar: his botanical researches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally passed together, in the perusal of the best modern authors, in the different languages of Europe. After her departure he mixed more in promiscuous society; but his affections were transported with her to his native country.

"On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets; and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "An ague in the Spring is a medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved, in fact, to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morn-

ing of that day his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."

It often happens that, in the delineation of the characters of men of genius, the difficulty is increased by the paucity of materials; in the present case it is augmented by their multiplicity. The almost incredible extent of Sir William Jones's acquirements requires a stretch of thought to comprehend, much more to describe them. By a paper of his own writing, it appears that he understood something of eight-and-twenty languages; "eight, critically; eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary; twelve, least perfectly, but all attainable."

Lord Teignmouth observes, that "in the eleven discourses, which he addressed to the Asiatic society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects, which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a

style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions he has more particularly displayed his profound oriental learning in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure."

"There were few sciences, in which he had not acquired considerable proficiency; in most his knowledge was profound."—"His last and favourite pursuit was the study of botany."

"It cannot be deemed useless or superfluous to inquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by constant exercise: and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been impressed upon it. In his early years, he seems to have entered upon his career of study with this maxim strongly impressed upon his mind, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him; and it has been remarked, that he never neglected, nor overlooked, any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.

"To an unextinguished ardour for universal knowledge he joined a perseverance in the pursuit of it, which subdued all obstacles. His studies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermissions of professional duties, were continued throughout the day: reflection and meditation strengthened and confirmed what industry and in-

vestigation had accumulated. It was also a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken."

Sir William entertained a strange opinion, (which was certainly a proof of his humility) that all men are born with equal mental capacities. Having supported this opinion in a conversation with Thomas Law, Esq. that gentleman sent him the following lines:

"Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind.*
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shewn,
You're ignorant of yourself alone."

To which Sir William Jones wrote the following answer:

"Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd:
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's, or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil;

And say (no higher meed I ask)
With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task.'
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most."

It has been observed, that this eminent man rather employed his mind in acquiring and arranging his materials, than in building structures of his own with them. I doubt whether his faculties, wonderful as they were, were not best adapted to that purpose. But be that as it may, we ought not to regret the mode in which he applied those astonishing intellectual powers; he now stands the first of his order, and that a very high order; and on this account deserves one of the most conspicuous places in the Temple of Fame.

As a poet, he is rather to be considered for his translations, than for original composition; but the tasks he undertook, he executed with uncommon spirit and splendour; and they were such as would have confounded one of less brilliant endowments by their "excess of light."

I will give a short song, as a specimen of his manner.

SONG.

"Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye idlers sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not that winter drear
Still delays your promised tale,

That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale;
Tell me not the woods are bare,
*Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillocks, view the meads;
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow,
Where she treads fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom."

I shall close this account with some lines on his death by the Duchess of Devonshire, of whose talents I am glad to have opportunity of giving a specimen:

On the death of Sir William Jones.

"Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,
'The most enlightened of the sons of men.'*

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends rever'd him, and his country blest.

* Dr. Johnson.

Admir'd and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend."

Art. DCLIII. JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

Of this very ingenious, but unfortunate, man, who, as I now learn from Mr. Southey's "Specimens," died as long ago as 1796, very little is known to the public. He was younger brother to the present Sir Charles Bampfylde, Bart. and, I presume, he was born 27 Aug. 1754. He was educated at Cambridge, where I became acquainted with his Sonnets, two years after their publication. They appeared with the following title:

"*Sixteen Sonnets. London: Printed by J. Millidge; and sold by D. Prince, of Oxford; Messrs. Merrill and Co. Cambridge; and D. Browne, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine Street, in the Strand.* 1778 *Sm. 4to.*

The following is the dedication:

"To Miss Palmer,* these Sonnets, which have been honoured with her approbation, are dedicated by her very sincere and devoted humble servant, John Bampfylde."

Soon after the publication of these Sonnets, from what unfortunate cause I am ignorant, he began to

* Niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds, now Marchioness of Thomond.

exhibit symptoms of mental derangement; and is said to have passed the last years of his life in confinement.*

These Sonnets, little known, which always appeared to me to possess great and original merit, have now received the sanction of Mr. Southey's praise, with which I am much gratified. But as I am anxious to extend his fame by additional channels, I shall, while my friend Mr. Park is preparing a new edition of the whole, in conjunction with the neglected relics of two or three other deserving young men of genius, insert two specimens here.

SONNET III.

"As when, to one, who long hath watch'd, the Morn
Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day,
(What time the young and flowry-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn;)
And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain gray:
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
Th' awaken'd birds begin the amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have wak'd to mourn,
That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain!"

SONEET XI.

To Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

"Tho' Winter's storms embrown the dusky vale,
And dark and wistful wanes the low'ring year;

* After this article appeared in the first edition, Mr. Southey honoured me in a private letter with a most beautiful and affecting account of Bampfylde, which may one day see the light.

Tho' bleak the moor, forlorn the cots, appear,
And thro' the hawthorn sighs the sullen gale;
Yet do thy strains most rare, thy lays, ne'er fail
Midst the drear scene my drooping heart to cheer;
Warm the chill blood, and draw the rapturous tear.
Whether thou lov'st in mournful mood to wail
Lycid 'bright genius of the sounding shore,'
Or else with slow and solemn hymns to move
My thoughts to piety and virtue's lore;
But chiefest when, (if Delia grace the measure,)
Thy lyre o'erwhelming all my soul in pleasure,
Rolls the soft song of joy, and endless love."

Mr. Jackson intended to have published an edition of Bampfylde's poems, with some account of the author, with whom he had a personal acquaintance; but he died without accomplishing his design.

Art. DCLIV. MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

I take this opportunity of giving a short account of this author.

William Jackson of Exeter was son of a tradesman of that city, where he was born about 1730. As he early discovered a great genius for music, he was educated to that profession under the organist of the cathedral there. He afterwards went to London, where he improved himself under eminent masters, and returned to teach music at the place of his nativity. At length, in 1777, he was appointed organist of Exeter cathedral.

In 1782 he rose at once into literary fame by the publication of "*Thirty Letters on various Subjects,*" 2 vols 12mo. These principally consisted of Essays on the Belles Lettres, and evinced taste, learning, vivacity, originality, and even genius.

His celebrity in musical composition had already been widely extended, and he now held a considerable rank amongst authors.

In 1798 he published "*The Four Ages; together with Essays on various subjects. By William Jackson, of Exeter.*" 8vo. pp. 454. Printed for Cadell and Davies.

This work consisted of so much instructive, original, and entertaining matter, that it added much to the author's well-earned fame. It contained however some opinions on religion not sufficiently considered, and which gave offence to serious readers.

His account of Gainsborough the painter, will exhibit a characteristic and interesting specimen.

Gainsborough, the painter.

"In the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was perhaps better known to me, than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him, as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works given by people, who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

"Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement; yet, there were times

when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

"When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure; but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

"He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from 'morn to dewy eve!' many an Adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed. This was wonderful, as it was Abel's own instrument, and therefore ought to have produced Abel's own music!

"Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds, which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself

with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private, not on the hautboy but the violin; but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger, if he pretended to excel on two instruments.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath; the performer was soon left harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten; there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

"He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away. If you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians.

"This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill luck would have it, he heard Crossdill; but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crossdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree."*

* P. 147. See Brit. Crit. XIII. p. 533.

"In this way he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step; the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable." *

Mr. Jackson died at Exeter, 12 July, 1803. Thomas Jackson, Esq. now or lately Minister Plenipotentiary to Sardinia, is, I believe, one of his sons.

Art. DCLV. CAPT. EDWARD THOMPSON.

Edward Thompson was son of a merchant at Hull, in Yorkshire, where he was born about 1738. He was educated at Beverley, under the Rev. Mr. Clarke, and thence removed to Hampstead, under the care of Dr. Cox. He early embraced a maritime life, and in 1750 sailed on a voyage to Greenland. In 1754 he was engaged on board an Indiaman, and became what is called "*a Guinea Pig.*:" though other accounts say, that he went to the East Indies with Sir Peter Dennis, on board the Dorsetshire, and was in the memorable action off Quiberon Bay. By his "Sailor's Letters," it appears he was at Madras, Ceylon, and Bengal, of which he has given descriptions, that shew the accuracy of his observation, and the cultivation of his talents.

In 1755 he returned to England; where in November we find him on board the Sterling-Castle in the Downs. In 1756 he sailed from Portsmouth to New York, and thence to Antigua; and arriving

* P. 154. See Brit. Crit. XIII. p. 633.

the following year in England, he was promoted to be a lieutenant, and appointed to the Jason, which was sent over to Embden with Brudenell's Regiment to reinforce the garrison. In 1758 he sailed in the Dorsetshire to Lisbon, and in 1759, cruising between the Bay of Biscay and the chops of the channel, was engaged in Hawke's celebrated battle with Conflans. In 1761 he sailed in the Bellona.

The peace, that ensued, left his active mind at leisure to cultivate literature. A poem of a temporary nature procured him the acquaintance of Churchill, whose whig principles he strenuously cherished. At this time he lived in a small house in Kew-lane; whence in 1764 he produced a poem called "*The Soldier*," which was well received. He then retired for some time to Scotland, where he meditated a professional work, which he never executed.

In 1765, he published "*The Courtezan*," a poem, 4to. and "*The Demirep*," a poem, 4to. In 1767, he produced his "*Sailor's Letters, written during his Voyages in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from* 1754 *to* 1759." In 1769, he commanded the Tartuffe cutter, off the coast of Scotland.

He had during this period written many political and dramatic pieces, which recommended him to the notice of Garrick; and Garrick, through his intimacy with Sir Edward Hawke, procured him a master and commander's warrant in 1771; and in the following year, Sir Peter Denis, commanding in the Mediterranean, made him post into the Niger.

But before this he had edited "*The Works of Oldham*," 3 vols. 1771; a collection of fugitive pieces called "*The Court of Cupid*," and a collection of Bon Mots, under the title of "*Aristophanes*."

In 1773, he brought forth "*The Fair Quaker, or The Humours of the Navy, a Comedy*," 8vo. and in 1776 and in 1777 fitted for the stage two other pieces, not published.

In 1773 he began in concert with Mr. John Mac-Millan,* the Westminster Magazine. In 1777, he edited "*The Works of Paul Whitehead*," and the same year "*The Works of Andrew Marvel*." In 1778 he edited a collection of fugitive poetical pieces, called "*The Muse's Mirror*."

But as soon as the war broke out with France, he was called away from these peaceful occupations, being appointed in 1778 to the command of the Hyæna. He was in Rodney's famous action off Cape St. Vincent; of which he brought home the

* This young man died Feb. 11, 1774, at the early age of twenty-five. He was a native of Invernesshire. He is said to have been "an accurate critic, an elegant poet, and an agreeable novelist." Thompson wrote the following lines to his memory.

"If modest worth, truth, honour, and good sense,
To public favour ever made pretence,
Surely none bade, in these degenerate days,
At once so fair for universal praise.
Reserv'd, though wise; though gentle, most severe;
Firm, though eccentric; various, though sincere.
Farewell, my friend; and at thy honour'd shrine,
My soul, I own, was near allied to thine:
The Muses taught us one poetic strain,
And in their favourite cradle nurs'd the twain."

intelligence; and was soon afterwards appointed commodore of an expedition against Demerara, which, with Berbice and Essequibo, surrendered without opposition. He afterwards conveyed home a fleet of merchantmen from St. Eustathius. At the end of the war he was stationed on the coast of Africa.

In 1785 he was appointed commander of the Grampus, and sent again to the coast of Africa; where he caught a fever, and died aboard that ship, Jan. 17, 1786. An event, which filled his crew with universal lamentation, as they considered him a brave and skilful commander, a friend, and a father.

Many young men, since distinguished for naval enterprise, were brought up under his tuition, among which were his nephew Sir Boulden Thompson,* and Sir Home Popham.

But the merits, by which Captain Thompson will be best known to posterity, are his *Sea Songs*; which are still on every one's lips; more especially those three beautiful and affecting compositions, beginning "*Loose every sail to the breeze*," "*The Topsail shivers in the wind*," "*Behold upon the gallant wave*."

Art. DCLVI. GREGORY LEWIS WAY, ESQ.

Having by some accident omitted in my various Literary Obituaries the death of this ingenious man, I am anxious to make slight amends to his memory

* Qu? if Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson was not his son?

by an account of him in this place, more especially as I have an opportunity of borrowing a sketch of his character by a writer, whose peculiarly simple and elegant style deserves every praise, which a critic can bestow on it.

Mr. Way was scarcely known in the literary world before he died. He published

"*Fabliaux, or Tales, abridged from French Manuscripts of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, by M. Le Grand, selected and translated into English Verse. With a preface and notes. Vol. I.*" 8vo. *pp.* 280. *Faulder.* 1796.*

In this work he was assisted by his friend, Mr. George Ellis; who after his death published "*The Second Volume. With a preface, notes, and appendix.*" 8vo. *pp.* 340. *Faulder.* 1800.

Mr. Ellis has here completed some of the Tales, which his friend had left unfinished, and added the short memoir which I am about to copy.

Memoir of Mr. Way, by Mr. G. Ellis.

"It is a trite observation, that the life of an author is seldom capable of affording much amusement to the reader; and that of Mr. Way was particularly barren of incident: for his biographer would have little to relate, except that he was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards to the Temple; and that having married early in life, he retired almost immediately to a small country seat in Essex, where he died on the 26th of April, 1799, after a very short illness, in the

* A new Edition of both volumes appeared in 1815.

forty-third year of his age. Finding himself possessed of a fortune, which seemed to remove the absolute necessity of addicting himself to any profession, though insufficient without strict economy to meet the wants of a growing family, he voluntarily devoted himself to retirement, which was not much interrupted by an annual visit of a month to some near relations in the country, and by a fortnight usually allotted to an old friend in London. Under such circumstances, it was scarcely possible that he should fail to contract some peculiarities; because, being neither solicitous for wealth, nor power, and having no habitual occupations or amusements, which required the assistance of society, he was not likely to imitate, or even to notice the vicissitudes, which fashion is daily producing in the dress, and gestures, and manners, and language, and opinions of what is called the world. He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidence on which it rests, the hopes it holds out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the object of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry: and from this choice of occupations and amusements, a choice dictated partly by reflection, and partly, perhaps, by the effects of situation and early habit, he certainly acquired such a constant flow of cheerfulness, as a life of more ac-

tivity and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce.

"It has been remarked, that he had some peculiarities; but they were such as it is not easy to describe, because they were not the result of eccentricity, or of any marked deviation from general habits. There was nothing in them on which ridicule could fasten. His manners were easy and unembarassed, and his address particularly attractive, from being marked with that best sort of politeness, which is the expression of benevolence. But that perfect simplicity of demeanour which borrows nothing from imitation, has certainly a singular appearance in the eyes of those who are only conversant with artificial society: perhaps, indeed, few peculiarities are more striking than a total absence of all affectation.

"His conversation was very characteristic, and extremely amusing; particularly on those topics which seemed most remote from his usual pursuits, and in which he was led to take an interest only by that kindness of disposition which prevented him from viewing with indifference any amusement of his friends. There are probably few subjects less propitious to the display of literary acquirements than the discussion of a fox-chase, yet I have seen him voluntarily engage even with this untoward argument: and he applied with such taste and sagacity the learning he had acquired from Master Turberville and the book of St. Albans; his language was so picturesque; and he drew so comical a parallel between the opinions of practitioners in the science in different ages, that the effect was scarcely less strik-

ing than if Sir Tristram, or King Arthur, had unexpectedly descended among a company of modern sportsmen. On all occasions the Cervantic turn of his humour was singularly heightened by his researches in antiquarian knowledge.

"It is impossible to consider such a simple and amiable character without lamenting that he neglected to become his own biographer; because no species of writing, perhaps, is more capable of uniting amusement with utility than the genuine unvarnished picture of private life; and certainly no species of writing is so uncommon. Many, indeed, have professed to lay the whole contents of their memory before the public, and to expose all their thoughts and actions to their inspection: but in these reports of their conscience, whether under the humble name of 'confessions,' or the more sincere title of 'appeals to posterity,' we generally find modes of acting and feeling more remote from common nature, than those of an Amadis or a Cassandra: and are unable to draw any practical lesson from such a delineation, unless it be that much real vice and folly may result from a sickly sensibility and an over-delicate organization.

"An eminent French writer has observed, that even in novels, and other fictitious descriptions of human nature, where the hero and heroine are rewarded by the completion of all their wishes, their happiness is announced, indeed, but never particularized: and that no writer has yet been found, whose confidence in his imagination and powers of amusement was so sturdy as to cope with the monotony of domestic felicity. If this sarcastic remark be at all

just, it must be because the painter of ideal life is in want of real models from which he may copy his delineations. In every other science we find authentic records of experiments, which have been made with caution, and described with minute and circumstantial accuracy; but in the great art of being happy, the experience of every man becomes useless to the rest of the world. Those who are most attached to life, and most desirous of protracting its duration, have probably passed some hours which they would willingly have retrenched from the sum of existence, and have endeavoured, with more or less success, to quicken their passage. It may be presumed, therefore, that the history of a practical moralist, who was forced to construct his scheme of happiness with common materials, and to fight the tediousness of life with weapons which are within every man's reach, would prove neither useless nor unentertaining. Such a moralist was Mr. Way. He was not, like the imaginary Rasselas, a prince, or a traveller; but he found, in the affection of his wife, in the duty of his children, and the hopes afforded by religion, a compensation for all the disappointments and miseries to which life is subject."

Art. DCLVII. MAURICE MORGAN.

1802, March 28, died at Knightsbridge, aged 76, Maurice Morgan, Esq. Commissioner of the Hackney-Coach Office, formerly Private Secretary to Lord Shelburne, author of An Essay on the Character of Falstaff, and distinguished for his extensive

knowledge. Dr. Symmons, in his Life of Milton, lately published, has introduced the following eloquent memorial of this author. Having cited some passages from his Essay, which he says, "forms a more honourable monument to the memory of Shakspeare, than any, which has been reared to him by the united labours of his commentators," he goes on thus: "With the name of Maurice Morgan, who has fondled my infancy in his arms, who was the friend of my youth, who expanded the liberality of my opening heart, and first taught me to think, and to judge; with this interesting name, so many sadly-pleasing recollections are associated, that I cannot dismiss it without reluctance. He was my friend; but he was the friend also of his species. The embrace of his mind was ample; that of his benevolence was unbounded. With great rectitude of understanding he possessed a fancy that was always creative and playful. On every subject, for on every subject he thought acutely and deeply, his ideas were original and striking. Even when he was in error, he continued to be specious and to please: and he never failed of your applause, though he might sometimes of your assent. When your judgment coyly held back, your imagination yielded to his seductive addresses; and you wished him to be right, when you were forced to pronounce that he was wrong. This is spoken only of those webs, which his fancy perpetually spun, and dipped in the rainbow: his heart was always in the right. With a mind of too fine a texture for business, too theoretical and abstract to be executive, he discharged with honour the office of Under Secretary of State,

when the present Marquis of Lansdown was for the first time in power; and he was subsequently sent by that nobleman across the Atlantic, as the intended legislator of Canada. His public and his private life were impelled by the same principles to the same object;—by the love of liberty and virtue to the happiness of man. If his solicitous and enlightened representations had experienced attention, the temporary and the abiding evils of the American contest would not have existed; and the mother and her offspring would still have been supported and supporting with their mutual embrace. From a long intercourse with the world he acquired no suspicion, no narrowness, no hardness, no moroseness. With the simplicity and candour, he retained to the last the cheerfulness and the sensibility, of childhood. The tale of distress, which he never staid to investigate, passed immediately through his open ear into his responsive heart; and his fortune, small as his disinterestedness had suffered it to remain, was instantly communicated to relieve. His humanity comprehended the whole animated creation, and nothing could break the tenor of his temper but the spectacle of oppression or cruelty. His failings (and the most favoured of our poor species are not without failings) were few, and untinctured with malignity. High as he was placed by Nature, he was not above the littleness of vanity; and kindly as were the elements blended in him, his manner would sometimes betray that contempt of others, which the wisest are, perhaps, the least prone to entertain, and which the best are the most studious to conceal. Though he courted praise, and was not

nice respecting the hand, which tendered it, or the form in which it came, yet has he refused it in the most honourable shape, and when offered to him by the public. He has been importuned in vain to give a second edition of his Essay on Falstaff: and his repeated injunctions have impelled his executrix to an indiscriminate destruction of his papers, some of which, in the walks of politics, metaphysics, and criticism, would have planted a permanent laurel on his grave.

"Such were his frailties and inconsistencies, the objects only of a doubtful smile: but his virtues and his talents made him the delight of the social, the instruction or the comfort of the solitary hour.

"Though he had been accustomed to contemplate the awful crisis of death with more terror than belonged to his innocent life, or to his generally intrepid breast, he met the consummation without alarm, and expired with as much serenity as he had lived.

This event happened at his house in Knightsbridge, in the 77th year of his age, on the 28th of March, 1802.

Χαιρε! Vale!

"I shall never cease to think with a sigh of the grave in which I saw your body composed, till my own body shall require the same pious covering of dust, and shall solicit, with far inferior claims, yet haply not altogether in vain, for the same fond charity of a tear."

From Dr. Symmons's Life of Milton.

Art. DCLVIII. WILLIAM STEVENS, ESQ. F.S.A.

Died on the 7th of March, 1807, after a few hours' illness, with which he was seized, as he was stepping into his carriage, William Stevens, Esq. F.S.A. and Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty. He was a man of singular excellence of character, and of the soundest learning, particularly, in Divinity, which was his favourite study, and in which he was as deeply, if not more deeply read, than any layman of his time. In him religion and virtue have lost one of their brightest ornaments, and the Church of England one of her most firm and stedfast friends. Possessed of a liberal income, he employed the greatest part of it, in acts of charity, which were regulated with a degree of system and judiciousness, that were truly admirable; and were performed in that quiet and unostentatious manner, which clearly evinced that he sought for no other reward than the approbation of his own conscience. It may be truly said of him, that "*he did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame.*" As a friend he was kind and sincere; and as a companion he was sought after by both old and young, on account of the amiableness of his disposition, the engaging simplicity and chearfulness of his manners, and the amusement and instructiveness of his conversation.

The following is a list of the literary performances, which have, at different times, issued from his pen.

1. "*A Treatise on the Nature and Constitution of*

the Christian Church, wherein are set forth the Form of its Government, the Extent of its Powers, and the Limits of our Obedience," &c. *By a Layman. Anno* 1773.

II. "*Cursory Observations on the Pamphlet of the Rev. Fras. Wollaston, on the subject of Subscription to the* 39 *Articles.*"

III. "*Strictures on a Sermon entitled the Principles of the Revolution vindicated, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Wednesday,* 19 *May,* 1776, *by Rd. Watson, D.D. and Regius Professor of Divinity in that University. In a Letter to a Friend.*" 1777.

IV. "*The Revolution vindicated and Constitutional Liberty asserted; in answer to the Rev. Dr. Watson's Accession-Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, on* 25 *Oct.* 1776. *In a Letter to a Friend.*" 1777.

V. "*A New and faithful Translation of Letters from M. L'Abbé* ***, *Hebrew Professor in the University of* *** *to Dr. Benjn. Kennicott, with an Introductory Preface, in answer to a late Pamphlet published with a view to vindicate Dr. Kennicott from the arguments and facts alledged against him in the French Letters.*" 1775.

VI. "*A Discourse on the English Constitution, extracted from a late eminent Writer, and applicable to the present Times.*"

VII. "*A Review of a Review of a new Preface to the Second Edition of Mr. Jones's Life of Bishop*

Horne, in the British Critic for Feb. 1800. *In a Letter to a Friend. By AIN.*"

The above mentioned works have been some time out of print, except the Treatise on the Church, which has been republished by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, with the author's name.

The Life of the Rev. Wm. Jones of Nayland, prefixed to the works of that learned divine, was also the production of Mr. Stevens; who besides edited the *Third and Fourth Volumes of Bishop Horne's Sermons,* and *a Volume of Occasional Discourses* by the same able and learned hand.

It was to Mr. Stevens, Bishop Horne, the Rev. Dr. Glasse, and the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, that the learned John Parkhurst inscribed his fourth edition of the *Hebrew Lexicon,* as "*the Favourers and Promoters*" of the work.

Between Bishop Horne and Mr. Stevens (who were cousins) a very close and tender friendship existed, which commenced in their youth, and continued, uninterrupted and undiminished, to the decease of the excellent prelate. His Lordship's celebrated "*Letters on Infidelity,*" are, in an introductory epistle, dedicated to Mr. Stevens, under the initials W. S. Esq.: and from that epistle, it appears, that the design of the work was suggested to the good bishop's mind by Mr. Stevens. The prefatory epistle to Mr. Jones's Life of Bishop Horne is likewise dedicated to Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens was an excellent Hebraist, and a considerable Grecian. He was bred to the business of a wholesale

hosier, and continued to carry on that business until within a very few years of his death, which took place in the very house, in which he had served his apprenticeship, and had pursued his trade.

A considerable resemblance of character is observable between the subject of these notices, and old Isaak Walton, the author of the well-known and much admired Lives of Donne, Hooker, Bishop Sanderson, and Herbert. They were both tradesmen, and scholars; both eminent for sound religious learning; and they both enjoyed the friendship, society, and correspondence of the most distinguished characters of the ages in which they respectively lived; they were also both of them men of the greatest and most active Christian virtues.

Mr. Stevens was in possession of a large collection of Letters, on literary and other interesting subjects, received by him from the venerable prelate abovementioned, during the course of their long and intimate connection. There can be no doubt, that a judicious selection from those letters, would prove a most valuable present to the literary public. Mr. Jones of Nayland was also in possession of several hundreds of his friend the bishop's letters, which, from the interesting matter with which they abounded, he had some intention of publishing, as appears from a passage in his Life of Dr. Horne. But he died without carrying this design into effect. These letters, and all the MSS. of Mr. Jones came into the hands of his son, the Rev. W. Jones of Clare, who died in 1804 or 1805.

About ten years ago, Mr. Stevens was prevailed upon by some of his friends to collect his writings

together in a volume, which he did; and entitled it ΟΤΔΕΝΟΣ ΕΡΓΑ, *the works of* NOBODY. From this time he went by the name of NOBODY among his friends, who, about that period, to the number of thirty, formed themselves into a dinner society, called "*Nobody's Club*," in honour of Mr. S. which met several times in the year. In this select club, there were several members of both Houses of Parliament, and some of the most distinguished characters in the church, the law, in medicine, and in other respectable walks of life.*

C.

ART. DCLIX. DR. GLO'STER RIDLEY.

DR. GLO'STER RIDLEY was of the same family with Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who fell a martyr to the persecutions of Queen Mary. He was born 1702, on board the Gloucester East-Indiaman, from whence he took his name; educated at Winchester; Fellow of New College, Oxford, LL.B. 29 April, 1729. Here he laid the foundation of those acquirements, which afterwards distinguished him as a poet, historian, and divine. For many years his only preferment was the small college living of Weston Longueville, in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex: to these the College afterwards added the donative of Rumford in Essex. In this seclusion he was content with domestic happiness; and the friendship of a select few,

* The Editor is indebted for this memoir to a very valuable Correspondent, to whom he returns his warm thanks. A fuller Memoir of Mr. Stevens has since been published in a separate volume.

distinguished for learning and worth. In 1740 and 1742 he preached eight sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1763, he published "The Life of Bishop Ridley" in 4to. In 1765, he published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768 in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which the "Confessional" produced, was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden Prebend at Salisbury. He died Nov. 3, 1774, æt. 72, leaving a widow, and four daughters; of whom Mrs. Evans, the only married one, published several novels.

In the latter part of his life, he lost both his sons; each a youth of abilities. The elder, James Ridley, was author of, 1. The Tales of the Genii. 2. A humourous paper, called "The Schemer," afterwards collected into a volume. 3. The History of James Lovegrove, Esq.; and some other literary works. Thomas, the younger, died of the small-pox, a writer at Madras.

Two poems by Dr. Ridley, one styled "Jovi Eleutherio, or an offering to Liberty;" the other, called "Psyche," are in Dodsley's Collection. "Melampus," the sequel of the latter, has since been published by subscription. His Transcript of the Syriac Gospels has been published with a literal Latin translation by Professor White, in 2 vols. 4to. at Oxford.

From a Note to Nichols's Collection of Poems, Vol. VIII. p. 74.

Art. DCLX. MISS PENNINGTON.

This young poetess died in 1759, at the early age of 25. She was daughter of the Rev. Mr. Pennington, Rector of Huntingdon. Mr. John Duncombe has celebrated her in his Feminead," for her "Copper Farthing," printed in Dilly's "Repository," 1777, Vol. I. p. 131. Her "Ode to a Thrush" is in Dodsley's Collection; and her "Ode to Morning" and "a Riddle" in Nichols's Collection.

From the same, Vol. VI. p. 27.

Art. DCLXI. MISS FARRER.

This lady was a cotemporary, and probably of the same neighbourhood, with Miss Pennington. Mr. Edwards, (in Richardson's Correspondence, edited by Mrs Barbauld,) speaks of her "charming Ode on the Spring;" and in the same publication is inserted the following "Ode to Cynthia."

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

BY MISS FARRER.

"Sister of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene;
Whose friendly beams by night appear
The lonely traveller to cheer!
Attractive Power, whose mighty sway
The Ocean's swelling waves obey;
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise!
Thee wither'd hags at midnight hour
Invoke to their infernal bower.

But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
Thy kindly beams alone impart,
To find the youth who stole my heart;
And guide me, from thy silver throne,
To steal *his* heart, or *find* my own!"

Art. DCLXII. DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The character of Oliver Goldsmith offers many points of deep disquisition, which have never yet been entered upon, in an interesting, and still less in a satisfactory, manner. I feel my own inability, as well as my want of materials, to execute this task myself at any period, but more especially at the present, when a want of time and a great hurry of spirits must weaken the little powers I possess. Nevertheless the occasion calls; and I must do the best, which it admits.

Genius, we well know, surmounts the barriers of unpropitious circumstances, and is independent of birth, fortune, and opportunity. In the descent and early education of Goldsmith there was indeed nothing unfavourable to the powers he afterwards displayed; but in the events of his life, which immediately followed, in the indiscretion of his conduct, which had often the appearance of absolute fatuity, he had violent prejudices and difficulties to conquer, over which his brilliant talents triumphantly prevailed.

Our poet, a native of Ireland, was born 29 Nov.

1728, at the parish of Forney, in the county of Longford. His father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, afterwards minister of Kilkenny West in the county of Westmeath. His mother's name was Anne Jones. He received the first rudiments of learning from a village schoolmaster, who had been a quarter-master in Queen Anne's wars, and having been a great traveller, and possessing a romantic turn of mind, is supposed to have given his pupil the first tincture of that wandering and unsettled turn, which afterwards became a prominent trait of his life.

At this period his relations describe him to have exhibited many of those characteristics of moody thoughtfulness, or sudden vivacity, which Beattie so beautifully attributes to his young Minstrel, Edwin. These qualities at length induced his father, embarrassed as he was by a large family, and small income, to send him to the University of Dublin, with the assistance of the Rev. Thomas Contarine, a man of eminent learning, and a generous spirit, who had married his aunt. In June 1744 he was accordingly entered at Dublin College. But his tutor, Mr. Wilder, was a man of savage disposition, and perhaps laid the seeds of all his future misfortunes. Once when Goldsmith offended against the discipline of the place, by giving a supper and dance in his rooms, this man broke in upon the party with so much rudeness, and treated his pupil with such ferocity, that the disgraced lad fled from the University, and wandered about for six weeks, none of his friends knew whither, till all his money and claims of hospitality were exhausted, when he returned pennyless to his mother's house.

While he remained at college he gave few proofs of those extraordinary endowments, which Nature had bestowed on him. His hard-hearted and undiscerning tutor had broken his spirit, and brought on an habitual despondence, which was attended by its constant concomitant, a morbid indolence. He was generally seen lounging in the gateway in a state of apparent stupor; while flimsy witlings passed him by in scorn, and gloried in their own superiority.

Conceive the indignant flashes, which must now and then even at this period have lightened through the gloom of his mind. "These triflers, so vain of their slender faculties; these insects now fluttering in the short sunshine of unmerited encouragement! The day will yet come, when the blaze of my reputation shall eclipse and mortify them, and give me ample vengeance for these insults! Stupid and heavy as they deem my intellects, that very heaviness is brooding over scenes of future fertility, which shall put my enemies to shame, and unexpectedly astonish my despairing friends!"

He was not admitted to the degree of A. B. till 27 Feb. 1749, two years after the regular time. It seems that he had lost his father at this time, and that his uncle Contarine supplied his place. This good man enabled him to remove to Edinburgh in 1752 to study physic: where he attended the lectures of Monro, and other professors in the medical line. In a letter dated 26 Sept. 1753, he has given a ludicrous account of Edinburgh society at this time.

From Edinburgh he removed to Leyden, where he stayed about a year. Here he suffered many

vicissitudes from an indulgence of that unhappy love of gambling, from which he never afterwards was free, and which rendered the affluent income of his latter days not much more capable of preserving him from pecuniary embarrassment, than the slender one of his former life.

Driven by distress thus created from Leyden, he is said to have set out, with no money in his pocket, a pedestrian wanderer on the tour of Europe; and many of the particulars ascribed to the traveller in the Vicar of Wakefield are believed to have happened to himself; especially, his obtaining entrance and entertainment at the houses of the peasantry by the exhibition of his humble skill in music. When he approached one of these cottages at night-fall, he played one of his merriest tunes; and the doors of the generous inhabitants were instantly open to him. What an affecting picture of fortitude in adversity! What a romantic tale, if exhibited in all its circumstances, by the glowing pencil of Genius! With a sensibility acute in itself, which must ever be the case with men of vivid intellect; but rendered trebly active by the scenes of difficulty, in which he was placed,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy——"

with what gratitude and delight, must he have looked on those, who thus received "the houseless stranger." With what feelings of admiration and affection must he have beheld the face of the simple peasant-girl listening to his music and his stories!

It is said that in these wanderings Goldsmith first felt within him the powers of a poet; and that at this time he first made many of the sketches, which

he afterwards worked into such beautiful pictures in his poem, entitled "The Traveller."

In this way he passed through Flanders, and some parts of France and Germany, to Switzerland, a country, in which he found peculiar pleasure. "I fought my way," said he, "from convent to convent, walked from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

He now visited all the northern part of Italy; and beheld Venice, Verona, and Florence. At this period he lost his uncle, who was his principal supporter, and resolved to return home. He had still no means of travelling but on foot; in which manner he returned through France, and reached Dover in 1756.

Hence he resorted to the capital, where yet without money or friends, he had to seek the means of subsistence. Those means were difficult to be found even in an humble capacity, by a stranger of unpolished manners and neglected appearance. He sought admission as an usher into some school or academy; but even there experienced little facility in the attainment of his wishes. Such however was his well-grounded pride, and just confidence in his future eminence, that his applications were made in a feigned name; and when he had occasion to seek the recommendation of Dr. Radcliff, who had been joint tutor to him with his cruel enemy, he informed him of this circumstance, and requested him to humour this innocent concealment.

He probably did not long continue this degrading employment, but next applied for the place of an as-

sistant in the shops of apothecaries and druggists, which from his forlorn figure and uncouth dialect he did not procure without much mortification and many denials.

At length he met with his friend Dr. Sleigh, with whom he had been a fellow-student at Edinburgh. By the assistance of this affectionate and liberal man, he resolved to commence the practice of his original profession of physic, which he began first in Southwark; and afterwards in the neighbourhood of the Temple. It is probable he was not very successful; but the comparative dignity of his new situation perhaps revived his spirits, and gave him leisure to attempt those literary occupations, by which he was ere long to acquire so much fame, and so much money.

In a letter to an Irish friend, dated 27 Dec. 1757, written with all that simplicity and naiveté, which afterwards so much distinguished the style of this writer, he says, "I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it, at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret; in short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than Poverty; but it were well, if they only left us at the door: the mischief is, they sometimes give us their company at the entertainment; and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this

particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends."

The next year Goldsmith had an intention of going physician to one of the factories in India, for which he obtained a regular appointment. This intention gradually cooled, and was at last laid aside. He was now employed about eight months by Mr. Griffiths in writing for the Monthly Review. And in 1759 he published his *Enquiry into the present State of Polite Literature in Europe, Printed for Dodsley*, 1759. 12*mo*.

At this time the poet occupied mean and dirty lodgings in Green-Arbour Court, Old Bailey. He afterwards removed to better apartments in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street, where he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he sold on a pecuniary emergency to Mr. Newbery, for 60l. In 1761 commenced his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson. In the course of the three or four subsequent years, his connection with Newbery drew on him many other literary tasks, which he executed for his subsistence. Among these were his *Letters on English History*, 2 vols. 12*mo*. and his *Letters of a Chinese Philosopher*, published in the "Ledger," and collected by Newbery into 2 vols 12mo. His best fugitive pieces were also collected under the title of *Essays*, 1765, 12*mo*.

He had now a project of obtaining a mission into the internal parts of Africa, in search of knowledge; and applied to Lord Bute for a salary to enable him to undertake it. But in vain: for his reputation was not yet established.

At length in 1765 his celebrated poem, *The Travel-*

ler, was given to the public, and immediately raised him to a high seat in the temple of fame. Lord Nugent, himself a minor poet, now became his patron; and introduced him to the Earl of Northumberland, who regretted he did not know his desire of travelling to Africa, during his Lieutenancy of Ireland, which he had lately resigned, as he would have procured him a salary on the Irish establishment for that purpose: though Johnson observed that of all men Goldsmith was least fitted for such an employment, as he knew nothing of the state of the arts he was about to quit.

In 1764 our author took up his abode in the Temple, where after changing his chambers twice he closed his life. About this time he was one of the institutors of the Literary Club. In 1765 he gave the public his Ballad of *The Hermit*.

He was now encouraged to try the drama by his comedy of "*The Good Natured Man*," which was represented at Covent Garden, 29 Jan. 1768. During the intervals of his greater works, he supported himself, as usual, by several historical compilations for the booksellers.

The Deserted Village appeared in 1769. The next year he made a short trip to Paris, in company with a party of ladies. In 1771, it appears by a letter to Mr. Bennet Langton, that he was busily employed about his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, which was not published till 1774, in 8 vols. 8vo.

On 15th March, 1773, his second comedy, *The Mistakes of a Night; or She Stoops to Conquer*,

was acted at Covent Garden, with the highest applause.

Notwithstanding the various works, which he had already produced with so much credit, and for which he was most liberally paid, his total want of prudence and management, added to that unfortunate addiction to gambling, which had aggravated the difficulties of his earlier life, had now so embarrassed his circumstances, as to prey upon his mind, which in the Spring of 1774, brought on his old complaint, the strangury. This increased so far, as on the 25th of March to bring on a violent fever. Medical assistance was called in; but the symptoms became every day more unfavourable, and unluckily he persisted against the advice and importunities of those who attended him, in an improper use of James's Powders. After ten days struggle, his disorder terminated in death, on the 4th of April, 1774, in the 46th year of his age.

Of this extraordinary, but inconsistent man, what Garrick said, is well known, that

"He wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll!"

Garrick further characterized him with much severity in the following fable.

"*Jupiter and Mercury.*

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow;
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross:
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;

Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet:
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be GOLDSMITH his name.
When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here."

Beattie's opinion of his character, not inconsistent with this, has already been given in Vol. IV. p. 334 of this work. "Goldsmith's common conversation," says he, "was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great, as to make me think sometimes that he affected it.*. Yet he was a great genius of no mean rank: somebody,† who knew him well, called him *an inspired idiot*. His ballad of Edwin and Angelina, is exceedingly beautiful; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

Character of Goldsmith by Boswell.

"No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was

* So thought Sir Joshua Reynolds. † Lord Orford.

a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but in truth this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those, who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies (the Miss Hornecks) with their mother, on a tour to France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself!'*

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 377. At p. 380 Boswell gives Johnson's account of Goldsmith's arrest at the suit of his landlady;

Character of Goldsmith by Cumberland.

**** "That he was fantastically vain all the world knows; but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions that did not, and by nature could not belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame which he had power to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had, he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him; and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the Muse of Poetry was to that art, of which he was so eminent a master.

and his release by the sale to a bookseller of *The Vicar of Wakefield* for 60l. through Johnson's intervention, which is related differently by Mrs. Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, *p.* 119; and with still greater variation by Cumberland, *Life*, *p.* 273. All from Johnson's own relation—so difficult is it to get at truth. Boswell's is probably the accurate story, as taken down at the moment, and bearing internal marks of exactness.

From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed, and happily applied.

"There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt; but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk,* variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first-rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such; but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιητης. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents.

* These opinions of Mr. Cumberland I cannot subscribe to. They would exclude Pindar, Horace, Dryden, Gray, &c. &c. from the list of great poets, and so it is apparent that Mr. C. thinks of the *last*, whom he calls the most *costive* of all writers in this line. But we must estimate poems by the quantity of sterling ore which they contain, and not by the number of their verses, or the extent of their design. It is natural, however, for Mr. Cumberland, who has written epic poems himself, to indulge these sentiments!

I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he shewed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry,* and Paternoster-Row is not Parnassus,†" &c.

Such is the testimony of men, who had a personal acquaintance with Goldsmith, and whose own talents and experience enabled them to form a due estimate of his moral and intellectual qualities.

It is probable that the striking inconsistency between the elegance, propriety, and wisdom of his writings, and the awkwardness and folly of his conversation, arose from the irritability of his passions, which were excited by company, and clouded his faculties; while in the calmness of the closet his judgment had full power to operate. His intolerable vanity, which made him aspire to be universally brilliant and distinguished wherever he appeared, instead of giving him a superiority over the eminent, degraded him below the stupid. His perpetual failures and mortifications, arising from this

* This is scarcely a liberal or just assertion at the present moment. There are poets, who, if report speaks true, can prove the contrary—witness Bloomfield, Walter Scott, &c. &c.

† Cumberland's Life, 257, 258.

cause, must have deeply affected the complacency of his mind, when alone: for with a rectitude of thinking, which in the hours of quiet and seclusion was exquisite, he must have reflected on the appearances, he was continually exhibiting in society, with the compunctious visitings of regret and shame. It was probably his lot, like all those who give up the rein to their passions, daily to sin in this way, and daily to repent.

They, who heard him talk as if he was scarce capable of a clear comprehension of any thing; and if he did comprehend it, utterly unable to express and explain it; must have read, almost with a doubt of their own senses, successive publications by him on various subjects, in which he exhibited the power of expressing every thing in the neatest and most perspicuous manner; and relating even what he never pretended to understand or study deeply, better than those who understood it best. "He is now writing a *Natural History*," said Johnson, "and will make it as entertaining as an Arabian Tale." In another place this powerful critic has pronounced, that "Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing; a man, who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

His poems I esteem to possess great value, because they are both original, and among the most finished of their kind; but I never can yield to the

school of criticism, of which Dr. Johnson was the master, that that is a *very high* kind! Goldsmith was, like Pope, a poet rather of reason than of fancy or pathos; and his popularity does not appear to me by any means a test (though a favourite test with Johnson) of his transcendent claims. But it seems the style of poetry he adopted, resulted not merely from the character of his genius, but from the conviction of his judgment that it was the best. For in his life of Parnell he has given us the following critical opinions.

"The universal esteem in which Parnell's poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those, whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things, which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid

the outward clothing, and minor embellishments, (as the metaphors and the rhythm) of the Muse, must always stand in a subordinate class. It is wonderful how much more distinctly and universally these distinctions are understood in the sister art of painting. *There* the most conspicuous honours of the art are without hesitation decreed to those who have shewn the boldest and most sublime invention; to figures which surpass in strength or beauty the imperfect specimens of reality, or scenes which exceed in richness and variety the proudest productions of nature. The portrait-painter, the ingenious Dutchman, who brings forth with such exquisite minuteness the pictures of familiar life; nay, the delineator of historic groups, neither obtains, nor even for a moment asks, a seat in the upper ranks of his profession.

Let us then put the class, to which Goldsmith belongs, in its proper rank; and having done so, we can have no scruple in placing him among the very first of that class. The Traveller is indeed a very finished and a very noble poem. The sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new; the imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime; the language is nervous, highly finished, and full of harmony.*

* There is a forgotten poem of Blackmore, entitled "The Nature of Man, in Three Books," with this motto, "Quid quæque ferat Regio, et quid quæque recuset." Virg. 1711. 8vo. in which the Second Book is filled with topics very similar to those of Goldsmith, in the above poem. Blackmore, in his Preface, says—

"The Design of this poem is to express how far the disparity of the intellectual faculties, dispositions, and passions of men is owing to the different situation of their native countries in respect of the

The Deserted Village is a poem far inferior to The Traveller, though it contains many beautiful passages. I do not enter into its pretensions to skill in political economy, though, in that respect, it contains a strange mixture of important truths and dangerous fallacies. My business is with its poetry.

sun; and to shew what advantages those receive, who are born in a mild air and temperate climate; and what disadvantages in respect of understanding, reason, and moral improvements, those nations lie under, who suffer the extreme either of cold or heat: this is attempted in the First Book. Next, the Design is to bring down this general object to particular instances, by giving the distinct characters of many European nations, arising from the different nature of the air and soil of their respective countries; and this is the subject of the Second Book. In the Third, the causes are enumerated, which raise and preserve a worthy and generous race of men; and the fatal errors and distempers of mind, which bring unavoidable ruin and destruction on the greatest and most flourishing people."

The Argument of the Second Book is thus stated:

"The Character of the French Nation: their virtues and vices. Of the Spaniard. Of the Inhabitants of the Northern Coast of Africa stretching along the Mediterranean sea. Of the Italians. Of the Germans. Of the people of the United Netherlands. Of the Britons. An Episodical Digression, in praise of British Liberty. The Briton's Vices."

The following is part of the description of the French.

"Splendid in houses, equipage, and dress,
For show and pomp their passions they express.
Fawning and servile to the great they bow,
While scornful they insult the mean and low:
They thirst for praise immoderate, and proclaim,
In fulsome style, a benefactor's name;
And when their lawless monarch is the theme,
To court a tyrant they their God blaspheme.
They boast with hasty pride each small success,
And as small losses soon their souls depress,
Still in extremes their passions they employ;
Abject their grief, and insolent their joy."

Its inferiority to its predecessor arises from its comparative want of compression, as well as of force and novelty of imagery. Its tone of melancholy is more sickly, and some of the descriptions, which have been most praised, are marked by all the poverty and flatness, and indeed are peopled with the sort of comic and grotesque figures, of a Flemish landscape.

" The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The *never-failing brook, the busy mill,*
The *decent* church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn *bush*, with *seats* beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And *sleights of art and feats of strength went round.*
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The *dancing pair*, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The *swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,*
While *secret laughter titter'd round the place,*" &c.

Are not these the exact verbal description of a scene of Teniers?

In the mention of the village murmurs, which rise of a still evening to the neighbouring hill, oc-

curs a line of this sort, which never could have been admitted by one endued with high taste.

" The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

The recollected scene of the village ale-house contains also several passages strikingly liable to this censure.

" The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glitter'd in a row."

If these were meant to be comic, they ought not to have occurred in a serious poem; and if they were not meant to be so, they must be admitted to be in a very bad style, and very unfortunate! But I do not doubt that Goldsmith thought them, as the mob always think a Dutch piece of drollery, highly simple and natural! And there are not a few readers, who of course consider them among the best verses of the poem.

How different is the following part of an Address to Poetry, with which he closes.

" Farewell! And O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow;

Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Tho' very poor, may yet be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

May 21, 1807.

Art. DCLXIII. WILLIAM MASON, A.M.

(By a Correspondent.)

Few men cultivated the Muse, or prosecuted literary pursuits, under more auspicious and favourable circumstances than the subject of this memoir: exempt from pecuniary embarrassments, not perplexed with domestic inquietude, nor afflicted with corporeal ailments, the blessings, that this world affords, were offered to his acceptance with a liberal hand, and at the same he possessed the inestimable gifts of taste, and a true relish for their enjoyment.

It appears somewhat surprising, and has doubtless been lamented by many, that amongst the numerous biographical treasures which within the last ten years have issued from the press, a *distinct memoir* of this exalted character (whose talents were equalled only by his virtues) should not have been hitherto published. To some few of his numerous admirers the following brief particulars relative to his life and writings, may not prove unacceptable.

WILLIAM MASON was born in the year 1725; his father, a clergyman of great respectability, held the vicarage of the Holy Trinity in Kingston upon Hull. Of the early part of his education, little is known; having been admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, he took his first degree in 1745; from thence he removed to Pembroke Hall, of which society he was elected a Fellow in 1747. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him two years afterwards, when he first distinguished himself as a poet, by an Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. One of his next poetical productions was *Isis*, an Elegy, which occasioned an answer from Thomas Warton, in that noble poem entitled "The Triumph of Isis,"* in which that celebrated writer endeavoured to rescue his favourite place of residence from the imputations cast upon it by his formidable rival. Mason's fame was however speedily secured by the publication of his drama of Elfrida in the year 1752; this was followed, after a short interval, by Caractacus, (wherein some of his finest odes were inserted,) but of these we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In the year 1754 he took holy orders, and was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of the Earl of Holdernesse, who procured for him an appointment of chaplain to his Majesty, and presented him with the valuable and beautiful rectory of Aston in Yorkshire, which he rendered, in the course of a few years, a most desirable residence, his taste successfully adopting that

* It is rather singular that these two poems were the first means of drawing their respective authors into *public* notice.

theory, which he recommended by the beauties of poesy in "The English Garden." Previous to his leaving college, Mason was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Gray by his imitations of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and from the congeniality of their pursuits and dispositions, a friendship was speedily contracted which terminated only in the decease of the latter in 1771. This circumstance exhibits, in an eminent degree, that warmth and fervour of affection which characterized Mason through life; he regarded the genius of Gray with an enthusiasm "bordering upon idolatry." And upon the melancholy event of his decease, he took upon himself the office of his biographer, and the editor of such part of his works as were in a state fit for publication.* The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray were compiled in a manner at that time unprecedented, but which has been successfully imitated by later biographers in the respective Lives of Cowper, Sir William Jones, Beattie, and others. For adopting this plan, (which originated in a wish of incorporating in regular succession, such part of Mr. Gray's own correspondence as illustrated his literary and private life) Mason assigns the following judicious reasons.

"The method in which I have arranged the foregoing papers has, I trust, one degree of merit, that it makes the reader so well acquainted with the man himself as to render it totally unnecessary to conclude the whole with his character; if I am mistaken in this point I have been a compiler to

* Gray bequeathed to him the whole of his library and MSS.

little purpose; and I chose to be this rather than a biographer, that I might do the more justice to the virtues and genius of my friend. I might have written his life in the common form, perhaps, with more reputation to myself, but surely not with equal information to the reader, for whose sake, I have never related a single circumstance of Mr. Gray's Life in *my own* words, when I could employ *his* for the purpose."

The connecting narrative, which thus alone fell to Mason's share, was executed by him in a manner highly creditable to his talents, and howsoever objectionable the plan may be in some respects, the work not only conferred honour upon the taste and feelings of the author, but placed the character and genius of his friend in a most favourable point of view.

Besides the church preferment which we have mentioned Mason to have obtained in the early part of his life, he was appointed Canon Residentiary and Precentor of the Cathedral of York. For the latter office, which he discharged with unwearied attention and ability, he was peculiarly qualified from his accurate knowledge of the science of music, and the warm affection he felt towards it, of which he evinced a very sufficient proof in the interesting "Essays, historical and critical, on English Church Music," which he published in a 12mo. vol. shortly previous to his decease. He was likewise a composer of cathedral music; and one of his anthems is held in the highest esteem from the psalmodic simplicity, which it possesses throughout. The invention of the piano-forte has also been ascribed to

him. Of the sister art of painting he was a professed admirer, which no doubt actuated him towards the translation of Fresnoy's exquisite Latin poem; a work in which purity and elegance of style, and beauty of versification, are eminently conspicuous. Its intrinsic value was indeed considerably enhanced by the valuable notes with which Sir Jos. Reynolds illustrated the text. It first appeared in a 4to. vol. about the year 1783, and has since been incorporated with the works of that eminent painter.

In 1772 he published the first book of his "English Garden," a didactic and descriptive poem in blank verse, of which the fourth and concluding book was printed in 1781. The purpose of this book was to recommend, by the charms of poetry, the modern system of natural, or landscape gardening, which the writer adheres to with all the rigour of exclusive taste. The versification of the poem is formed upon the best models, and the description is, in many parts, rich and vivid; but a general air of stiffness, and the dry minuteness of the preceptive part, prevented it from attaining any considerable degree of popularity."*

Some years previous to this period Mason married a lovely and most amiable woman, the daughter of William Sherman, Esq. of Kingston upon Hull, with whom he enjoyed the most perfect human happiness; too short, alas! for their union was speedily dissolved by her premature decease, at the early age of twenty-eight. This alliance will be remembered

* General Biog. Vol. VI. p. 623.

as long as a true relish for poetical simplicity continues, from the pathetic and beautiful lines which his affection prompted him to inscribe upon her tomb in the cathedral of Bristol. He has also expressed his feelings at this afflicting circumstance, upon another occasion, with his accustomed elegance, in the Introduction to the English Garden, wherein he observes, that his principal stimulus to composition was

> "——————— to sooth
> That agony of heart, which they alone,
> Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
> Can feel or pity."

He survived her near thirty years; his own death was occasioned by a hurt received in stepping from a carriage, which producing a mortification, carried him off in the month of April, 1797, in the seventy-second year of his age—bequeathing a name to posterity not more distinguished for exemplary worth and philanthropy, than for brilliancy of genius and talents, correctness of taste, and the most consummate skill and excellence as a writer. A monument was some few years since erected to his memory in the Poet's Corner, adjoining to that of Gray. The design is well executed by the late Mr. Bacon, and represents a figure of Poetry holding a medallion of the deceased, whose loss she is deploring. The inscription commemorates little more than his name and the day of his death.

Such are the lineaments of the life of Mason, which, like those of other distinguished literary characters, was principally devoted to a learned retire-

ment, and is consequently destitute of any very striking incidents; if we except one period of it,* when he took an active and zealous part in the political occurrences of the day, and upon the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes from the House of Commons, became a supporter of the Bill of Rights. Although it does not appear that he approved of the conduct of that gentleman, yet he joined the Yorkshire freeholders in a petition to the throne that Parliament should be dissolved. Some years afterwards, when a popular clamour was raised for a more equal distribution of the elective power, he likewise distinguished himself, and assisted in the drawing up those highly spirited resolutions, for which the Yorkshire committee became celebrated. His behaviour upon these public occasions having subjected him to the censure of some of his clerical brethren, he published a defence of his political proceedings, and afterwards received the thanks of the committee "for having stood forth a firm friend to the true interests of his country." His subsequent conduct however sufficiently evinced the warmth of his attachment to the British Constitution, by deserting his former associates at the commencement of the French Revolution, whereby he laid himself open to the attacks of the jacobin journalists, who traduced his character in a very indecorous and shameful manner.

As a dramatic writer his tragedies of Elfrida and Caractacus place him in a high situation. These plays, in which he aimed at the revival of the Greek chorus, were decidedly intended by the author for

* About the year 1769.

perusal only, and by no means for PUBLIC REPRESENTATION, against which, many obvious reasons present themselves. It has been well observed, "that the chorus is so evidently an appendage of the infant and imperfect state of the drama, and so manifestly injurious to the developement of plot, and the display of passion, that a pedantic attachment to the ancients, could alone suggest its revival." This well-founded objection, however, should not warp our minds against duly appreciating the incomparable beauties with which each abounds; of their respective merits it may be observed, that if Elfrida is more highly finished, Caractacus conveys the most interest; with the former we are captivated by the uncommon sweetness and elegance of the language; with the latter our feelings are roused by the eventful history it pourtrays, and by beholding the union of virtue and fortitude in suffering heroism. In short, the mind is pleased with the one; it is elevated and enlarged with the other. Mr Gray, in a letter to one of his correspondents, gives the following just opinion on the subject. "I am equally pleased with the great applause he (Count Algarotti) bestows on Mr. Mason; and particularly on Caractacus, which is the work of a man, whereas Elfrida is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius, yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in comparision."

As a poet the name of Mason has generally accompanied that of Gray "as a modern competitor for the lyrical laurel;" and when we consider the high degree of culture which his talents had received,

and the warm admiration with which he regarded the compositions of his friend, it is scarcely to be wondered that he should look up to a model of such distinguished excellence, and pursue a similar path to fame. Of his shorter compositions his elegies claim the principal share of our attention; they are, on many accounts, more gratifying to the general reader, from the redundancy of ornament, and "glittering imagery" being restricted, with which his more laboured odes are clothed in such lavish profusion. Of these, the one upon the death of the Countess of Coventry, is probably entitled to the highest degree of commendation; not only from the elegance of style, which prevails throughout, but from the author's impressive reasoning on the doctrine of a future state, exhibiting in an eminent degree the piety and virtue of his mind. Indeed, the whole of Mason's writings are characterized by the most admirable strains of morality; not a line occurring, but "that a virgin without blush may read."

We are also enabled in this, and other of his elegies, to judge of the pathos and elegance, and the general smoothness and beautiful effect to which his versification had arrived. "The description of Female Beauty," observes Dr. Aikin, "with which the above named poem commences, is wrought to a polished brilliancy, that Pope himself could not have surpassed."

"Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last."

I cannot better conclude these desultory observations, than with the following animated and appropriate lines (extracted from the Pursuits of Literature, p. 358, 6th edit.)

" But whence that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Musæus bends and weeps.
Lo! every Grecian, every British Muse,
Scatters the recent flowers and gracious dews,
Where Mason lies; he sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
That Love and Friendship know; each sister art,
With all that colours and that sounds impart;
All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
All in the soul of Mason *found their place.*"

A cotemporary poet, of high reputation, (the Rev. Mr. Gisborne) also expressed his feelings upon the death of Mason in an elegy of great pathos and beauty. J. H. M.

Art. DCLXIV. REV. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS, D. D.

I am induced by regard for the memory of an ingenious man, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, to insert the following imperfect sketch. There are many now living much better qualified for the task than I am; but as they have neglected this act of friendship, in spite of the endeavour I made some

years ago to stimulate them to the performance of it,* I cannot omit, while I am recording so many other poets, to notice Dr. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS. I regret that my materials are so very scanty; for they consist of little else than a few notices gathered from the conversations of a deceased friend, who was not remarkable for the sagacity and discrimination of his mind, except the slight inferences which may be gathered from the author's poems. There are many authors, whose own characters break forth in almost every page of their writings. This does not appear to me to have been the case with Stevens. In the slender opportunity I possessed, I could trace a very slight similitude between his manners and his compositions. The effect of literature upon the moral character; the degree of sincerity and truth exhibited in an author's public sentiments, has ever been with me a favourite object of investigation. At the same time I am perfectly aware how very difficult it is, and how much caution it requires. There are very many, whose first appearance exhibits no likeness to their real character; not only from affected disguise, or momentary vanity; but from unconquerable shyness or reserve. An ill-formed and forbidding countenance; an awkward manner; and the accidental vulgarities or defects of infantine education, will sometimes conceal from the first view elegance of mind and tenderness of heart. So deceitful, indeed, are first appearances, that I have seen men glowing with the fire of fancy and passion, whose activity of mind and sentiment

* See a Memoir by the present Editor in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXI. p. 106. See also p. 316.

was only faulty in its exuberance, shew themselves to superficial observation, as beings of the most frigid temperament; sluggish in their ideas, cold as stone in their hearts, and harsh and unbending in their judgments.

Whence this frequent incongeniality between the mind and the manners can arise, is a point, which would require a longer and more profound discussion than would be proper for this place, or, perhaps, than I have the ability to execute. I mention it only as an apology for the hesitation, which I feel, to pronounce upon the character of Dr. Stevens from a short and casual visit, even in the absence of other materials.

The most authentic and least fallacious sources of intelligence for the life of one, whose days have been spent, not in the busy scenes of the world, but in literary retirement, are generally to be found in his private and confidential letters. I think that in such letters it is seldom difficult to discriminate between what is affected, and what really flows from the heart. Persons of genius, who almost always write with more eloquence, and universally with more purity, in proportion as they are free from the ambition to shine, seldom fail to discover the genuine colours of their intellectual dispositions on these occasions. We have lately had several striking instances of this in the cases of Burns, Cowper, Beattie, Mrs. Carter, &c. whose moral and mental traits, and excellence in prose composition, will best be proved by their epistolary productions. I much regret that I have no such assistance towards deli-

neating the character of the subject of the present memoir.

William Bagshaw Stevens was born in 1756, the son of an apothecary at Abingdon, in Berkshire, where he received the early part of his education. In 1772 he was elected a demy of Magdalen College in Oxford; where he soon became eminent for his poetical talents. It is probable, that the example of William Collins, who had formerly been a demy of the same college, and of whom Stevens entertained an enthusiastic admiration, stimulated his natural propensity to this art. In 1775 he published a quarto pamphlet of *Poems consisting of Indian Odes and Miscellaneous Pieces.* He was then only nineteen years old; and this publication was considered by his friends and acquaintance as a powerful proof of early talents. I have it not at hand to consult it; but I believe it contained poems of very extraordinary merit for so young a man; and raised expectations which were not afterwards entirely fulfilled. The poem reprinted in *The Poetical Register*, Vol. III. p. 271, entitled O Rus! was probably one of them. It is a very pleasing ode, and exhibits an easier manner than Stevens often commanded, as will appear from the three first stanzas, which here follow.

"Ye fields! where once with careless feet,
The fairy forms of Spring to meet
My childhood lov'd to roam,
Again to view each laughing scene,
Your flowrets fresh, and daisied green,
Ye genial fields! again I come.

And with me bring a grateful meed
For pleasures past, a rural reed;
To you its notes belong;
And while my artless simple strains
Re-echo to my native plains,
The shepherd-girl shall love my song.

And while beneath yon hawthorn shade,
For lonely peace and pleasure made,
My listless length I lay;
Kind Fancy from her magic bower
Shall call the grove, the field, the flower,
And bid the Muse the scene survey."

In due time Mr. Stevens took his first degree, and went into orders; and immediately afterwards engaged himself as an assistant to Dr. Prior, in his school at Repton in Derbyshire. This seminary had long been in great repute among the gentry of the midland counties; but was then declining in consequence of the master's age and infirmities. In 1779 Mr. Stevens took his degree of A. M. and about the same time succeeded, himself, to the mastership of the school by Dr. Prior's death. The tiresome, though useful, occupation, in which he was now engaged, does not seem very propitious to the Muses; but he could not abandon his favourite pursuit; which very probably tended to cherish an indolence and neglect, not much suited to the prosperity of his school. In 1782 he gave the public a second collection of poems, containing *Retirement* in blank verse; *two Odes;* and an *Inscription.* All these have been lately reprinted in *The Poetical Register.*

"Retirement" is a long poem,* containing many vigorous passages, which no ordinary man could have written. But there appears to me to be some inherent defect in it, which I confess myself unable to analyse. It sounds upon the ear, but from some cause or other, not clear to me, it fails to make its way to the heart. This, perhaps, is partly owing to the apparent labour with which it is written. Stevens was certainly fond of strutting words; and seems to have rather gone in search of expression than of thought. Perhaps the most interesting specimen is his picture of unhappy poets.

"Yet ere thy hand, with daring fancy warm,
Awake the wires of fancy, ere she draw
Her roseate veil, and smile thee to her love,
Mark, where with smiling aspect Dulness stands:
Wearily slow his words; drowsy their tone;
Muttering with solemn air, and sapient pride
Proverbial documents, and grandam lore,
He shakes the affected pity of his brow
In meanest triumph o'er the withering fate
Of Genius, and the proud neglect of Worth.
Lo! he† who died of hunger and of thirst;
He, who on Mulla's banks in fairy pomp,
Marshall'd his splendid chivalry, and deck'd
With virtue-breathing shews Eliza's court!
The trump re-echoes; and the red cross Knight
Issues in ardour forth, adventurous deeds
Urging through danger to the steeps of fame;
The lady of his love, herself the meed
Of his high triumph, animates his heart.

* It consists of 576 lines. See Poetical Register, Vol. V. p. 259.

† Spenser.

Scar'd at his sunbright shield, and haughty lance
Pointed with death, the chariot's winged speed,
Falters;—unshelter'd from his fury falls
The faithless Soldan; the dark wizard shrieks;
The ghostly chambers, the wild shadowy hosts,
And magic murmurs, melt in angry air.
Rapt by his powerful strain, the elated soul
Spurns the dull features of existent Time,
And its dark grain of manners; charm'd in thought
To meet his fairy imagery of song,
She in the fable of heroic days
Longs to have mix'd her flame. Sublime or sweet
The trumpet thunders, or the plaintive lute
Its tenderest accent breathes; in plain or court
(While the bard died of hunger or of thirst,)
Wood nymphs and regal dames ador'd his songs.
See 'fall'n on evil days and evil tongues,'
Rolling in vain his perish'd orbs of sight,
In freedom's aid o'erply'd, the Bard* by Heaven
'Best-favour'd:' such the crown of human worth!
O ye, whose bosoms, true to Nature, turn
Like the bright flower before the orb of day,
To every movement of the poet's mind!
Blest be the graceful weakness that descends
In silent tears, that heaves your pitying hearts,
When wrung with deep and delicate distress
Monimia mourns; or she who kneels in vain
For the lost blessing of a father's love,
For the dear forfeit of a husband's life,
Poor hapless Belvidera!
Still as your souls, in rapt attention hush'd,
Sigh o'er their fate, let Indignation point,
Virgins and youths! and all whose bosoms bleed

* Milton.

At storied grief and fabulous despair!
Where the Creator of those passion'd scenes
Naked, unshelter'd, hunger-smit and poor,
Poor to the last extremity of woe,
Sadly beseeches, ere he sinks in death,
The scantiest boon that ever Genius ask'd,
That e'er the meanest nature can implore,
One morsel from your board —it comes too late:
And the Muse hymns her OTWAY'S soul to heav'n.
But who is he, whom later garlands grace?*
Lo, his worn youth, beneath the chilly grasp
Of penury faints; and in her mournful shroud
Dark'ning all joys, all promises of good,
All health, all hope, sad Melancholy saps
In drear decay the fabric of his mind:
See shuddering Pity o'er his fallen soul
Wrings her pale hands. Regardless of the guide
That lifts his step, regardless of the friend
That mourns, nor sadly conscious of himself,
Silent, yet wild, his languid spirit lies:
The light of thought has wander'd from his eye;
It glares, but sees not. Yet this breathing corse,
This youthful driveller, Nature's ghastliest form;
(O who would love the lyre?) in all the courts
Of Fancy, where abstracted Beauty play'd
With wildest elegance, his ardent shell
Enamour'd struck, and charm'd her various soul.
See later yet, and yet in drearier state,
Where dawning Genius† struggling into day
Sinks in a dark eclipse: no friendly heart
With love auspicious, and no angel-hand
With prosperous spell his labouring sun relieve,
And chase the gather'd clouds that drop with blood."

* Collins. † Chatterton.

These poems did not attract much notice: but this may be partly accounted for by the mode of their publication: they were not the property of any active bookseller; but were sent forth on the author's own risk, by a retired clergyman, little known in the bustle of the metropolis, and incapable of extending their circulation by the aid of personal interference. I suspect that this cold reception affected him deeply. From that period his indolence increased; he seemed to grow indifferent to the world; or at least to the generous ambition which had early called forth his exertions; and appeared to me (but it might be only an appearance) too often to sneer at literary pursuits. I cannot commend such a change of mind; an acute sensibility of intellect must be damped by neglect; but its fire ought to recover itself and blaze again. The love of praise is a liberal affection: but this should not be our only motive of activity; we should cherish literature for its own sake, and consider that it produces its own reward.

He never again made any serious efforts in composition. He amused himself, however, with gathering occasional flowers at the foot of Parnassus. These flowers have been preserved principally in the Gentleman's Magazine, to which he contributed for nearly twenty years.* His signature was M. C. S. viz. *Magd. Coll. Semisocius.* He often imitated Horace; but I think not very happily. His style, encumbered and somewhat heavy, was peculiarly ill-adapted to the playful ease, the *curiosa felicitas* of

* In Sept. 1784, he furnished some good lines addressed to Miss Seward. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LIV. p. 693.

Horace; and he was apt to give to his original the affectations in poetical phraseology, which had grown up in his own day. Now and then however his versions exhibited passages executed with a happy vigour. I will insert a single stanza, which, I conceive, will justify my censure. It is a translation of the following of Horace's famous Ode to Grosphus, Ode 16, Book II.*

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
——————————Sidera nautis.

The seaman in some wild tempestuous night,
When Horror rides upon the white-mouth'd wave,
And stars deny the mercy of their light,
Longs for some peaceful port his shatter'd bark to save."†

It will probably be admitted, that nothing can be more unlike than the second line is to Horace.

In the autumn of 1789, being on a visit to a friend in Derbyshire, I accompanied him to spend two or three days with Mr. Stevens at his house at Repton. Here I obtained all the slight personal knowledge of this author to which I can lay claim. Our reception was highly hospitable; and the visit gratified us in many respects. I found Mr. Stevens a man of various and accurate information, of enlarged sentiments, and strong sense, a little inclined to sarcasm, and totally free from all the affectations of authorship, which some traits in the character of his writings

* So well imitated by Warren Hastings.

† Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. p. 426.

had led me to expect. I doubt whether he did not even affect a coldness to the ambitions of genius; and, what became him less, I suspected him of sometimes assuming the sentiments of the man of the world, in a manner not congenial to the workings of his own bosom, and certainly not consistent with the turn impressed on him either by nature or education. He lived a great deal at this period at the table of his neighbour Sir Robert Burdet* of Foremark, where the society was not often such as tended to encourage his literary propensities.

His first address was not prepossessing. He was tall, but rather thick; his complexion fair; his eyes very light; and his whole countenance deficient in expression. His manner also was shy and awkward. But in a little while the prejudice created by these appearances wore away. His sentiments flowed frankly; his conversation became manly and intelligent; and his good-humour, strong sense, and apparent integrity, impressed his acquaintance with regard and respect. He was no courtier; spoke his opinions totally free from all mean attention to self-interest; and never suppressed his indignation at turpitude, nor controuled the independence of his spirit. Perhaps this temper contributed to the decay of his school, which fell off, in a very mortifying degree, during the latter period of his life. But I have understood, that his best friends could not totally defend him from the charge of neglect and idle-

* Sir Robert, however, had a nephew, (and son-in-law) the present Mr. Mundy of Markton, the author of *Needwood Forest*, &c. of a congenial turn. But this ingenious man was, I believe, at this time principally immerged in the bosom of domestic privacy.

ness, which his enemies, (and what literary man in the country has not numerous enemies?) urged against him with unceasing bitterness.

At length in 1794 he succeeded, after unusual delay, to a fellowship of his college, to which he had looked for many years with anxious hope. It was probably soon after, that he took the degree of D.D. but he did not quit his school at Repton. In 1797 he lost his old friend Sir Robert Burdet; but the loss was made up by the intimacy of his grandson Sir Francis; who, on the death of the Rev. Stebbing Shaw, (father of the Staffordshire Historian) in 1799, presented him to the rectory of Seckingdon in Warwickshire; to which, by the interest of Mr. Coutts, was added the vicarage of Kingsbury. Mr. Stevens had now a comfortable income; and his age did not preclude him from the prospect of many remaining years to enjoy it. But Providence ordered it otherwise! In May 1800, he suddenly sunk from his chair in an apoplectic fit; and a few days afterwards expired, at the age of forty-four. One who knew him well has added his testimony to mine, that he was "a man, who, though evidently circumscribed by situation, seemed in a particular manner gifted by Nature and qualified by his attainments to support the character of the gentleman, the man of learning, and of genius, and assuredly that of a most interesting companion and friend."*

Dr. Stevens was, I believe, a frequent correspondent of Miss Seward, whom he has frequently celebrated; and was, perhaps, personally acquainted

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXX. p. 317, signed W. probably the Rev. Henry White of Lichfield.

with her. The fair authoress may probably deem this memoir too cold and discriminative for the ardour of friendship. But she must blame herself in that case. For why has she not exerted her own glowing pen upon the occasion? Why has she left it to a casual acquaintance of a few days, with humble powers, and little command of language, to perform the task?

Dr. Stevens was certainly a great loss to the sphere in which he moved. He was a man of great powers, and great acquirements of intellect; a scholar; a man of sense; of uniform benevolence of heart; and, above all, of firm integrity and virtue. The fruits of his poetical genius do not appear to have answered to its early blossoms; but, if he must not be placed in the first or second class of poets, he always rises above mediocrity; and certainly deserves more notice than he has obtained.

ART. DCLXV. *Memoir of Major Mercer, by the late Sir William Forbes, Bart. From the Appendix to his Life of Dr. Beattie.*

"MAJOR MERCER was the son of a private gentleman in Aberdeenshire, who, having joined the Highland army in the year 1745, retired to France, after the battle of Culloden, where he resided till his death. His son received his education at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and afterwards went to reside with his father at Paris. There he spent his time in elegant society, and devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of letters. Thus he acquired those polished manners, and that taste for study,

by which he was ever after so highly distinguished. He possessed, too, a very high degree of elegant and chastised wit and humour, which made his company to be universally sought after by those, who had the happiness of his friendship or acquaintance.

"On the death of his father, he returned to Scotland, and soon afterwards entered into the army at the commencement of the seven-years war; during the greatest part of which he served in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was in one of the six British regiments of infantry, that gained such reputation for their gallantry at the memorable battle of Minden.

"The regiment in which he afterwards served, being reduced at the peace of Paris, he returned to Aberdeen, where he married Miss Catherine Douglas, sister to Lord Glenbervie, a beautiful and accomplished woman, with whom he lived many years in much happiness.

"In order to fill up the vacant hours of his then unemployed situation, he devoted his time chiefly to books, and, in particular, recommenced the study of the Greek language, (of which he had acquired the rudiments under the learned Dr. Blackwell at Marischal College) with such assiduity, that Dr. Beattie in another letter, says, he doubted whether there were in Scotland at that time six gentlemen who knew Greek so well as Major Mercer. Then it was that by attention to the purest models of antiquity, he corrected that partiality for French literature, which he had strongly imbibed by his early habits of study at Paris.

"Not long after he again entered into the army,

in which he continued to serve, till about the year 1772, when he had arrived at the rank of Major. But he then quitted the profession, and only resumed a military character, when he held a commission in a regiment of fencibles during the American war. On the return of peace, he retired with his family to Aberdeen, where he continued chiefly to reside during the rest of his life.

"An acquaintance had first taken place between him and Dr. Beattie, on his return to Aberdeen after the seven years war; and as their taste in books, and their favourite studies were in some respects entirely similar, a lasting friendship ensued, which proved to both a source of the highest enjoyment.

"Major Mercer's acquaintance with books, especially of poetry and Belles Lettres, both ancient and modern, was not only uncommonly extensive, but he himself possessed a rich and genuine poetical vein, that led him, for his own amusement solely, to the composition of some highly-finished lyric pieces. These he carefully concealed, however, from the knowledge of even almost all his most intimate friends; and it was with much difficulty that his brother-in-law, Lord Glenbervie, at length could prevail on him to permit a small collection to be printed, first anonymously, afterwards with his name. In perusing these beautiful poems, the reader, I think, will find they possess much original genius, and display a taste formed on the best classic models of Greece and Rome, whose spirit their author had completely imbibed, especially of Horace, who seems to have been the model whom he had proposed to himself for his imitation.

"A few years ago Major Mercer had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long course of severe indisposition, during which he had attended her with the most anxious assiduity. Of that misfortune, indeed, he may be said never to have got the better, and he survived her little more than two years. This circumstance gave occasion to the following elegant lines, which Mr. Hayley addressed to Lord Glenbervie, soon after Major Mercer's death.

"Epitaph for Major Mercer.

"Around this grave, ye types of merit spread!
Here Mercer shares the sabbath of the dead;
Ye laurels, here, with double lustre, bloom,
To deck a soldier's and a poet's tomb!
Gracefully pleasing in each manly part!
His verses like his virtues, win the heart.
Grateful for wedded bliss, (for years his pride)
He lost it, and by fond affliction, died.
Here, Sculpture! fix thy emblematic dove,
To grace the martyr of connubial love.
Hail, ye just pair! in blest reunion rise!
Rever'd on earth! rewarded in the skies!

"Major Mercer had long been in a very valetudinary, nervous state, till at last his constitution entirely failed; and he expired without a struggle or a pang, in the 71st year of his age.

"Besides possessing no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, (for in the course of his military life especially, as he had lived much in society of various sorts,) and being one of the pleasantest companions I ever knew, Major Mercer was a man of much piety, strict in the observance of all

the ordinances of religion, and of high honour in every transaction of life.

" Major Mercer was born Feb. 27, 1734, and died Nov. 18, 1804."

To this account by Sir William Forbes, I shall only add, by way of reminding the reader of Major Mercer's style of poetry, three stanzas from his simple and very interesting

"*Ode to Novelty.*

" For thee in infancy we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
Beyond the prison-house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world in search of thee,
Fair Novelty! we roam.

Full on thy track by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
While Hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
'Enjoyment onward lies.'

Nor far remote—athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
And yields sweet glimpses of delight:
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy-land
Come swelling on the sight," &c.

Art. DCLXVI. MRS. CHAPONE.*

Mrs. Chapone was descended from the ancient family of Mulso, of Twywell in Northamptonshire. Hester, daughter of Thomas Mulso, of Twywell, Esq. by a sister of John Thomas, D.D. Bishop of Winchester, was born Oct. 27, 1727. She had four brothers, of whom Thomas, the eldest, was a barrister, and author of *Callistus, or the Man of Fashion, and Sophronius; or The Country Gentleman, in three Dialogues*, 1768, 8vo. and died Feb. 7, 1799, aged 78; and John, the second, having been educated at Winchester, from which seminary he came off third upon the roll, when Collins, the poet, was first, and Joseph Wartop, the second, was afterwards Prebendary of Winton and Salisbury, and died 1791.

Miss Mulso's education was somewhat neglected, for which she made amends by her own exertions. She was not handsome; but she was full of sensibility, and energy; of quick apprehension, and attractive manners. At an early age she lost her mother, who had been too much of a beauty, and too much of an invalid, to attend to her instruction. From this period she dedicated her time to self-improvement, and made herself mistress of the French and Italian languages, and even attained some knowledge of the Latin. But she displayed not merely the talent of memory; she discovered a very strong power of discrimination and judgment. Her fancy and warm feelings made her delight

* This article is principally compiled from her *Posthumous Works*, containing her Letters to Mrs. Carter, &c. in 2 vols. small 8vo. just published by her own family.

in poetry; her sound sense gave her a love of philosophy.

Her admiration of genius made her an early worshipper of Sam. Richardson, to whom she yet could not surrender up her opinions; and with whom she entered into an able correspondence on the subject of filial obedience. When this correspondence, which is now published, took place, she had not completed her twenty-third year. Her letters display much ability, and strength and clearness of mind. At this period she passed part of her time in Mr. Richardson's society; and here she met, and conceived a mutual affection for, Mr. Chapone, a young gentleman of the law, her future husband: though some years elapsed before the marriage took place. In the interval she lived with her father; while her society was widely sought, and her accomplishments were generally acknowledged. Her maternal uncle was then Bishop of Peterborough; and her aunt the wife of Dr. Donne, a Prebendary of Canterbury, residing much at that Cathedral, she paid frequent visits to those places, and at the latter, became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who was a frequent guest in the house of Dr. Lynch, the Dean.

Her correspondence with Mrs. Carter appears to have commenced in Sept. 1749. An Ode, which she wrote at this time, appears to have procured Mrs. Carter's high praise. It seems that thus early these friends had a good-natured controversy regarding the merits of Richardson, whom Mrs. Carter blamed for his prolixity and minuteness. A specimen of one of these letters deserves insertion.

Miss Mulso to Miss Carter.

" And so, my dear Miss Carter, you would have me give you an account of the new work in which Mr. Richardson is engaged; this poor, puzzling, story-telling Mr. Richardson! But nowithstanding your naughty raillery, I will not punish you so severely as to forestal, and thereby lessen the pleasure you will receive when this new work is finished, though, perhaps, you may think it tedious. For my own part, I cannot give it a higher commendation than to say I think it will be, if possible, superior to Clarissa; yet I must own to you I don't believe it will be short. Indeed I am a little surprised that you, who are impatient with Mr. Richardson's prolixity, should ever descend to the most tedious as well as unedifying kind of reading in the world; I mean a romance. I make no scruple to call romances the worst of all species of writing; unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour, and false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable, unnatural incidents mixed up with true history, and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity, make up the composition of a romance; at least of such as I have read, which have been mostly French ones. Then the prolixity and poverty of the style is insupportable. I have, (and yet I am still alive) drudged through *Le Grand Cyrus*, in 12 huge volumes; *Cleopatra*, in 8 or 10; *Polexander; Ibrahim; Clelie;* and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten; but this was in the days, when I did not chuse my own

books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances. Perhaps those of Cervantes may be out of the common way; I should hardly think it possible for him to write a book which had not in it something admirable; and yet I think there are one or two very paltry novels in his Don Quixote."

Extract from another Letter, Sept. 9, 1750.

"I am reading Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*; I must own, with great labour both of mind and tongue. Every word you say against *my* Mr. Richardson, I will revenge myself for upon *your* Dr. Young. Yet I admire his thoughts, and revere him as a philosopher and a man; only I cannot help lamenting that he should have blundered so egregiously as to fancy himself a poet. Sure never was sense so entangled in briers as his! Instead of the flowers of language, his thoughts are wrapt up in thorns and thistles. I am sure it has cost me much toil and pain to untwist them; and to say the truth, I like them as I do gooseberries, well enough when they are picked for me, but not well enough to gather them. Yet, upon the strength of your recommendation, I think I am resolved to go through with them though my tongue is already sore; for you must know I always read aloud here. If ever you read one of his *Nights* aloud, pity my tongue! But in good earnest don't you think he should have left off with the Fourth Night? which I own is very fine. Don't you think the fifth and sixth sink terribly after it? I am afraid you will despise me for speaking thus of your favourite *author*, and, to appease you,

I will own that I think he has many extreme fine thoughts, and some few fine lines; but his numbers are in general so much the reverse of tuneful, and his language so affectedly obscure, nay, in some places so absolutely unintelligible to me, that I think upon the whole of what I have read (that is of the first Six Nights) I cannot admire the work; but have been oftener disgusted and tired with it than pleased."

In the next letter, she adds: "In justice to myself, that you may not think me absolutely tasteless, I think I should tell you that I have lately read Dr. Young's *Universal Passion*, and am ready to retract all I said against him as a poet, and confine my saucy censures entirely to that single performance of his, which I cannot reconcile myself to, the Night Thoughts. I think the first four satires equal to any of Pope's. Those upon Women, are, in my opinion, much inferior to the others, which I hope may be accounted for to the credit of the sex. I am grieved to take notice of that servile flattery, which you so justly condemn in Doctor Young, and which is so unworthy of his character. It could never have appeared in a more shocking light than as it is introduced in a work, in which the author seems to be got above the world, and almost above humanity."

In the letter which follows, she condemns Fielding's *Amelia* with considerable force; and supports her observations ably against Mrs. Carter's defence of that work. Her criticism appears to me so just, and so powerfully stated, that I think it a duty to transcribe it.

Letter X.

"I am extremely obliged to you for gratifying my curiosity with your reasons for speaking so favourably of *Amelia*, though, at the same time, I am not a little mortified to find that I cannot assent to all you say. I am afraid I have less mercy in my disposition than you, for I cannot think with so much lenity of the character of Booth; which, though plainly designed as an amiable one by the author, is, in my opinion, contemptible and wicked. 'Rather frail than wicked!' Dear Miss Carter! that is what I complain of, that Fielding contrives to gloss over gross and monstrous faults in such a manner, that even his virtuous readers shall call them frailties. How bad may be the consequence of such representations, to those who are interested in the deception, and glad to find that their favourite vices are kept in countenance by a character, which is designed to engage the esteem and good wishes of the reader! Had I not reason to accuse the author of 'softening or hiding the deformity of vice,' when infidelity, adultery, gaming, and extravagance, (the three last accompanied with all the aggravation that the excellence of a wife and the distress of a young family could give them) are so gently reproved even by Miss Carter? 'His amour with Miss Mathews,' you say, 'however blameable, was attended with some alleviating circumstances:' what these were, I am unable to discover. I think none but an abandoned heart, incapable of the least delicacy, and lost to the love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, could have entertained any thoughts but of horror

and detestation for that fiend of a woman, after hearing her story. Consider too the circumstances they were both in; Miss Mathews uncertain whether her life was not to atone for her crime; Booth, in the deepest distress; his Amelia and her children left helpless and miserable; a gaol the scene of their amour! What a mind must that be, which in such circumstances could find itself, under any temptation from the person of a woman whose crimes were so shocking, whose disposition was so hateful, and whose shameless advances were so disgusting! How mean was his submitting to owe obligations to her! Indeed I do think him a very wretched fellow, and I should not have cared sixpence, had the book ended with his being hanged. In poetical justice I almost think he should have been so. Poor Amelia would have been rid of a good-for-nothing husband, whose folly and wickedness gave her continual distress. Dr. Harrison would have taken her and her children home with him, where I will suppose she spent her life in great tranquillity, after having recovered her fortune. Have I not made a fine catastrophe? Now are you quite angry with me? I think I hear you call me, 'cruel, bloody-minded wretch!' Well then, in complaisance to your tenderness, I will suffer him to live, but indeed I cannot suffer him to be a favoured character; I can't help despising him, and wondering that Amelia did not do so too. I agree with you entirely in what you say of the mixture of virtues and faults, which make up the generality of characters, and I am also apt to believe, that the virtues have most commonly the predominant share; but if

this is the case in real life, Mr. Fielding's representation of it is not just; for in most of his characters the vices predominate. Dr. Harrison, Amelia, and the honest Serjeant are, indeed, exceptions; Booth himself I cannot allow to be one, for I do not find that he had any virtues equivalent to his faults. Good nature, when it is merely constitutional, and has no principle to support it, can hardly be reckoned a virtue; and you see that in him it was not strong enough to keep him from injuring and distressing those he loved best, when temptation came in his way. His regard to his wife's honour may be attributed to his love; at best it is but a negative goodness, and only proves him not a monster. I cannot help believing that Fielding has a very low opinion of human nature, and that his writings tend to enforce it on his readers; and I own I am always offended with writers of that cast. What end can it serve to persuade men they are Yahoos, but to make them act agreeably to that character, and despair of attaining a better! Is it not the common plea of wicked men that they follow nature? Whereas they have taken pains to debauch and corrupt their nature, and have by degrees reconciled it to crimes, that simple, uncorrupted nature would start at."

In 1753 Miss Mulso, encouraged by the importunity of her friends, sent the story of Fidelia to the *Adventurer*, which forms No. 77, 78, and 79, of that work. On the publication of Mrs. Carter's Epictetus, 1758, an Ode by Miss Mulso was prefixed to it.

In 1760 she married Mr. Chapone: but this union

was of short duration, by the death of her husband, who, in about ten months, was seized with a violent fever, which soon terminated fatally, Sept. 1761. This was at once the grave of her affection, and the ruin of her fortune, for her sorrow was aggravated by being left in narrow circumstances, which filled the remainder of her long life with difficulties. This deep stroke upon her happiness was followed by an alarming illness, which for a short time seemed to threaten her own life.

In 1762 she became acquainted with Mrs. Montagu, by means of Mrs. Carter; and cultivated an intimacy which continued till the death of the former, whom she did not long survive. Of this lady's *Essay on Shakespeare* Mrs. Chapone thus speaks. "I am struck with beauties in every line, but do not recollect being struck with any faults, except those of the printer. I do most sincerely think it as elegant and brilliant a composition as I ever read; and what particularly charms me is the fund of good sense and sound judgment it shews, in the midst of that profusion of wit, which in other works so often serves to cover a deficiency of good sense. I am told the world has been much distrest to find out the author, and has given it to some of the first wits of the other sex, little inclined to attribute the honour of it to ours. But I flatter myself it begins to be whispered all round the town; for I can't bear the thought of its being kept a secret."

Letter LI. Sept. 21, 1770, (or 1771.) "I have

read Mrs. Scott's * *Life of D'Aubigné* with much pleasure, and think the style much superior to any thing else I have seen of hers. I fancy she had some assistance in that article. How surprising it is that Sully should mention so great a man as D'Aubigné so seldom, and with such contempt! Never taking notice of any of his exploits, and speaking of him as a man remarkable only for sedition and slander! How constantly is great vanity accompanied by envy! I always thought Sully abounded in the former, but did not know before that he was so strongly tinctured by the latter. I do not condemn Henry for not loving D'Aubigné; for certainly with all his great qualities, he was inexcusably insolent to the King, and shewed no personal regard for him, nor good will to monarchy. His zeal was confined to the Huguenot party; for I cannot place it at all to the account of religion. Had the free exercise of that been all they aimed at, the edict of Nantz would have quieted them, and we should not have seen D'Aubigné concurring in an attempt to rekindle the war which had so nearly destroyed his country, as soon as the weakness of administration afforded an opportunity for it. I think him therefore no true patriot, though a zealous religionist. His history is however entertaining, and characters interesting. I hope the work meets with applause in the world."

In 1770 Mrs. Chapone accompanied Mrs. Montagu on a tour into Scotland. In 1772 she wrote her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, and

* Sister to Mrs. Montagu.

published them the following year. She thus speaks of them in a letter, dated July 20, 1773. "I am much obliged by the kind interest you take in the success of my publication, which has indeed been far beyond my expectation. The bookseller is preparing a second edition with all haste, the whole of the first being gone off of his hands, which considering that he printed off 1500 at first, is an extraordinary quick sale," &c.

Dec. 14, 1773. "Poor Dr. Hawksworth! His death happened at an ill time for his fame, and one cannot but wish it had pleased God to take him out of the world before he had cast a shade upon a reputation so very respectable as a moral and religious writer. Many suppose that the censures of the world occasioned his death, but I am not very ready to believe in such kind of causes, which are always assigned upon the remotest probability."

In 1775 Mrs. Chapone published her *Miscellanies in prose and verse*, in one vol. sm. 8vo. and in 1777, her *Letter to a new married Lady*. The following extract from a letter, June 16, 1777, alludes to these: "Many thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Carter, for your most kind letter. I have been very little at home since I received it, or should have been quicker in my acknowledgments; for indeed the great pleasure it conveyed to me, demanded them immediately. I hope there is no harm in being exquisitely gratified by the approbation you are so good as to express on a second reading of my little publications; the hope

which you confirm of their being capable of doing some good, has indeed afforded me an inexpressible satisfaction, which, as far as I know my own heart, is not founded in vanity. It appeases, in some measure, that uneasy sense of helplessness and insignificancy in society, which has often depressed and afflicted me; and gives me some comfort with respect to the poor account I can give of 'That one talent, which is death to hide.'

At the end of the year 1778, Mrs. Chapone lost her aunt, Mrs. Thomas; and in May 1781, she lost her uncle, the venerable bishop, at the age of 86; but she continued a frequent visitor at the houses of his three daughters, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Buller, and Lady Ogle. Death however began now to make great havoc among her relations and friends, particularly the families of Smith and Burrows of Hadley. In 1791 she was deprived of her brother John, at whose residence in Hampshire she was in the habit of spending part of every summer. Severe as were these deprivations in various ways, she sustained them with admirable fortitude.

The autumns of 1797 and 1798 she spent at the deanery of Winchester, where she had the delight of seeing some of her nearest and dearest relations around her. But the clouds of night were now gathering to break no more before her in this world. In 1799 she lost her eldest and only surviving brother; and she had to wear out her sorrowful days, in narrow circumstances, oppress by age, and separated by the grave from all her fondest connections. Her faculties began to decay, and she sunk into a state of alarming debility. She retired to a small

residence at Hadley, where she died on Christmas day, 1801, æt. 74.

Mrs. Chapone was of a lively and sanguine temperament, possessed of humour and sagacity, and knowledge of the world, which made her an entertaining companion, and a sound adviser. Her disposition was kind and amiable, and her principles were excellent.

Mrs. Barbauld*, observes, that "her poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication." It is probable that, had Mrs. Chapone exercised her mind more in poetical production, she would not have proved herself deficient in talents for it. But it must be admitted, that what has hitherto appeared, is neither sufficiently striking, nor of sufficient size. The best perhaps is "*An Irregular Ode to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who had recommended to me the Stoic philosophy as productive of fortitude; and who was about to publish a Translation of Epictetus.*" This was first published with the Epictetus. The last stanza is forcibly exprest:

"Nor thou, Eliza, who from early youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue train'd,
Hast sought the fountain of eternal truth,
And each fair spring of knowledge drain'd,
Nor thou, with fond chimeras vain,

* Memoirs of Mrs. Chapone, in Otridge's Annual Register, 1801, p. 390.

With Stoic pride, and fancied scorn,
Of human feelings, human pain,
My feeble soul sustain!
Far nobler precepts should thy page adorn!
O, rather guide me to the secret source
Of real wisdom, real force,
Thy life's unerring rule!
To thee fair Truth her radiant form unshrouds,
Tho' wrapp'd in thick impenetrable clouds,
She mark'd the labours of the Grecian school."

Art. DCLXVII. JOHN CHARNOCK, ESQ. F. S. A.

By Edmund Lodge, Esq.

On the 16th of May, 1807, died, John Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. to whose memory the writer of these lines, who sincerely esteemed him, feels much pleasure in being permitted, through the friendship of the Editor, to dedicate somewhat more than a bare obituary notice. He was born on the 28th of November, 1756, the only son of John Charnock, Esq. a native of the island of Barbadoes, and formerly an advocate of eminence at the English bar, by Frances, daughter of Thomas Boothby, of Chingford in Essex, Esq. both of whom are still living. He was placed about the year 1767 at the Rev. Reynell Cotton's school at Winchester, and went from thence to the college, where, in the station of a commoner, he was under the immediate care of Dr. Joseph Warton, the Head Master, in whose house he boarded, and became the peculiar favourite of that so justly beloved and admired man. Having attained to the seniority of the

school, and gained the prize medal annually given for elocution, he removed from Winchester to Oxford, and was entered in 1774 a Gentleman Commoner of Merton College. Here he soon discovered his passion for literary composition, in a multiplicity of fugitive pieces on various subjects, which appeared in the periodical prints of the time: among these his *Political Essays*, written during the heat of the American war, and in that vehement spirit of opposition which distinguished the young politicians of that day, bear chiefly the signatures of Casca, Squib, or Justice.

He left the university to return to a domestic life totally unsuited to the boundless activity both of mind and body for which he was remarkable, and rendered almost intolerable by certain family differences. To detach his attention from these inconveniences he applied himself, with his accustomed ardour, to the study of naval and military tactics; and with no other assistance than that of his mathematical knowledge, aided by a few books, soon attained the highest degree of science which could be gained in the closet. The noble collection of drawings which he has left, executed during that short period solely by his own hand, would alone furnish an ample proof of his knowledge of these subjects, and of the indefatigable zeal with which he pursued them.

He now became anxious to put into practice the theory of which he had thus become master, and earnestly pressed for permission to embrace the naval or military profession. He was at that time the sole heir to a very considerable fortune, and the

darling of his parents; and these very facts, such is the occasional perverseness of human affairs, constituted his greatest misfortune. His request was positively denied, and, unable to resist the impulse of his inclination, he entered as a volunteer into the naval service, and very soon attained that proficiency, of which his publications on the subject will be lasting monuments. A sense of duty, however, which no man felt more keenly, withdrew him again,

"A mute inglorious *Nelson*,"

into private life; but his mind had received a wound in the disappointment; and other circumstances which it would be indelicate to particularize, contributed to keep it open. Hence arose an indifference to the meaner and more common objects of human prudence, and many little singularities of conduct which, though they detracted nothing from his good understanding or good nature, rendered him remarkable to common observers.

He dedicated his retirement unceasingly to his pen; and the profits of his pen, which now constituted nearly his whole revenue, in a great measure to the gratification of that benevolence, which in him was equally warm and active with the rest of his passions and sentiments, and shone, in the most extensive sense of the word, in every shape of charity. It would be needless to inform those whom experience has taught to estimate duly the meed of literary labours in this time, and, perhaps, impossible to convince those who have had the good fortune to avoid that experience, how very far the

means of such a man must have fallen short of their various ends. Suffice it, therefore, on this head, to say, that he became somewhat embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances; that the sources from which he had the fairest right to expect relief were unaccountably closed against him; and that his uncommonly vigorous constitution, both of body and of mind, sunk by slow degrees to dissolution, under the misery of an abridgment, which his proud and generous spirit could not brook, of that *liberty* and independence in which his soul delighted. He died childless, and was buried on the 21st of May, with considerable ceremony and expense, at Lee near Blackheath, leaving a widow, Mary, the daughter of Peregrine Jones, of the city of Philadelphia, whose exemplary conduct in the vicissitudes of her husband's fortune has secured to her the lasting respect of his friends.

Mr. Charnock possessed a firm and penetrating understanding, a surprising quickness of apprehension, an excellent memory, and a lofty, but well-governed, ambition. He was formed to shine in any profession, for he had the faculty of devoting all his powers to any object which deeply engaged his attention: but he had no profession; no one important object; and he scattered his natural advantages with the cold and limited hope of an husbandman who knows that the seed which he throws abroad cannot produce a crop beyond a certain value. Much of the character of his mind, however, may be traced in his literary productions. They merit the highest credit for various and indefatigable research, sagacious selection, and faithful

detail: they, perhaps, deserve some censure for certain faults of style which must inevitably attend rapid composition. He has more than once declared to the writer of this sketch, that he scarcely ever read a line which he had dictated (for that was his almost invariable custom) except in the proof sheets; and this must be ascribed merely to the natural eagerness of his temper; for those who knew him best well knew that he had none of the affectation of

"The mob of gentlemen that write with ease."

His published works, with many smaller pieces, are

"*The Rights of a Free People*," *printed in* 8vo. *in* 1792, *in which he ironically assumed the democratic character which then feebly appeared in a few insignificant individuals. In this volume may be found an historical sketch of the origin and growth of the English Constitution, equally remarkable for its correctness and conciseness.*

"*Biographia Navalis*," *in* 6 *vols.* 8vo. *the first of which appeared in* 1794.

A Pamphlet in 8vo. *entitled* "*a Letter on Finance and on National Defence*," 1798.

"*A History of Marine Architecture, in three volumes,* 4to. *a very valuable and superb work, illustrated by a great number of fine engravings*," 1802.

And *a* "*Life of Lord Nelson, in one volume, published in* 1806, *enriched with some very curious original Letters of that eminent pattern of public and private worth.*"

E. L.

Art. DCLXVIII. MRS. LEFROY.

I enter with hesitation upon a task of much delicacy; yet love and duty impel me not to throw away the opportunity of giving a memorial of one, most dear to me, whose merits deserve a lasting record.

Anne, the wife of the late Rev. George Lefroy of Ash, in Hampshire, was born at Wootton in Kent, in March 1748. She was the eldest child of Edward Brydges, Esq. of Wootton Court, who died in Nov. 1780, by Jemima, (who survived till 1809) the youngest daughter and at length coheir of William Egerton, LL.D. Prebendary of Canterbury, Chancellor of Hereford, and Rector of Penshurst* in Kent, younger son of the Hon. Thomas Egerton of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, who was younger son of John, second Earl of Bridgewater, by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.

From her earliest infancy she discovered a quickness of apprehension, and a rapidity of memory,

* Here Dr. Egerton passed his time in the strictest intimacy with his cousin John Sydney, Earl of Leicester, to whom he owed the rectory; and, perhaps, it was from the groves of Penshurst, where

"The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all its glories past," *

that that enthusiasm for literature, which has marked one or two of his descendants, was transmitted by him.

* Mrs. Smith.

which astonished all, who knew her. These were rendered still more attractive by a sweetness of temper; and an overflowing benevolence of heart, which was almost too exuberant for the rough world to which she was destined. Her conversation, and her command of language were as voluble and copious, as her ideas were instantaneous and brilliant. Her speaking countenance, more especially the smiling radiance of her eyes, added powerfully to her astonishing eloquence.

Thus endowed, she early displayed an insatiable love of reading—more especially works which addressed themselves to the fancy, or the heart. She became so intimately acquainted with the English poets, that there was scarce one, of any eminence, of whose productions she could not repeat by memory a large portion. With a mind formed and cultivated in this manner, it is not wonderful that she had herself the pen of a ready writer. At twelve years old she composed a pleasing hymn, which would not disgrace at the same age any who have risen to the highest pinnacle of genius. Had her ambition been thus early directed to literary pre-eminence, and regularly continued, I firmly believe that there was no laurel beyond her reach. But either in the retirement of the country, or when mixing with the world among her numerous relations and acquaintance, moving in a station in life, where other (I do not say more honourable or more virtuous) objects of rivalry were encouraged, she was taught to consider literature rather as a casual amusement than a business; and this, as her facul-

ties were naturally volatile, increased the defect (if she had a defect) of her mind.

The shades of Wootton, however, were well calculated to strengthen the colours of her fancy, and confirm the purity of her heart. She lived beloved and admired, in the bosom of a large family, amid scenes of beauty, simplicity, and virtue. The warmth of her disposition, her amiable and pious sentiments, and her ideas of earthly happiness, were cherished by example, and took habitual root.

At this period she wrote many occasional poems, which displayed great ease, elegance, and harmony of language, justness of thought, and excellence of heart. Too many of them have been scattered to the winds, and are now irrecoverable. She never put forward her whole force. If she had, I am confident she was capable of great strength and sublimity, particularly on subjects connected with her elevated ideas of religion. Her compositions never fell into flatness; and she was perfectly free from that uncouth and encumbered style of expression, with which too many of her cotemporaries have been tinctured.

In December 1778 she married the Rev. George Lefroy,* then rector of Compton, in Surry, whom she had known from her childhood; and removed with him to Basingstoke in Hants, till the living at

* Son of Anthony Lefroy, Esq. a well-known merchant of Leghorn; and nephew to the late Benjamin Langlois, Esq. who in 1779 was Under-Secretary of State; and to General Langlois, well known in the Austrian service. His brother was formerly Lieut. Col. of the 13th Dragoons, and now resides at Limerick.

Ash, in that county, for which he was then waiting, should become vacant. The new neighbourhood, where she now lived, were not less delighted with her attractions, than those circles, in which she was formerly known. She was the charm of every society of her own rank; and she was equally the idol of the poor, on whom her attentions, her kind and gentle manners, and her charitable disposition, conferred daily blessings. She electrified every company: young and old, gay and grave; the virtuous and the dissipated, the high and the low, were animated by the sound of her voice.

In 1784 she removed to Ash, where Mr. Lefroy had succeeded to the living, and very handsomely rebuilt the rectorial house. The domestic cares of a growing family, who in the excess of her affection engrossed a large proportion of her thoughts, tended, in addition to constant company, of which it was natural that she, with whom every one was delighted, should be fond, allowed her little time for the continued cultivation of those great talents, with which Providence had endowed her. She read eagerly and rapidly; but she read only for amusement. She wrote and she talked with energetic eloquence; but all that her pen produced were principally hasty letters, committed to paper, while her acquaintance or her family were talking around her, and interrupting every moment her eager and instantaneous apprehension, which darted from one subject to another with the celerity of the northern lights. Her wonderful gifts of intellect were in this manner too much frittered away; and are gone therefore without leaving behind those per-

manent proofs of their existence, which were so asily within her power.

When her family were struggling for the honours of their birth; when year after year, that ill-fated claim, which, like the Douglas cause, will stand a beacon in the annals of litigation, was prolonged, opposed, harrassed by treachery, overwhelmed with falsehood, surrounded by unexampled prejudice, and covered with the most cruel, undeserved, and provoking injuries; when, with every added session, she saw the gloom of her brothers increase under ill-usage irreparable, and springing from the instruments of corruption and revenge; she took a lively and active part in the contest and its sufferings; her mind became deeply occupied with the subject, and for the first time her philanthropy and universal benevolence received a shock. Her indignation now and then broke forth; and would have made an impression on any head or heart, not depraved till they were callous as stone. She survived the unexpected blow of the final decision, not eighteen months; and, accompanied as it was by circumstances of aggravated mortification, it seemed to be constantly uppermost in her thoughts; and I believe she had by no means recovered it at her death.

Her mind, however, had sufficient occupation: for she was constantly employed in acts of goodness to all within her reach. When the important discovery of vaccination was promulgated, she eagerly caught at it; learned the process, and with her own hand extended its benefits to near eight hundred of the neighbouring poor. She persevered in defiance of interested calumny: and it was curious to see the

flocks of people from the surrounding villages, resorting to her, whose complaints she patiently heard, and whose progress in the disorder she assiduously watched. Nor was any other act of kindness to the poor omitted by her. Amidst her various avocations, she every day condescended to teach a number of village children herself, not only to read and write, but to work, to make straw-hats, &c. In her walks and rides the cottages of the peasants were as much the objects of her visits, as the mansions of rank, fashion, or opulence.

On December 15, 1804, having rode to pay a visit about two miles off, the horse, when she mounted him to return, set off in a canter, and increased his pace; she lost her courage, and after keeping her seat for near a mile, fell, and never spoke again. It is possible the servant might have caught the bridle, and stopt the horse; but he had been afraid to come up with her, lest his own horse should increase the pace of the other. She was carried home, and lingered in a state of insensibility till the next morning, when she died* in her fifty-seventh year, an example of every thing that is attractive and virtuous in the female character.

With the most sincere and most fervent sentiments of religion, with the most tender and affectionate heart, with the most pure and undeviating rectitude of conduct, she united the most lively and captivating manners, the most amiable temper, and the most brilliant understanding. Her death, therefore, created a very widely-extended lamentation. Wherever

* Her husband survived till January 1806.

her name was known, (and it was not confined to narrow bounds) it drew forth deep and unfeigned regret. Her relations and friends considered it an unspeakable affliction. And he, who draws this memoir, who owes to her the first direction of his mind to poetry, who spent under her fostering attentions some of the happiest moments of his life, and experienced from his earliest dawn of infancy her fond and unceasing affection and partiality, never passes a day without a deep and woeful sense of her loss.

Some of her poems have been preserved in the *Poetical Register*. The following, among many others, has not been printed.

"*To her Husband.*

"O say, dear object of my soul's best love,
By what new means can I my passion prove?
Twin'd with my heart-strings are the cords, that bind
This weak and fearful to thy stronger mind.
O that you saw with what incessant care
For thee I raise to Heaven the fervent prayer;
How past this transient scene my raptur'd soul
Blest with thy love sees endless ages roll!—
As some poor wretch, whom midnight dreams affright,
Sees horrid gulphs just opening to his sight,
While hideous fiends torment his sinking soul,
And lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll;
Waking he scarce believes the scene deceit;
Still his nerves tremble, and his pulses beat:
So, tho' convinc'd my foolish fears were vain,
My heart still sinks beneath ideal pain."

I will venture one more specimen.

" *To Miss D. B.* Feb.* 1776.

" Whilst you for Gaylard's† festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;

By Marmontel's instructive page
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age;
And brighten in distress.

When Belisarius old and blind,
To Fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind,
And fills my eyes with tears.

Taught by his fate how vain is power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

Surrounded by the pomp of war,
Had I the hero view'd,
Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued;

Compassion for the sufferer's fate
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd!

Despoil'd of honours, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless and blind, in sorrow's hour
How glorious he appears!

* Afterwards Mrs. Maxwell, who died March 1789.

† A neighbouring family in Kent.

Torn from his brow in life's first bloom
The warrior's crown may fade,
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd:

But round the good man's placid brow
Unfading wreaths shall twine;
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine!"*

Her productions, like her conversation, were all rapidity; she had no ambition of authorship, and neither confidence enough in her talents, nor sufficient continued attention, to do justice to her own powers. She looked only for her fame in the angelic goodness of her character; and she had the happiness of being so almost universally beloved, that if there were any who indulged a taint of envy or ill-will towards her, they carefully for their own credit disguised it.

Sept. 12, 1807.

Art. DCLXIX. WILLIAM COLLINS.

The following curious letter having been inserted nearly thirty years ago in one of the volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is now, I believe, difficult to be procured, I am prompted to reprint it here.

" January 20, 1781.

"William Collins, the poet, I was intimately acquainted with from the time that he came to reside

* This has been printed in the Poetical Register, Vol. I. p. 32.

at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester; I think an hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary first upon roll,* and was entered a commoner of Queen's College. There, no vacancy offering for New-College, he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen College; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, commenced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the play-houses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune. In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle,† a colonel in the army, to whom the

* "Mr. Joseph Warton, since Dr. Warton, Head-Master of Winton school, was at the same time second upon roll; and Mr. Mulso, afterwards Prebendary of the church of Winton, third upon roll."

† Dr. Johnson and others, call him Col. Martin: Dr. Warton calls him Col. Martin Bladen, I suspect erroneously, as that person was uncle to Admiral Lord Hawke. But Dr. Warton adds, "Col. Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated

nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square Court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford I do not know, but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects; and I always understood, that not long after he died in confinement; but when, or where,* he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities,† which, properly improved, must have

Cæsar's Commentaries. He left his estate to his nephew my dear friend, Mr. William Collins, which he did not get possession of, till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoens, inserted in his Essay on the Epic Poets of all nations; and that Voltaire seemed entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoens." From Warton's Pope, V. 284. *Editor.*

* He died at Chichester, 1756. *Editor.*

† And does this writer suppose he did not avail himself of his fine abilities, when he wrote those beautiful poems, which have immortalized his name? And does he think, that he would have been more useful, if he had wasted his strength by contending with coarse and common-place talents in the vulgar career of a profession? If his career had been crowned with entire success, and he had gone to the

raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country!

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular one for '*A History of the Darker Ages.*'

"He was passionately fond of music; good-natured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea-visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member* of a certain college, as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition, as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel;

grave ornamented with coronets, the earth would scarce have been thrown over him, before he had been forgotten! Who now thinks of Lord Thurlow, or Lord Rosslyn? Who does not pay his almost daily veneration to the names of Collins and Cowper? *Editor.*

* The translator of Polybius, the Rev. James Hampton; who died 1778.

and, though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table, and all its contents, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfal, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor, but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

'Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.'

I am your very humble servant,

V."*

It appears from Mr. Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, that the following little poem, which appeared in *Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1739, was written and communicated by Collins, while a Winchester school-boy.

"*Sonnet.*

"When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From 'midst the drops my love is born,
That o'er those eye-lids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love!

DELICATULUS."†

* From Gent. Mag. Vol. LI. p. 11.

† I saw in a Magazine, not long ago, a copy of a Letter from a Mr. John Ragdale, dated 1783, giving some account of Collins from

Art. DCLXX. DR. DARWIN.

Miss Seward has written Memoirs* of Dr. Darwin; but they contain few facts; and form rather a volume of criticism than of poetry. I will confess that the character of Darwin does not please me; and that I enter upon it unwillingly. The blaze of his fame was literally like that of a meteor, and has already passed away.

Erasmus Darwin was the fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. a Nottinghamshire gentleman, by Elizabeth Hill, and born at Elston near Newark, Dec. 12, 1731. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Edinburgh; whence in 1756 he settled at Lichfield as a physician. Here he almost immediately distinguished himself in his profession, by the skill he exercised in recovering Mr. Inge of Thorpe, a neighbouring young man of fortune and family, from a violent and dangerous illness, after he had been given over by his relations, and his medical attendant, Dr. Wilkes of Willenhall.† Extensive practice was the result.

In 1757, he married Miss Howard of the Close at Lichfield, an amiable and affectionate wife, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by Penelope Foley, by whom he had several children; and who died at an

personal acquaintance, corresponding in all material points with the above. It has been too lately laid before the public to be inserted again here. *Editor.* (See it since printed in a Memoir of Collins, in the Sylvan Wanderer, from the private press of Lee Priory.)

* See also a short memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXII, p. 473.

† See p. 224 of the present volume for an account of Dr. Wilkes.

manent proofs of their existence, which were so easily within her power.

When her family were struggling for the honours of their birth; when year after year, that ill-fated claim, which, like the Douglas cause, will stand a beacon in the annals of litigation, was prolonged, opposed, harrassed by treachery, overwhelmed with falsehood, surrounded by unexampled prejudice, and covered with the most cruel, undeserved, and provoking injuries; when, with every added session, she saw the gloom of her brothers increase under ill-usage irreparable, and springing from the instruments of corruption and revenge; she took a lively and active part in the contest and its sufferings; her mind became deeply occupied with the subject, and for the first time her philanthropy and universal benevolence received a shock. Her indignation now and then broke forth; and would have made an impression on any head or heart, not depraved till they were callous as stone. She survived the unexpected blow of the final decision, not eighteen months; and, accompanied as it was by circumstances of aggravated mortification, it seemed to be constantly uppermost in her thoughts; and I believe she had by no means recovered it at her death.

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flocks of people from the surrounding villages, resorting to her, whose complaints she patiently heard, and whose progress in the disorder she assiduously watched. Nor was any other act of kindness to the poor omitted by her. Amidst her various avocations, she every day condescended to teach a number of village children herself, not only to read and write, but to work, to make straw-hats, &c. In her walks and rides the cottages of the peasants were as much the objects of her visits, as the mansions of rank, fashion, or opulence.

On December 15, 1804, having rode to pay a visit about two miles off, the horse, when she mounted him to return, set off in a canter, and increased his pace; she lost her courage, and after keeping her seat for near a mile, fell, and never spoke again. It is possible the servant might have caught the bridle, and stopt the horse; but he had been afraid to come up with her, lest his own horse should increase the pace of the other. She was carried home, and lingered in a state of insensibility till the next morning, when she died* in her fifty-seventh year, an example of every thing that is attractive and virtuous in the female character.

With the most sincere and most fervent sentiments of religion, with the most tender and affectionate heart, with the most pure and undeviating rectitude of conduct, she united the most lively and captivating manners, the most amiable temper, and the most brilliant understanding. Her death, therefore, created a very widely-extended lamentation. Wherever

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her name was known, (and it was not confined to narrow bounds) it drew forth deep and unfeigned regret. Her relations and friends considered it an unspeakable affliction. And he, who draws this memoir, who owes to her the first direction of his mind to poetry, who spent under her fostering attentions some of the happiest moments of his life, and experienced from his earliest dawn of infancy her fond and unceasing affection and partiality, never passes a day without a deep and woeful sense of her loss.

Some of her poems have been preserved in the *Poetical Register*. The following, among many others, has not been printed.

"*To her Husband.*

"O say, dear object of my soul's best love,
By what new means can I my passion prove?
Twin'd with my heart-strings are the cords, that bind
This weak and fearful to thy stronger mind.
O that you saw with what incessant care
For thee I raise to Heaven the fervent prayer;
How past this transient scene my raptur'd soul
Blest with thy love sees endless ages roll!—
As some poor wretch, whom midnight dreams affright,
Sees horrid gulphs just opening to his sight,
While hideous fiends torment his sinking soul,
And lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll;
Waking he scarce believes the scene deceit;
Still his nerves tremble, and his pulses beat:
So, tho' convinc'd my foolish fears were vain,
My heart still sinks beneath ideal pain."

I will venture one more specimen.

" *To Miss D. B.* Feb.* 1776.

" Whilst you for Gaylard's† festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;

By Marmontel's instructive page
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age;
And brighten in distress.

When Belisarius old and blind,
To Fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind,
And fills my eyes with tears.

Taught by his fate how vain is power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

Surrounded by the pomp of war,
Had I the hero view'd,
Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued;

Compassion for the sufferer's fate
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd!

Despoil'd of honours, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless and blind, in sorrow's hour
How glorious he appears!

* Afterwards Mrs. Maxwell, who died March 1789.

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Torn from his brow in life's first bloom
The warrior's crown may fade,
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd:

But round the good man's placid brow
Unfading wreaths shall twine;
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine!"*

Her productions, like her conversation, were all rapidity; she had no ambition of authorship, and neither confidence enough in her talents, nor sufficient continued attention, to do justice to her own powers. She looked only for her fame in the angelic goodness of her character; and she had the happiness of being so almost universally beloved, that if there were any who indulged a taint of envy or ill-will towards her, they carefully for their own credit disguised it.

Sept. 12, 1807.

Art. DCLXIX. WILLIAM COLLINS.

The following curious letter having been inserted nearly thirty years ago in one of the volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is now, I believe, difficult to be procured, I am prompted to reprint it here.

" January 20, 1781.

"William Collins, the poet, I was intimately acquainted with from the time that he came to reside

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at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester; I think an hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary first upon roll,* and was entered a commoner of Queen's College. There, no vacancy offering for New-College, he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen College; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, commenced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the play-houses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune. In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle,† a colonel in the army, to whom the

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nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square Court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford I do not know, but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects; and I always understood, that not long after he died in confinement; but when, or where,* he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities,† which, properly improved, must have

Cæsar's Commentaries. He left his estate to his nephew my dear friend, Mr. William Collins, which he did not get possession of, till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoens, inserted in his Essay on the Epic Poets of all nations; and that Voltaire seemed entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoens." From Warton's Pope, V. 284. *Editor.*

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† And does this writer suppose he did not avail himself of his fine abilities, when he wrote those beautiful poems, which have immortalized his name? And does he think, that he would have been more useful, if he had wasted his strength by contending with coarse and common-place talents in the vulgar career of a profession? If his career had been crowned with entire success, and he had gone to the

raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country!

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular one for '*A History of the Darker Ages.*'

"He was passionately fond of music; good-natured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea-visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member* of a certain college, as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition, as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel;

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'Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.'

I am your very humble servant,

V."*

It appears from Mr. Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, that the following little poem, which appeared in *Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1739, was written and communicated by Collins, while a Winchester school-boy.

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"When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From 'midst the drops my love is born,
That o'er those eye-lids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love!

DELICATULUS."†

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Art. DCLXX. DR. DARWIN.

Miss Seward has written Memoirs* of Dr. Darwin; but they contain few facts; and form rather a volume of criticism than of poetry. I will confess that the character of Darwin does not please me; and that I enter upon it unwillingly. The blaze of his fame was literally like that of a meteor, and has already passed away.

Erasmus Darwin was the fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. a Nottinghamshire gentleman, by Elizabeth Hill, and born at Elston near Newark, Dec. 12, 1731. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Edinburgh; whence in 1756 he settled at Lichfield as a physician. Here he almost immediately distinguished himself in his profession, by the skill he exercised in recovering Mr. Inge of Thorpe, a neighbouring young man of fortune and family, from a violent and dangerous illness, after he had been given over by his relations, and his medical attendant, Dr. Wilkes of Willenhall.† Extensive practice was the result.

In 1757, he married Miss Howard of the Close at Lichfield, an amiable and affectionate wife, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by Penelope Foley, by whom he had several children; and who died at an

personal acquaintance, corresponding in all material points with the above. It has been too lately laid before the public to be inserted again here. *Editor.* (See it since printed in a Memoir of Collins, in the Sylvan Wanderer, from the private press of Lee Priory.)

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* Her husband survived till January 1806.

her name was known, (and it was not confined to narrow bounds) it drew forth deep and unfeigned regret. Her relations and friends considered it an unspeakable affliction. And he, who draws this memoir, who owes to her the first direction of his mind to poetry, who spent under her fostering attentions some of the happiest moments of his life, and experienced from his earliest dawn of infancy her fond and unceasing affection and partiality, never passes a day without a deep and woeful sense of her loss.

Some of her poems have been preserved in the *Poetical Register*. The following, among many others, has not been printed.

"*To her Husband.*

"O say, dear object of my soul's best love,
By what new means can I my passion prove?
Twin'd with my heart-strings are the cords, that bind
This weak and fearful to thy stronger mind.
O that you saw with what incessant care
For thee I raise to Heaven the fervent prayer;
How past this transient scene my raptur'd soul
Blest with thy love sees endless ages roll!—
As some poor wretch, whom midnight dreams affright,
Sees horrid gulphs just opening to his sight,
While hideous fiends torment his sinking soul,
And lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll;
Waking he scarce believes the scene deceit;
Still his nerves tremble, and his pulses beat:
So, tho' convinc'd my foolish fears were vain,
My heart still sinks beneath ideal pain."

I will venture one more specimen.

" *To Miss D. B.* Feb.* 1776.

" Whilst you for Gaylard's† festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;

By Marmontel's instructive page
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age;
And brighten in distress.

When Belisarius old and blind,
To Fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind,
And fills my eyes with tears.

Taught by his fate how vain is power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

Surrounded by the pomp of war,
Had I the hero view'd,
Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued;

Compassion for the sufferer's fate
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd!

Despoil'd of honours, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless and blind, in sorrow's hour
How glorious he appears!

* Afterwards Mrs. Maxwell, who died March 1789.
† A neighbouring family in Kent.

Torn from his brow in life's first bloom
The warrior's crown may fade,
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd:

But round the good man's placid brow
Unfading wreaths shall twine;
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine!"*

Her productions, like her conversation, were all rapidity; she had no ambition of authorship, and neither confidence enough in her talents, nor sufficient continued attention, to do justice to her own powers. She looked only for her fame in the angelic goodness of her character; and she had the happiness of being so almost universally beloved, that if there were any who indulged a taint of envy or ill-will towards her, they carefully for their own credit disguised it.

Sept. 12, 1807.

Art. DCLXIX. WILLIAM COLLINS.

The following curious letter having been inserted nearly thirty years ago in one of the volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is now, I believe, difficult to be procured, I am prompted to reprint it here.

" January 20, 1781.

"William Collins, the poet, I was intimately acquainted with from the time that he came to reside

* This has been printed in the Poetical Register, Vol. I. p. 32.

at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester; I think an hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary first upon roll,* and was entered a commoner of Queen's College. There, no vacancy offering for New-College, he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen College; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, commenced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the play-houses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune. In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle,† a colonel in the army, to whom the

* "Mr. Joseph Warton, since Dr. Warton, Head-Master of Winton school, was at the same time second upon roll; and Mr. Mulso, afterwards Prebendary of the church of Winton, third upon roll."

† Dr. Johnson and others, call him Col. Martin: Dr. Warton calls him Col. Martin Bladen, I suspect erroneously, as that person was uncle to Admiral Lord Hawke. But Dr. Warton adds, "Col. Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated

nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square Court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford I do not know, but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects; and I always understood, that not long after he died in confinement; but when, or where,* he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities,† which, properly improved, must have

Cæsar's Commentaries. He left his estate to his nephew my dear friend, Mr. William Collins, which he did not get possession of, till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoens, inserted in his Essay on the Epic Poets of all nations; and that Voltaire seemed entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoens." From Warton's Pope, V. 284. *Editor.*

* He died at Chichester, 1756. *Editor.*

† And does this writer suppose he did not avail himself of his fine abilities, when he wrote those beautiful poems, which have immortalized his name? And does he think, that he would have been more useful, if he had wasted his strength by contending with coarse and common-place talents in the vulgar career of a profession? If his career had been crowned with entire success, and he had gone to the

raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country!

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular one for '*A History of the Darker Ages.*'

"He was passionately fond of music; good-natured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea-visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member* of a certain college, as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition, as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel;

grave ornamented with coronets, the earth would scarce have been thrown over him, before he had been forgotten! Who now thinks of Lord Thurlow, or Lord Rosslyn? Who does not pay his almost daily veneration to the names of Collins and Cowper? *Editor.*

* The translator of Polybius, the Rev. James Hampton; who died 1778.

and, though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table, and all its contents, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfal, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor, but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

'Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.'

I am your very humble servant,

V."*

It appears from Mr. Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, that the following little poem, which appeared in *Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1739, was written and communicated by Collins, while a Winchester school-boy.

"*Sonnet.*

"When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From 'midst the drops my love is born,
That o'er those eye-lids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love!

DELICATULUS."†

* From Gent. Mag. Vol. LI. p. 18.

† I saw in a Magazine, not long ago, a copy of a Letter from a Mr. John Ragdale, dated 1783, giving some account of Collins from

Art. DCLXX. DR. DARWIN.

Miss Seward has written Memoirs* of Dr. Darwin; but they contain few facts; and form rather a volume of criticism than of poetry. I will confess that the character of Darwin does not please me; and that I enter upon it unwillingly. The blaze of his fame was literally like that of a meteor, and has already passed away.

Erasmus Darwin was the fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. a Nottinghamshire gentleman, by Elizabeth Hill, and born at Elston near Newark, Dec. 12, 1731. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Edinburgh; whence in 1756 he settled at Lichfield as a physician. Here he almost immediately distinguished himself in his profession, by the skill he exercised in recovering Mr. Inge of Thorpe, a neighbouring young man of fortune and family, from a violent and dangerous illness, after he had been given over by his relations, and his medical attendant, Dr. Wilkes of Willenhall.† Extensive practice was the result.

In 1757, he married Miss Howard of the Close at Lichfield, an amiable and affectionate wife, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by Penelope Foley, by whom he had several children; and who died at an

personal acquaintance, corresponding in all material points with the above. It has been too lately laid before the public to be inserted again here. *Editor.* (See it since printed in a Memoir of Collins, in the Sylvan Wanderer, from the private press of Lee Priory.)

* See also a short memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXII, p. 473.

† See p. 224 of the present volume for an account of Dr. Wilkes.

early age in 1770. During this period, his business principally occupied his time; but his hours of retirement and leisure were secretly devoted to literature. He drew around him a select society of men of a similar turn; the Rev. Mr. Michel, well known for his scientific acquirements; Mr. Kier of West-Bromwich; the ingenious Matthew Boulton; Mr. Watt, the mechanic; Dr. Small of Birmingham, who died in 1775; the celebrated Mr. Day, and his friend Mr. Edgeworth;* and occasionally Mr. William Seward of London, the compiler of the *Anecdotes*. With Sir Brooke Boothby he had a particular intimacy; and with him and a Mr. Jackson instituted, in 1772, what they called The Botanic Society of Lichfield. He was also intimate about this time with Mr. Mundy of Marketon near Derby, the ingenious author of that beautiful descriptive poem, entitled NEEDWOOD FOREST.

In 1768 Dr. Darwin had a fall from a whimsical carriage of his own contrivance, by which he broke the patella of his right knee. This produced a lameness, which was never perfectly cured.

When Johnson visited Lichfield, Darwin, whose own fame was not yet established, avoided his overbearing and dictatorial society with sullen aversion. He spoke of that Colossus with bitter, and perhaps affected, scorn.

About 1771 he commenced the compilation of his Zoonomia, which was not published till 1794. It is said to contain much ingenuity; but as it is so limit-

* Mr. Edgeworth married first Honora Sneyd, and afterwards Elizabeth Sneyd. By the former he had Miss Edgeworth, the authoress; and Anna wife of Dr. Beddoes of Bristol.

ed and presumptuous in its views, as to ascribe every thing to *second causes*, it will ever be condemned and detested by the wise and good. All that he published at this period were communications to periodical works of observations on botany, with the signature of *The Lichfield Botanical Society*. He carefully concealed those poetical powers, which he was silently cultivating, lest the supposed incompatibility of such a pursuit with the graver studies of physic should injure him in his profession.

In 1781 he married a second time Mrs. Pole, widow of Col. Pole* of Radbourne near Derby, who died in 1780; a lady for whom, it seems from some

* She had by Col. Pole, a son, Sacheverel Pole, Esq. now of Radbourne, who lately changed his name under somewhat singular circumstances. In the reign of Henry IV. Peter De La Pole of Newborough in Staffordshire acquired *Radbourne* by marriage with Elizabeth *Lawton* sole daughter and heir of John Lawton, by Eleanor his wife, sister and coheir of Sir John *Chandos* of Radbourne, K. G. who died S. P. 1370. From that time the male descendants of Peter De La Pole, and Elizabeth Lawton, have resided in great respectability at Radbourne. After the name of Pole had thus been permanent against the shocks of time at this place for four hundred years, it seemed strange to abandon it. But Mr. Pole has been persuaded, that the name of *Chandos* sounded better, by the Herald, who was interested in the change, and he has lately obtained the King's sign manual to assume the name of CHANDOS. The family of Chandos of Radbourne were probably a *branch* of the baronial family of that name; but too far back to be connected with them; and therefore as no honours were connected with this change, but a mere matter of sound, it seems a very odd step. See *Banks's Peerage*, *i.* 260. At this rate we may expect all the modern families, who can trace their descent in the female line to the ancient baronage, to assume all the names of the Conqueror's attendants, which have expired these six hundred years! Miss Pole, one of Mrs. Darwin's daughters, married Mr. John Gisborne, author of "The Vales of Weaver," and younger brother to the Moralist.

verses printed by Miss Seward, he had long conceived a warm admiration. By this lady's desire he quitted Lichfield, and removed to Derby; a hazardous attempt to leave a neighbourhood, where he was established for one in which he was to make his way anew! But it succeeded. He was solicited by many to remove to London; but he was firm in withstanding every solicitation of that kind.

Miss Seward says, that Dr. Darwin commenced his poem, *The Botanic Garden*, in 1779. "It consists," to use her words, "of two parts; the first contains the Economy of Vegetation; the second, the Loves of the Plants. Each is enriched by a number of philosophical notes. They state a great variety of theories and experiments in botany, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, and in the various species of air, salubrious, noxious, and deadly. The discoveries of the modern professors in all those sciences, are frequently mentioned, with praise highly gratifying to them. In these notes, explanations are found of every personified plant, its generic history, its local situation, and the nature of the soil and climate, to which it is indigenous; its botanic and its common name. The verses corrected, polished, and modulated with the most sedulous attention; the notes involving such great diversity of matter relating to natural history; and the composition going forward in the short recesses of professional attendance, but chiefly in his chaise, as he travelled from one place to another, the Botanic Garden could not be the work of one, two, or three years; it was *ten* from its primal lines to its first publication."

The second part was published first. It was printed at Lichfield; and came out in 1789. It instantaneously seized the public attention. The novelty of the design, and manner; the splendour of the imagery; and the point and harmony of the versification, dazzled almost every reader. Every line was wrought with such a polish, as the public since the days of Pope had been utterly unaccustomed to. Every sentence was so rounded, that the most careless, or ignorant reader could not mangle, or mismanage it. But, alas! every person of true taste soon perceived, that it

Play'd round the head but came not to the heart.

It abounded in all the *matter* of poetry; but it wanted the *soul*. It was like an exquisitely beautiful picture, or statue: its form was perfect; but it never reflected the nicer or more hidden movements of the heart or the head. But it is apparent, from Dr. Darwin's prose Interludes, that his theory of poetical excellence accorded with his practice. Such a narrow view of this art would deprive it of its best and most essential qualities. It would degrade it to a level with painting and sculpture; or, perhaps, to a degree below them. Imagery and ornamented language are not necessary ingredients of poetry. Some of the most poetical passages of Shakspeare and Milton are totally without either of these. Sublimity and pathos more particularly result from grandeur or tenderness of *thought*, such as is best conveyed by the simplest expressions; and which it is neither requisite nor possible to illustrate by *material* allusions.

The poem has many minor faults. To an ear of moderate sensibility, the unvaried monotony of the verse soon becomes intolerable: the incessant repetition of personified plants and flowers nauseates; and many of the groups of figures, though sketched and finished with the highest skill, are almost childish; and at least unworthy of a manly imagination.

Still it must be owned, that some of the descriptions, taken separately, are exquisitely beautiful: witness the following:

"Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade;
And feels, alive, through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eye-lids to approaching night;
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.
Veil'd with gay decency and modest pride,
Slow to the mosque she moves, an eastern bride;
There her soft vows unceasing love record,
Queen of the bright seraglio of her lord—
So sinks, so rises with the changeful hour
The liquid silver in its glassy tower.
So turns the needle to the pole it loves,
With fine vibrations quivering, as it moves."

The description of Mongulfier's flight in the balloon, in the second Canto of Part II excites unqualified admiration.

"The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales!

Sees, like a map, in many a waving line
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine;
Sees at his feet the forky lightnings glow,
And hears innocuous thunders roar below.
Rise, great Mongulfier! urge thy venturous flight
High o'er the moon's pale ice-reflected light!" &c. &c.

But perhaps his happiest painting is that of the Night-Mare.

"So on his NIGHTMARE through the evening fog
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep opprest,
Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.
—Such as, of late, amid the murky sky
Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye;
Whose daring tints, with Shakspeare's happiest grace,
Gave to the airy phantom form and place.—
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
—Then shrieks of captur'd towns, and widow's tears,
Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood-stain'd biers,
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
The trackless desert, the cold starless night,
And stern-eyed murderer with his knife behind,
In dread succession agonize her mind.
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;
In vain to scream with quivering lips she tries,
And strains in palsy'd lids her tremulous eyes;
In vain she wills to walk, swim, run, fly, leap;
The WILL presides not in the bower of SLEEP.

O'er her fair bosom sits the Demon-Ape
Erect, and balances his bloated shape;
Rolls in their marble orbs his gorgon-eyes,
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries."

In 1791 Dr. Darwin brought forth the First Part of the Botanic Garden, containing the Economy of Vegetation. Miss Seward thinks he did not consider it of so popular a nature as the Second Part; and on that account, and not for the reason he assigned, reserved it till the other had established his fame.

In 1799 Dr. Darwin was visited by a most afflicting domestic loss. His eldest surviving son, an attorney of Derby, an amiable young man, in good circumstances, being seized with a fit of melancholy, left his house of a cold and stormy December evening, and drowned himself in the river Derwent, which ran at the bottom of his garden. The doctor is reported not to have exhibited those feelings on the occasion, which would have become a father and a poet. His own dissolution was not far remote.

On Sunday, April 18, 1802, having risen in his usual health, he sat down to write a letter; but was suddenly seized with the pangs of death; and expired before his apothecary could arrive, in his seventy-first year.*

Doctor Darwin is said to have exhibited in his life the same excellencies and the same deficiencies as characterized his poetry.† His head was brilliant,

* He left a posthumous poem, entitled "The Shrine of Nature.

† His poetry is well characterized by Mr. D'Israeli in the Curiosities of Literature, II. 70, 71.

but to the quiverings of sensibility he was a stranger. He was conversant with matter, rather than intellect: to "the shadowy tribes of mind" he was inattentive. I cannot think therefore that with all his merits he is to be placed either in the first or second class of poets.

I believe that rules of criticism, for one person that they have taught to compose or to judge rightly, have misled twenty. They have taught people to mistake the mechanical incidents of poetry for its essence. Some they have taught to require her to be dressed and ornamented till

————pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

Others they have taught to demand at least a considerable portion of ornament; whereas an ornamented dress is, as I have already said, so far from being a necessary ingredient, that the *highest* poetry is absolutely without it. When therefore Dr. Warton proposes to apply to Pope's Essay on Man the test of dropping the measures and numbers, and transposing the order of the words into prose, and then examining if it be still poetry, he cannot mean that the question should be determined merely by the richness or the plainness of the language, but by the presence or absence of "the poetical spirit," which principally depends on the thought. If many large portions of that celebrated writer, when thus tried, are found not to be of the true stamp, it is not merely because the diction is plain and deficient in figures, but because the sentiments want grandeur or pathos. How different is the pathetic solemnity of his Dedication of Parnell's Poems to Lord

Oxford; a most noble composition, and one of his finest poems.*

If these remarks be just, we have discovered the secret, why Darwin in the exuberance of all the ingredients which ordinary critics have inculcated on the world as the infallible tests of the highest poetical talents, has failed to retain the public favour; or ever to have impressed those of the best taste with superior delight.†

Oct. 12, 1807.

* Dr. Warton seems to have felt the same, and for the same reason when he says, that in it, "there is a weight of sentiment, and majesty of diction, which our author has no where surpassed. His genius seems to have been invigorated and exalted by the high opinion he had justly conceived of the person to whom he was writing."—Pope's heart was commonly cold; but wherever it was touched, he wrote almost with the pen of inspiration. Witness his Eloisa to Abelard; his Elegy on an unfortunate Lady; his Lines on his Mother; and his occasional apostrophes to Bolingbroke. What a complete proof that the heart must furnish the main ingredients of poetry!

† Description is among the charms of real poetry. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is very generally and very justly praised for the descriptive excellences exhibited in her Sonnets. But many writers might be named, more exuberant in description; and perhaps in exact and original description. In what then does the charm of her poetry consist? In a tone of exquisite pathos; in those moral and touching epithets, which associate the imagery with the movements of the heart! This is a charm, which no brilliance of fancy, no intellectual effort, no mechanical toil, can give. It is literally the inspiration of an involuntary frame of the soul. Thus in a different and more philosophic tone do the poems of Mrs. Carter seize upon our admiration. The charm is not in their imagery; or their nicer or more pathetic touches; but in their exalted sentiments; in the strains of a mind carried by religion, and intellectual cultivation, above all earthly passions! All Gray's best poems were written under the

immediate effects of a predominant melancholy, occasioned by the death of his friend Richard West.

Even where descriptions and imagery are required as the chief merits of a poem, they nauseate, if heaped together in any other order than the natural combinations of the mind. Here imitators always fail.

END OF VOL. VII.

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